



**NO LOITERING
in
MORGUE**

I BET YOU
TASTE REAL
GOOD, HONEY!

SEND HIS SOUL
TO HEAVEN, LORD,
'CAUSE HE'S DONE
HIS TIME IN HELL!!

WAL, KISS MAH
SQUAT LITTLE CULO...
OL' DOUBLE-AUGHT
BUCK SHO' DO
DO DEE DO!

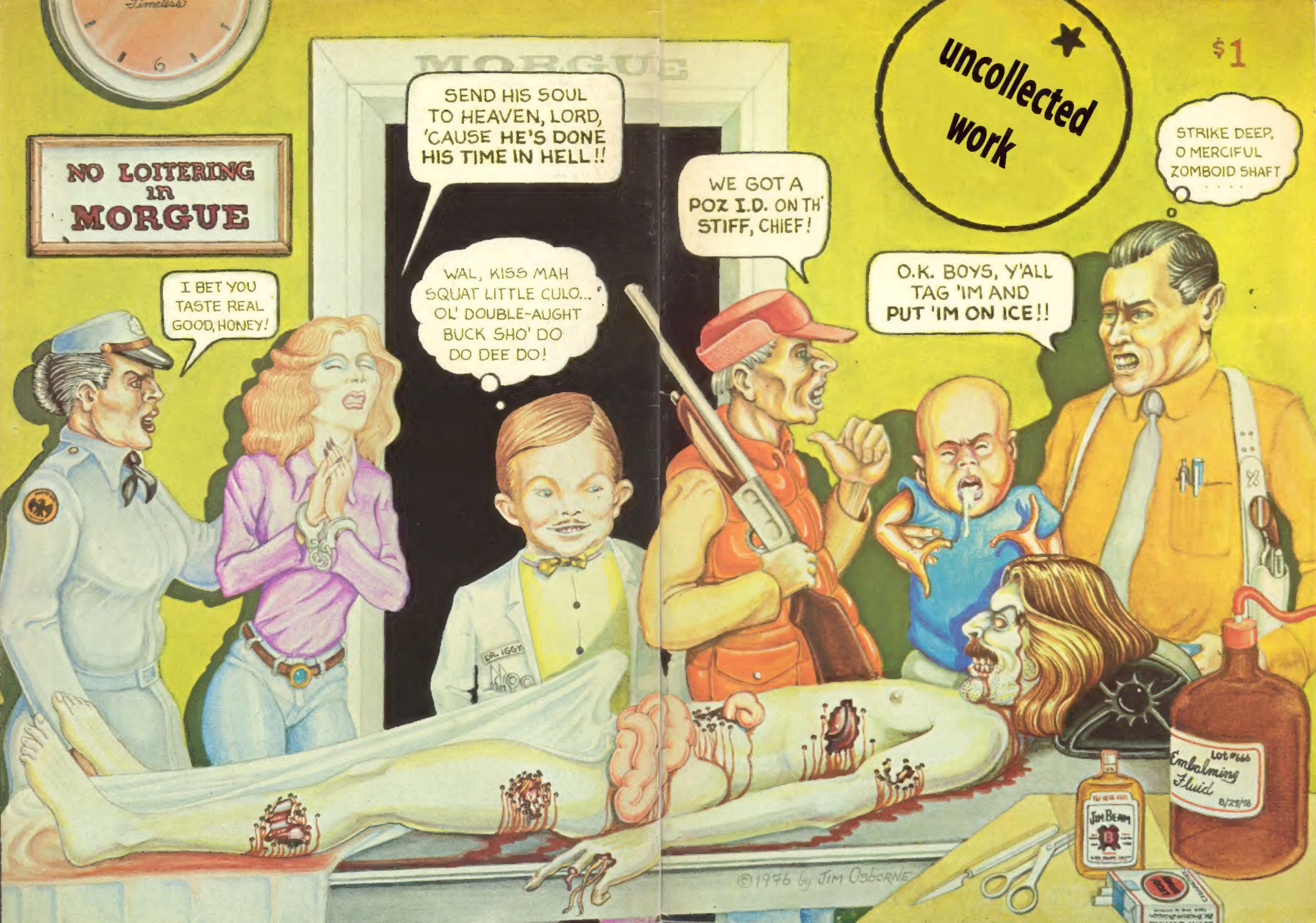
★
**uncollected
work**

\$1

STRIKE DEEP,
O MERCIFUL
ZOMBOID SHAFT
....

WE GOT A
POZ I.D. ON TH'
STIFF, CHIEF!

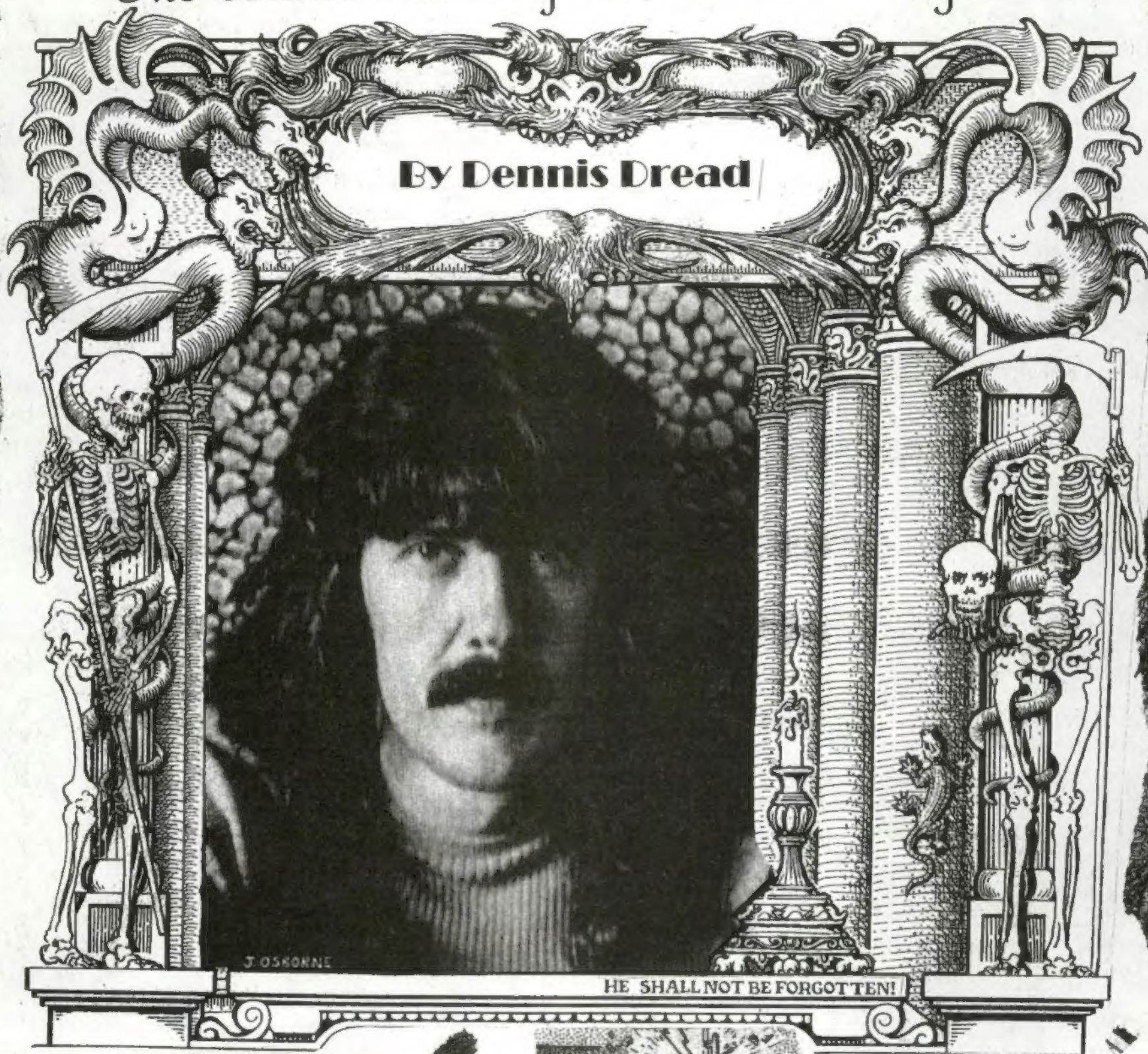
O.K. BOYS, Y'ALL
TAG 'IM AND
PUT 'IM ON ICE!!



Armageddon Man

The Black Prince of the Comix Underground

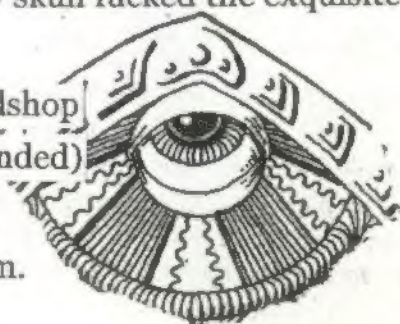
By Dennis Dread



Underground comix first crawled onto the American cultural landscape in the late 1960's

like so many acid-crazed EC zombies invading the established order for cheap laughs and easy action. Much ink has been spilled about the unlikely cast of disaffected longhairs who spearheaded this seminal (cough, cough) art movement and set out to completely subvert the status quo in the name of unbridled free expression. These young revolutionaries plumbed the depths of the unconscious in ways their Surrealist predecessors could never imagine and gleefully skull fucked the exquisite corpses they unearthed in the process. Their legacy was the glorious liberation of the EYE.

In fact, if there is any single cohesive theme to be found amongst the diverse titles that flooded headshop shelves from the birth of Robert Crumb's *Zap* in 1968 until the inevitable slow death (no pun intended) of underground comix in the declining years of the mid 1970's, it is freedom. Heady, uncensored, terrifying, anarchistic, laugh-until-it-hurts, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am, napalm-fried freedom.



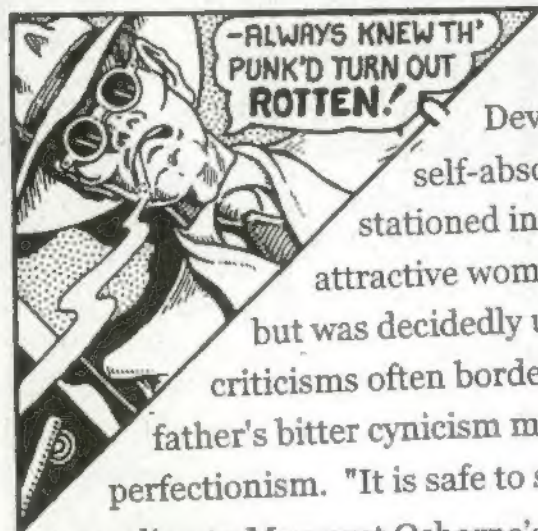


The restrictive days of the Comics Code Authority were waning by the late 60's and with access to presses and alternative distribution networks cropping up around both coasts, it became commercially viable and artistically achievable for comic artists to explore themes and imagery explicitly banned from print media a decade earlier. Few artists wielded this newly seized creative freedom with as much pathological zeal and painstaking devotion as James "Jim" Osborne. His meticulously researched and starkly rendered portrayals of violence and occult fantasy are among the most macabre and perilously self-purgative comics ever produced. His infamous confessional noir tale 'Kid Kill', first published nearly 40 years ago in *Thrilling Murder Comics*, still has the power to invoke nervous laughter from even the most jaded gore enthusiasts. The artist evidently had a few demons to exorcise and he wasn't afraid to set them loose on 10" x 15" paper for the going rate of \$25 per page. Osborne emerged on the scene seemingly out of nowhere in 1968 with several stories appearing in the pages of *Yellow Dog*, a popular comix tabloid, but these crude drawings barely hinted at the obsessive work he would go on to create during his brief but influential career in the trenches of San Francisco. Within the span of 7 years he perfected a dense and ornate style and effectively raised the bar for underground comic art so high that he himself stumbled under its prodigious shadow. Sadly, he retreated into the recesses of obscurity just as he appeared to be hitting his stride and after years of inactivity he died alone at the age of 58 in a cluttered boarding house with



empty vodka bottles and a tattered copy of Will Eisner's *The Spirit* at his side. To date there are only a few scattered paragraphs to attest to his rich visual legacy and Internet searches yield only sparse results. But among those who remember, his modest body of work is still revered and his wry nihilistic allegories still inspire awe. Who was this handsome Satanist with the quiet southern drawl and encyclopedic knowledge of all things arcane? Why did he vanish into alcoholic self-exile even as his creativity and credibility flourished? What inspired the incredibly strange art of San Francisco's crowned Black Prince? Who the hell was Jim Osborne?

Early Years (1943-1967)



Jim Osborne was born Albert James Osborne, Jr. on October 30th, 1943- Devil's Night, the eve of Halloween- in Monroe, Louisiana. His father, "Ozzie", was a self-absorbed career military officer of small build who met his much younger wife while stationed in Louisiana with the U.S. Army in 1940. His mother, Blanche, was a kind and attractive woman who enjoyed the comfort and social benefits of a military officer's wife but was decidedly unhappily married to an emotionally absent man whose stinging criticisms often bordered on abusive. Jim was a deeply sensitive and intuitive child and his father's bitter cynicism made a disturbing impact on his psyche that would manifest later in life as a sort of crippling perfectionism. "It is safe to say," his widow Margaret Osborne recalled, "James did not like his father."¹ According to Margaret Osborne's recollections, "Ozzie" was born in Brooklyn, New York to a large family and as a child lost several siblings in a terrible ferry fire in New York City during the early 20th Century. It was a school outing and he had been sick that day and remained at home. One can only imagine that he carried a silent guilt for the rest of his life and perhaps more than occasionally directed this anguish at his own family. The ferry tragedy was only the first grim omen of an unspoken family curse that would unfurl over the course of several decades. Jim's only sibling, Daniel, was born in 1949 and their childhoods were punctuated by frequent travel as their father pursued the career of a commissioned officer. They lived in El Salvador while he surveyed for the Pan American Highway and later at the San Francisco Presidio, a time which Jim would

¹ Margaret Osborne was very generous with her memories of Jim's early life. She was interviewed by the author over the course of several months in 2009-2010 and provided much of the biographical detail regarding Jim's family, formative years and early period in San Francisco.



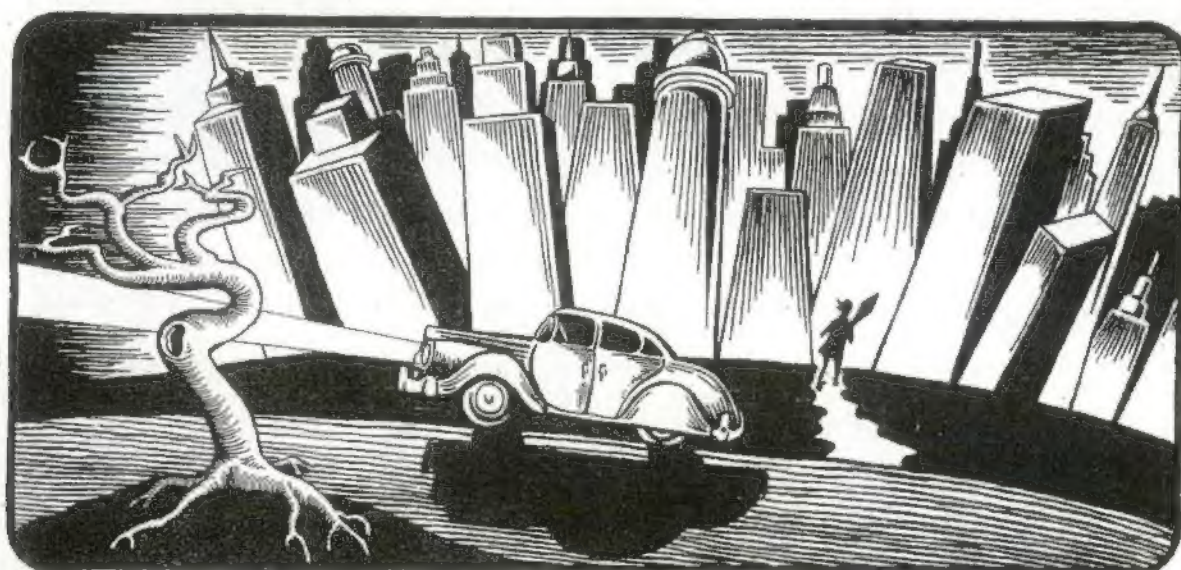
recall fondly throughout his life and which instilled in him a lasting passion for military history. Not insignificantly, while stationed in Denver, Colorado their mother was stricken with tuberculosis and placed in a sanitarium and the brothers were left alone with their father for nearly a year while she recovered. "I do think that he was [emotionally] wounded by his father," Margaret Osborne remembered, "He withdrew from criticism of any kind and did not like to expose himself." Unlike many comic artists who honed their skills with countless hours of childhood drawing, Jim did not draw much in his youth and only casually doodled as a teenager. It would be later when he enrolled at San Antonio Junior College at age 18 that his talent for visual art would slowly begin to emerge. While attending college he took painting classes and pursued his interests in the darker spectrums of history, film, literature and art while enjoying the burgeoning folk music counterculture. At this point he was still living at home and as his intellect blossomed he grew restless with the local scene and, leaving his books on the floor of the college hallway,

followed his father's path to the enlistment office and registered for four years with the U.S. Army. It was his ticket out of Texas and it was during this period in the military, from 1962 through 1966, that many of Jim's interests and obsessions began to develop more acutely. He traveled to Germany, Amsterdam and Copenhagen, enjoying the red light districts in each city as well as the museums. It was also in the military that Jim routinely experimented with Dexedrine, a common amphetamine used widely at the time as a diet aid and by college students with long study hours, to remain awake during long uneventful guard duties during which he worked on drawings with a fellow soldier who coincidentally shared many of his interests. During his service in Europe Jim was assigned to guard the charred corpse of a pilot whose plane had caught fire and crashed near base. Jim was apparently left alone with the gruesome body for a long period of time and would often recall with a dry chuckle the hours he spent observing the hapless young pilot's remains.

As a young boy Jim had been fascinated by the atrocities of the Nazi Party and while stationed in Germany he often passed the time digging for old ammunition casings and other National Socialist war debris.

Death, drugs, war, tragedy and sexual deviation would become recurring themes in his work.

After his four years of services Jim returned to San Antonio College, this time on the G.I. Bill, where he again enrolled in art classes and met his first love and future wife, Margaret Osborne, in 1966. They fell deeply in love and soon spent all their time together immersed in foreign films, science fiction novels, comics, and art. On September 23, 1967 they were married and within a few short weeks the young newlyweds were separated, reunited and nested in San Francisco just in time to witness the spectacular dawn of underground art.



Underground (1968-1976)



Shortly after his marriage, Jim dropped out of college and left San Antonio with friends in an overcrowded Volkswagen van. There was no room for his wife so she remained behind and awaited his summoning while he embarked on a reconnaissance mission in Los Angeles, California. The adventurers

soon landed in a commune housed in the former mansion of silent film star Tom Mix in Laurel Canyon, an area almost as synonymous with sex, drugs and rock'n'roll as the Haight-Ashbury district and made famous by the likes of Frank Zappa, Jim Morrison and Joni Mitchell. Laurel Canyon's quaint isolation did not appeal to Jim's craving for big city excitement and almost immediately he and his closest travel companions headed north for San Francisco where he soon found lodging on the third floor of an old building on California Street just west of Fillmore and was reunited with his wife. In the stimulating new environs of the Summer of Love, Jim immersed himself in art and began drawing seriously for the first time in his life at the age of 24. He submitted drawings to underground newspapers such as the *LA Oracle*, *SF Oracle* and *Planet News* until his first proper comic, a variation on a Franz Kafka short story titled 'Okay, Mister K' was published in *Yellow Dog* #5 in 1968.

This was quickly followed by several more stories in *Yellow Dog*, *Bijou* #2, *Bogeyman* #2, *Conspiracy Capers*, *Jiz*, *Snatch* #3 and his own comic *Spiffy Stories*. His story for *Tuff Shit*, a comic anthology that benefited a local methadone program, was Jim's first attempt at using a brush and although he was unsatisfied with the results this piece marked a leap in

craftsmanship. His career was up and running and by 1971 new work appeared in *All Stars*, *Bijou* #5, *Illuminations*, *Insect Fear* #2, *Promethean Enterprises* #4, *Slow Death* #1, *Thrilling Murder*, *Young Lust* #2, and *San Francisco Comic Book* #1 which he also co-edited. Around this time of relative success he and Margaret had

their second brief separation when Jim moved into a storefront on Valencia Street between 24th and 25th with fellow artist Simon Deitch and outsider extraordinaire Rory Hayes, already a speed freak of frightening proportions. The front room on Valencia was occupied by Gary Arlington's mail-order comic business and the back room became the temporary headquarters of Don Donahue's Apex Novelties. Living conditions were decidedly squalid but creativity ran high and this location became an important countercultural hub for several months, host to wild hippy parties and early meetings of the mostly symbolic

United Cartoon Workers of America Union.

As Jim later reflected about these days in a letter to his musician friend Tina Gordon, "I shared a large room on Valencia Street with two notorious miscreants...Our monthly rent was \$33.34 each...We slept on these old army cots arranged around a large hole in the center of the room. We lived on the ground floor and down in that open hole one could see beer bottles, empty Spam cans, misprinted comic books, candy wrappers, crumpled cigarette packs and dead rats. Thanks to my roommates,



the hole also reeked of vomit and human piss." Of the general

neighborhood he observed, "On a good night or day you could witness several street altercations per block. Sometimes people would come tumbling out of the buses, beating the bejeezis out of each other over some minor slight. It has always amazed me how those who have no qualms about trading their sainted mother's pussy for a bag of blow are so preoccupied with the preservation of their supposed personal honor."² Jim was clearly drawn to the depravity of San Francisco's Mission District and fueled by the sense of danger that seethed around him at all times, but after six months of the proverbial high life in this neighborhood he finally returned to his wife. His artwork was showing remarkable improvement at this point and with each new piece he upped the ante with dense claustrophobic detail and disorienting psychedelic textures.

His work began to display strong Symbolist influences as well as highly stylized erotic posturing reminiscent of decadent commercial illustrators Mahlon Blaine, Harry Clark and Aubrey Beardsley. He was particularly fond of the Austrian artist Franz Von Bayros and the Australian artist and writer Norman Lindsay whose reputation as a skilled boxer would have appealed to

Jim's obsession with brute physicality, perhaps the residue of his military upbringing and interest in warfare. Jim resonated with Symbolist themes, particularly the abundant use of death symbols, and observed similarly degenerative patterns playing out on the city streets around him.

"I think in ten years San Francisco will be very decadent," he stated in 1972, "It's coming to me to resemble the decadent French just before the Revolution. The way that people dress more bizarrely all the time, they sort of amalgamate all the pop styles from the turn of the century to the present in clothing and music. Through that amalgamation, it's heralding the end of the cycle."³ As Jim's line work grew more confident he was able to meld his fine art aspirations with the cartoon devices of



² Tina Gordon is a San Francisco-based musician, formally of the bands Lost Goat and the Glamour Pussies, who currently plays drums in the all-female AC/DC tribute band AC/DShe. These quotes are culled from letters that Osborne sent to Gordon toward the end of his life while briefly living in San Antonio, Texas.

³ From an unpublished interview with Patrick Rosenkranz circa May 15, 1972. Used with permission.



favorite comic masters such as Frank Frazetta, Steve Ditko, Jack Kirby and Will Eisner. Margaret Osborne fondly remembered this productive period in the early 70's and the image of her love hunched over the drawing table with his thick shag hair and ubiquitous cigarette and coffee, "He worked slowly and carefully...He was so eccentric. He really was. And what he collected and was interested in came from that eccentricity...He loved the odd, the macabre...Jim was very intelligent and really did steep himself in reading about whatever he was interested in [and] became an expert on those things." The couple had accumulated an incredible collection of esoteric books, vintage comics, and exotic curios- including a cherished human head that had frequently made the rounds among kindred artists such as S. Clay Wilson- and Jim had become the resident expert on all things strange and paranormal. He was the soft-spoken Black Prince of the kaleidoscopic San Francisco underground.

Cartoonist Bill Griffith was a frequent visitor to the Osborne abode during the early 1970's and Jim's interest in anatomical abnormalities directly influenced the development of Griffith's Zippy the Pinhead character

after he loaned him reference photos of real life micro cephalic entertainer Schlitzie the Pinhead.

Unfortunately Margaret and Jim's marriage was again showing signs of strain and by 1973, the year of the first underground comix convention in Berkeley, they split for good and Margaret soon returned to Texas.

"It hurt to do it, but there were reasons. I would say at least part of our problem was finding each other so young. I was 18 when we met. He was an older man of 22. What babies we were! I have kept his name and was remarried but still kept it...It does say something about how much he has always meant to me. I moved away from San Francisco and we always saw each other whenever I was there." Jim returned to the Mission where he seemed to imbibe a sort of manic inspiration (to say nothing of speed) among the filth and decay: "I've always found the Mission District to be a place of invigorating ugliness with a sinister undercurrent running 24 hours a day. When I resided there, I felt I was in a valley filled with dull, reptilian evil. Watching the

AND THE SPAWN OF HELL ANSWERED!

WHAT IS IT
YOU WISH,
RUFUS M'CABE?

GASP!

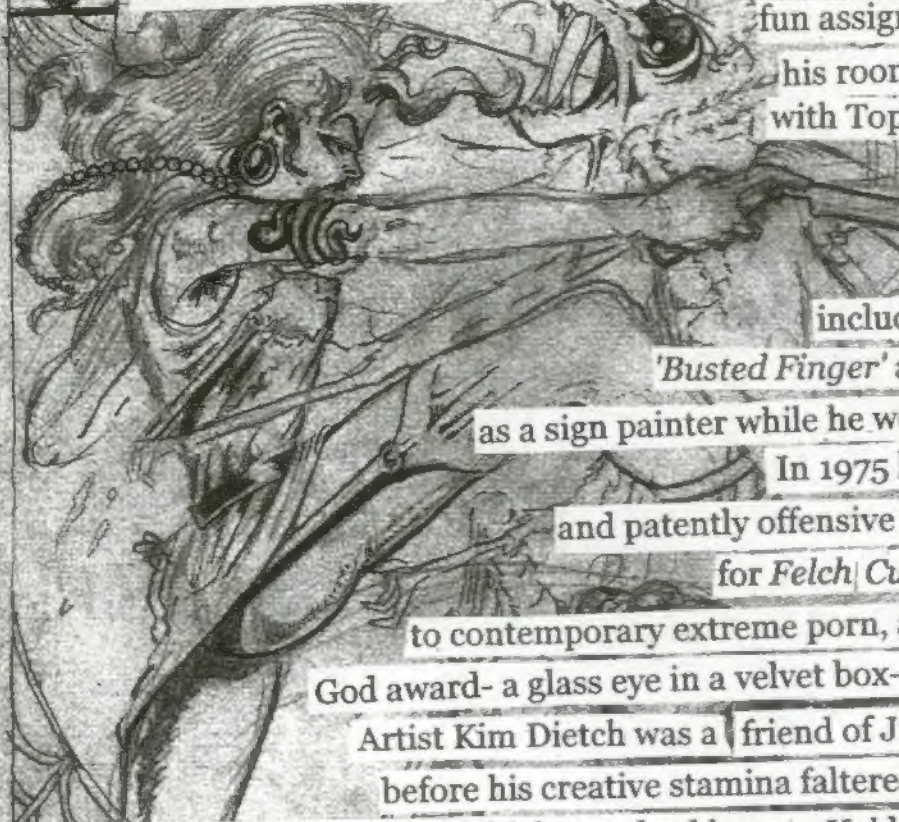


ARTIST

passerby on the street didn't help dispel the feeling. Four out of every ten looked like hopped-up, imbecilic psychopaths constantly flicking their coated grey tongues; testing the air for molecules scented with fear, sickness, fatigue or any other kind of debility. I never once let down my guard when I lived in the Mission and consequently was never hassled. I was told I even slept in the pugilist position...⁴

Bad people, bad drugs, bad vibes- what more could an adventurous young man ask for?"⁴

From this den of inequity he quietly established himself as a rising talent in just a few years and earned the respect of fellow underground cartoonists who were impressed by his obsessive attention to detail. He briefly explored commercial art, providing illustrations for Levis that appeared in the New York trade paper Women's Wear Daily, and storyboards for Clorox television commercials, while tackling



fun assignments for Wacky Packages through his roommate Art Spiegelman who was affiliated with Topps Chewing Gum and actively recruiting his pals from the underground.

Jim's contributions to the popular Wacky Packages stickers included the parodies 'Hurtz', 'Crackola', 'Busted Finger' and 'Raw Goo'. He also took odd jobs as a sign painter while he worked on teaching himself watercolors.

In 1975 he created one of his most sordid and patently offensive tales with 'Morning In Mallorca' for Felch Cumics, a sort of cartoon precursor to contemporary extreme porn, and received the Uncommon God award- a glass eye in a velvet box- from editor S. Clay Wilson.⁵

Artist Kim Dietch was a friend of Jim's during this period just before his creative stamina faltered and remarked, "His big

influence [on comix] was the high standard he set...He'd raised the quality bar so high he just couldn't keep up with it."⁶ These sentiments were echoed by Justin Green who noted,

"It was not economically feasible to put the kind of man-hours he always did into a comic page. Despite his laid-back approach, he was a perfectionist. The thought of working faster or thinner didn't appeal to him."⁷

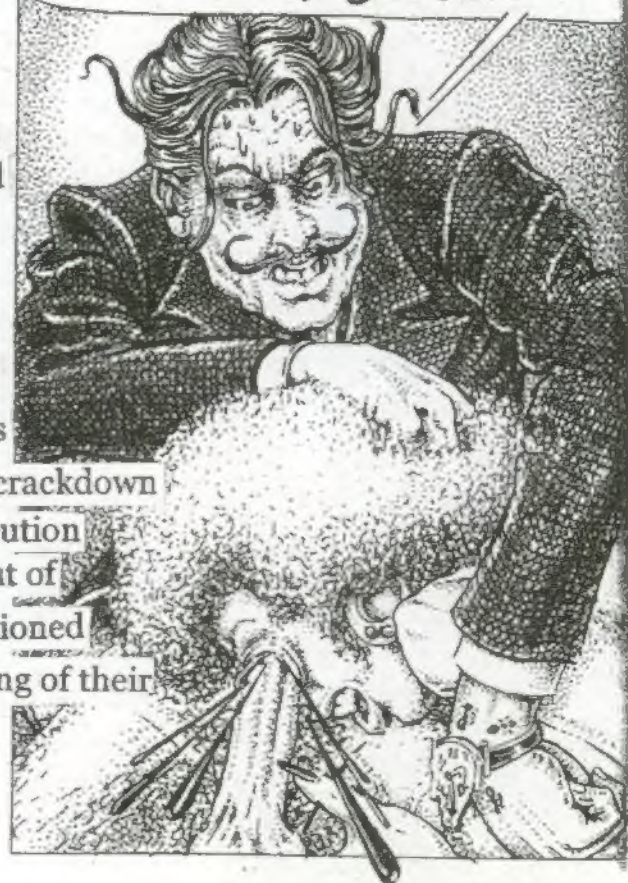
Spare me
sir, and I'll
wink you off!



This perfectionism would soon stagnate his creativity even as his stories and compositions seemed to be gaining momentum and maturity. His work for Felch marked the beginning of the end for Jim's truly productive period and would be one of the last and most ambitious comic stories of his career. By mid decade the promise of freedom represented by the early underground comix movement had largely been eclipsed by urban despair and an aching frustration. The 1973 Supreme Court's ruling on local standards for pornography and the subsequent nationwide crackdown on youth culture had weakened the alternative distribution channels and the comix market was choking on a glut of inferior product. Those artists who hadn't yet transitioned to more viable livelihoods were feeling the demoralizing sting of their



Nevair! Only ze brain is
a worthy recepticle of
ze seed of genius!!



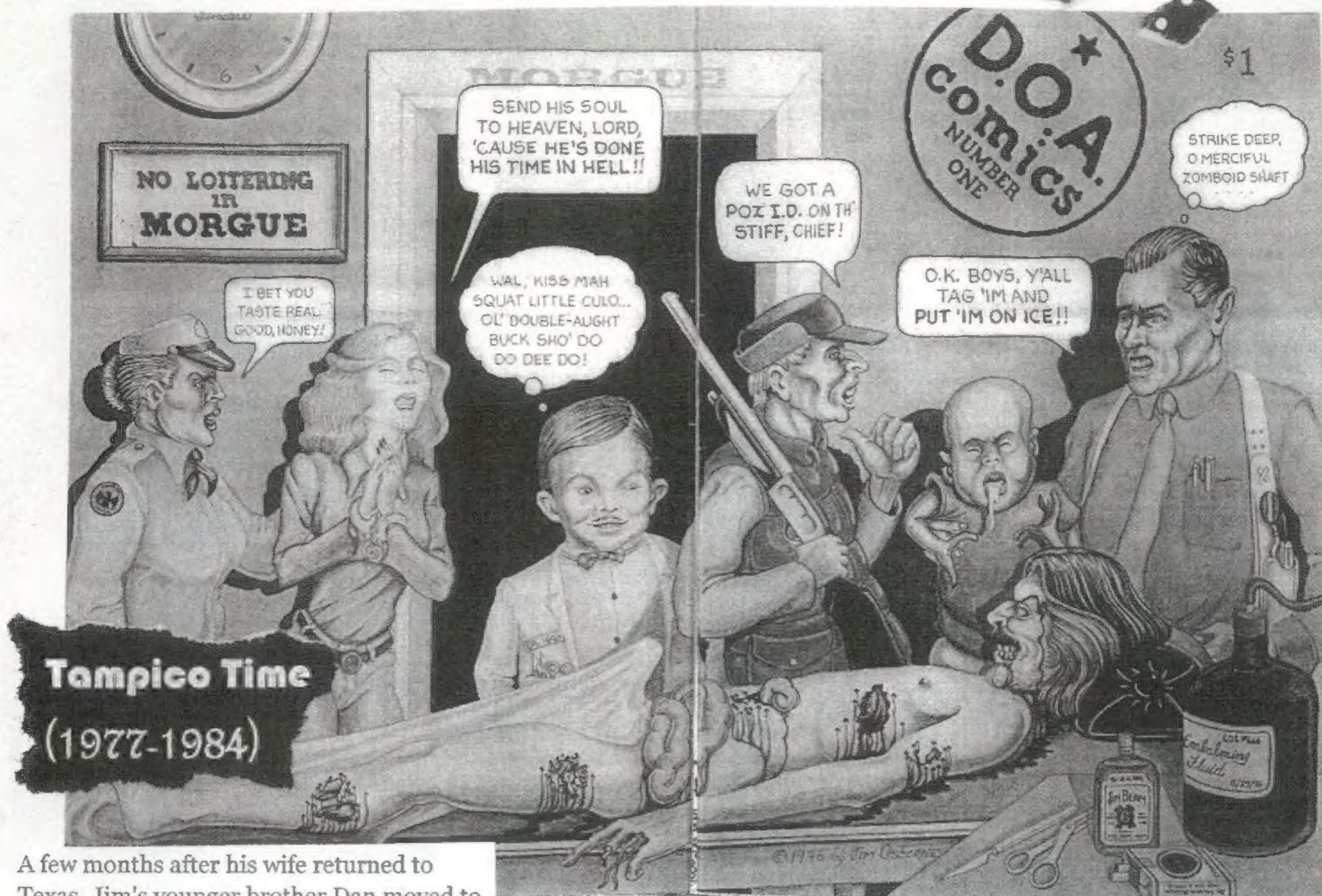
⁴ From an unpublished personal correspondence with Tina Gordon.

⁵ From Patrick Rosenkranz's memorial published in The Comix Journal #242, April 2002.

⁶ The Comics Journal #242, Rosenkranz.

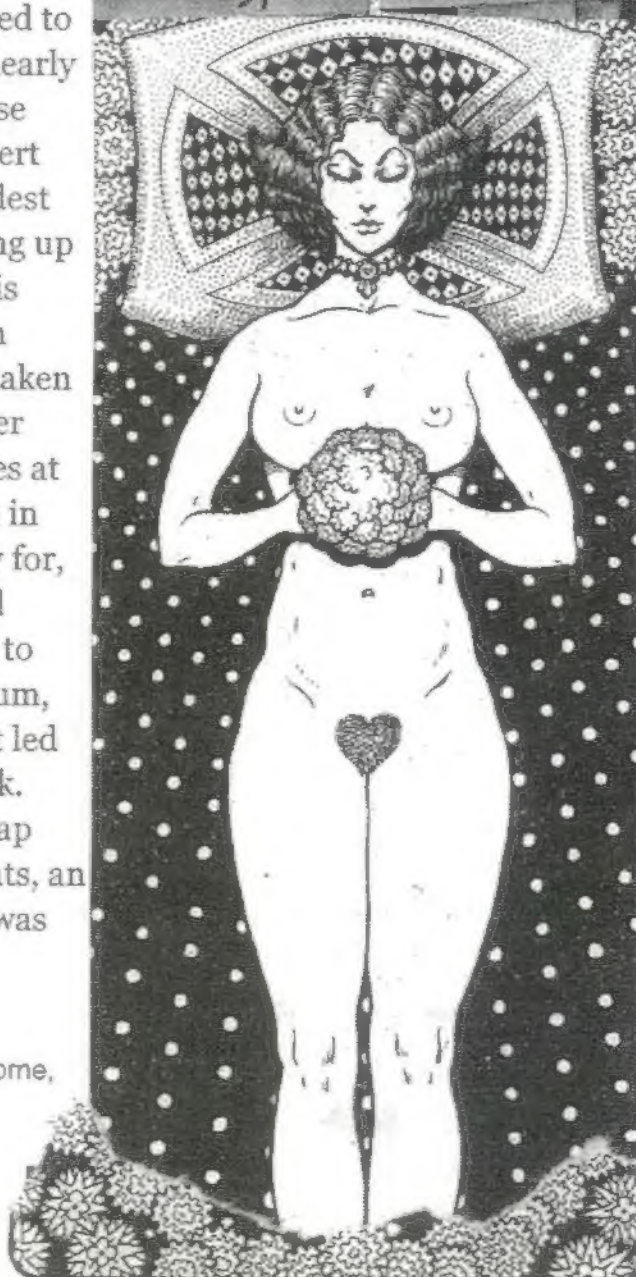
⁷ The Comics Journal #242, Rosenkranz.

economic reality. Jim was drawing less and losing himself to increasingly longer bouts with speed, cocaine and booze. The writing was on the wall. It was indeed the end of the cycle.



A few months after his wife returned to Texas, Jim's younger brother Dan moved to San Francisco. Jim loved his brother dearly and was thrilled that they would be close once again. Dan found work with concert promoter Bill Graham and made a modest life for himself on the West Coast, taking up scuba diving and spending time with his brother. In his late teens Dan had been employed at the San Antonio Zoo and taken to heroin. He would boast to his brother about getting high behind the bear cages at work. Despite this Dan had cleaned up in recent years and only used occasionally for, as Jim told his then-wife, "Recreational purposes."⁸ Meanwhile Jim continued to drift further into his own creative vacuum, paralyzed by a pervasive bitterness that led him to declare that, "All comics are junk.

Something to wipe your ass with or wrap fish heads in."⁹ Despite these sentiments, an anthology of his work, *D.O.A. Comics*, was published by Keith Green in 1976 and



remains the most definitive collection of his work in existence. *D.O.A.* reprinted Jim's outstanding wordless strip 'The Harbinger' as well as classics such as his historical 'They Shall Not Be Forgotten' portraits from *Arcade* magazine and boasted a center spread of his sardonic 1969 masterpiece 'Men's Lounge- The Tampico Hotel'. This drawing appears to be something of an homage to his friend S. Clay Wilson with its agoraphobic display of absurd violence and depravity but more importantly it highlights a central motif in Jim's personal mythos. The scene of this fictional men's lounge- there is no rest in this room- populated as it is with gangsters, freaks, perverts, hustlers, whores and vermin becomes something of a shrine in Jim's capable hands. It is the perfect synthesis of his bleak urban existentialism and protective comedic visual devices. Tampico Hotel is the recurring scene of much deviancy in Jim's work, appearing as the setting of murder in 'Kid Kill', glimpsed as a neon sign outside the window of the story's infamous opening splash page. "I was in a strange mood when I did that

⁸ From the author's interview with Margaret Osborne, 2010.

⁹ The Comics Journal #242, Rosenkranz.

[splash page]," Jim explained to underground comix historian Patrick Rosenkranz in an unpublished 1972 interview, "The rest of the story related to that state...of mind." The story involves a "clandestine cartoonist" named James Osborne (!) who goes on a speed-induced creepy crawl, killing an infant in a stroller and disemboweling a pregnant woman a la Sharon Tate, before being shot in the head by a slick detective named Sam Frisco (!!).



The conversation continued:

Rosenkranz: You were going to go out and kill someone.

Osborne: Right.

Rosenkranz: You drew it instead.

Osborne: Yeah.¹⁰

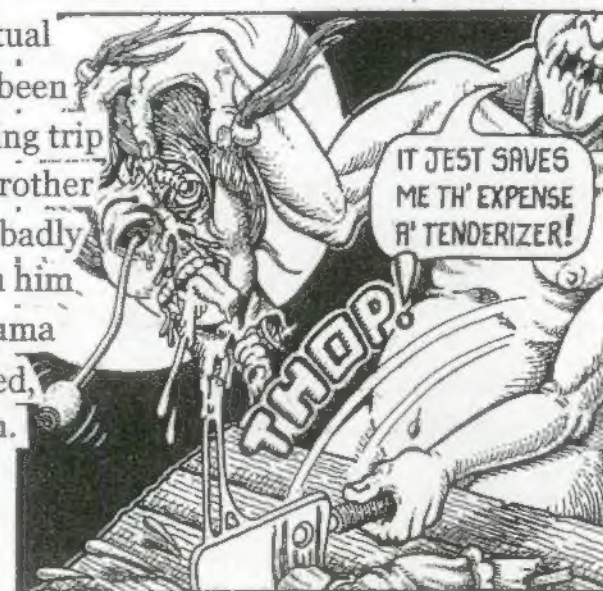
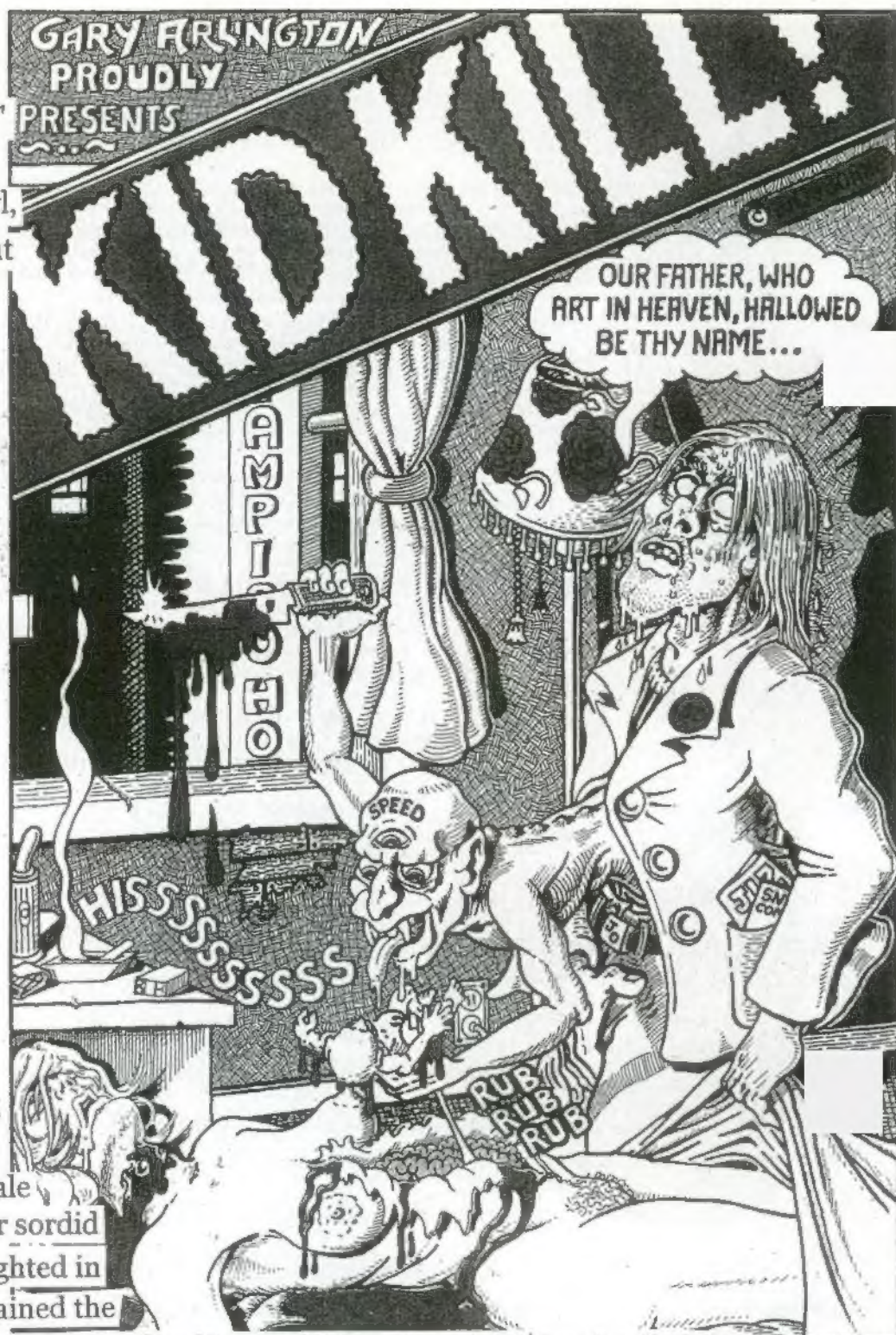
Regarding the cathartic role of art Jim later stated, "Drawing is self analysis, a way to vent, to get revenge, to work things out, a release."¹¹ Tampico Hotel seemed to be the artistic locale for that release as further evidenced by another of his earlier sordid creations, The Old Codger, a peg-legged serial killer who delighted in torture and halitosis and also resided in the hotel. Jim explained the

origins of Tampico Hotel to Patrick Rosenkranz in 1972: "That was another literary thing. I read this book called the **Night Clerk** by Stephen Shank which concerns this 400 pound night clerk that clerks at the Traveler's Hotel- [a] fictitious hotel at I think 3rd and Howard Streets which is right in the wine district of San Francisco. This hotel covered a city block. He went into long descriptions of the rooms and what had taken place in them. There were the walking dead- the strange people who come out of the woodwork after twilight, but you never see that type during the day...I really enjoyed that book and so I created a fictitious men's room that would fit that hotel...then I created my own people to fit in there...I thought it was a great idea, to have this hotel and tell the tales of each and every person." There is something about the emotional disconnect inherent in this transitory environment of his imagination- a sort of comfortable dispossession- that perhaps reflects the artist's rootless childhood in a military family and serves to underscore his own alienated temperament. He seemed to never quite feel at home in the world and, like many artists, spent his life creating alternatives. Though he could not have known it, Jim's heart would later be irrevocably broken in the confines of a dive not entirely unlike his conceptual Tampico Hotel when the tragic Osborne family curse struck again. His brother Dan had been doing well but still occasionally dabbled with heroin and after returning from a scuba diving trip he checked in to a low-rent hotel and was never seen alive again. Jim found his missing brother

one week later, during the grip of a heat wave, bloated and badly decomposed on the hotel bed. Unsurprisingly, something in him snapped and Jim would never fully recover from the trauma of that devastating discovery. His friend John Radice commented, "I always believed that Jim never really got over his brother Dan's death."

¹⁰ From Patrick Rosenkranz's unpublished 1972 interview.

¹¹ Rosenkranz, 1972.



He overdosed on heroin in his seedy Oakland hotel room. Was dead for nearly a week before they found him. That's most likely why Jim became so apathetic over his health. I used to get on him about it, but you know how reclusive Jim always was."¹² Dan's death marked another grim turning point in Jim's creative life and he would effectively resign from art as he descended even further into the void of vodka and amphetamines. Another odd and foreboding element of the *D.O.A.* collection was Jim's wraparound self-portrait on the cover which eerily predicted the scene of his own death some 25 years later, right down to the corpse posture, bulging eyes, bed sheets, booze bottle and cigarettes (one can only hope that his "zomboid shaft" was as alert in death as he rendered it in watercolor). Two years after the publication of this anthology the Canadian punk band D.O.A. made their first trek to San Francisco for a gig at Mabuhay Gardens with the Dead Kennedys. According to punk legend, Joey Shithead invited Jim back to their van and pulled him inside to see the cover of his comic glued to the interior wall and informed him that it had been the inspiration for their band name (the documentary of the same name would not come along for another two years).¹³ Punk was erupting in San Francisco toward the end of the 70's and Jim gravitated toward the weirder intellectual fringes of the scene. He associated with Vale and AJ of the acclaimed zine *Search & Destroy* and later Re/Search Publications and through them met underground writer and B-movie connoisseur Jim Morton.

"We were both on the scene and enjoyed the music and the energy," Morton recalls, "but because we didn't ape the punk look nobody paid us much attention."¹⁴

One person who did pay attention was Nyna Crawford, outspoken bleach blonde front woman for the punk band VKTMS. She and Jim went on to enjoy a somewhat stormy relationship while they lived together during the early 80's and Jim was briefly pulled out of artistic retirement to draw a classy cover for her band's 1980 single '100% White Girl / No Long Good-byes'.

The drawing was based on a vintage 1953 comic called *Haunted Thrills* which Jim used as a reference and when the local punk girls complained that they were tired of seeing that sort of old fashioned damsel-in-distress cliché, "Gentleman Jim" responded in the spirit of fair play with a VKTMS flyer that depicted the exact same scene with the gender roles reversed so a woman was seen torturing a squirming bare-chested man. In 1981 Jim produced his second and final record cover, this time for electronic provocateurs The German Shepherds. The drawing, another polished death scene, depicted a dog happily panting over its bombshell owner whose guts are spilling out of her stomach from a bite wound while the leash hangs gingerly from her limp wrist.

It bore all the morbid Osbornian flourishes punks had come to expect but its creation was a tedious process and Jim was barely able to complete the assignment by deadline. Unfortunately, that same year tragedy would again intrude into Jim's life when Nyna's close friend Keryn Barnes was found beaten to death in the basement of a Haight-Ashbury apartment building.

¹² Internet source, *Weird Zines From The Underground*: http://pages.sbcglobal.net/kenkaffkegoldengate/_wsn/page5.html

¹³ From the author's interviews with San Francisco-based artist Bonnie Banks during 2009-2010. Banks was a close friend who shared a communal apartment with Jim during his final years.

¹⁴ From the author's interviews with writer Jim Morton



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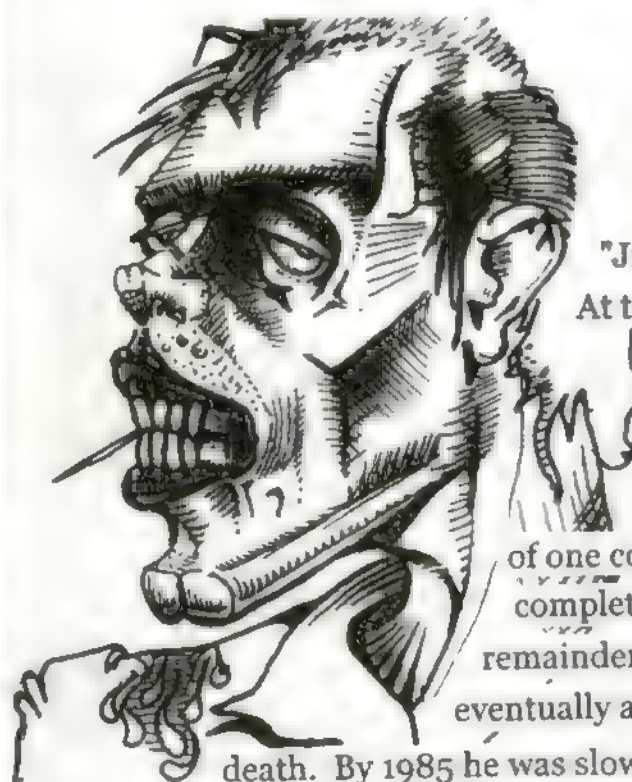


The events surrounding her murder by a radical Islamic hippy couple who became known as Allah's Death Angels are documented in Richard D. Reynold's true crime thriller *Cry For War* which describes Jim as Nyna's "old man...a high priest in the Church of Satan... [who] had every book Aleister Crowley wrote and a magic wand with so much power that Nyna put her life in jeopardy just by touching it."

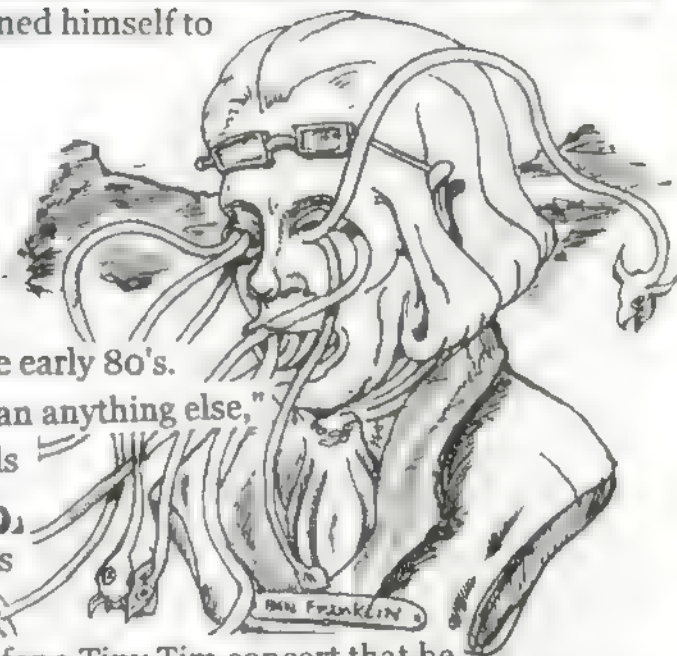
Despite his magic wand, their relationship did not survive the aftermath of Keryn Barnes' murder and like so many of Jim's human connections they slowly drifted apart. In hindsight it seems odd that he was not further embraced by the angsty hardcore punks who invaded San Francisco during this period as his bold subversive vision was perfectly suited for this new form of snarling expression. It was just not to be. Jim provided interior art for a Commode Minstrels in Bullface LP, a strange Ben Franklin bust with snakes crawling out of its eye sockets, and produced a few more random show flyers before grinding to a permanent creative halt. By 1984 it seemed he had taken up residence in a Tampico Hotel of his own depressed mind and, cocooned by relics of the past and his immense collection of strange ephemera, resigned himself to a life of ghostly suspended animation.



last Daze Here (1985-2001)



"Jim stopped drawing regularly sometime in the early 80's. At the time it seemed to be more out of inertia than anything else," Jim Morton posited, "By that point his hands were shaking pretty bad from all the speed and alcohol. I think that only made him less likely to want to draw."¹⁵ With the exception of one cover for *Primal Chaos* magazine and a poster for a Tiny Tim concert that he completed under great stress, Jim did not produce any more published work for the remainder of his life. He worked the register at a gift shop in North Beach that sold postcards and eventually accepted the graveyard shift at a gas station where he remained employed until his death. By 1985 he was slowly selling off his collectibles to pay rent and keep food on the table.



"He lived off of all the things we had collected together," Margaret Osborne remembered, "I took very little. Through the years he would sell this and that."¹⁶ Despite encouragement from fans and friends, particularly the unwavering support of his longtime ally Karla LaVey¹⁷, he stubbornly refused to draw. His old cartooning buddy Bill Griffith remembered him from this period,

"I remember meeting him at a Last Gasp Christmas Party in the '90's and him telling me he was a

Satanist. When he said Satanist, he chuckled. Any Satanist who can chuckle is my kind of Satanist."¹⁸ Jim had in fact been a satanic high priest for many years and a close associate of Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey, who shared his interests in the darker side of human nature and the joys of twilight Americana. Although his wife insisted that he was "too much of a cynic" to ever actually practice witchcraft, others have referred to his art as works of conjuration¹⁹. Perhaps the overarching magical working of Jim's life was his willful transformation into the



¹⁵ From the author's interviews with Morton.

¹⁶ From the author's interviews with M. Osborne.

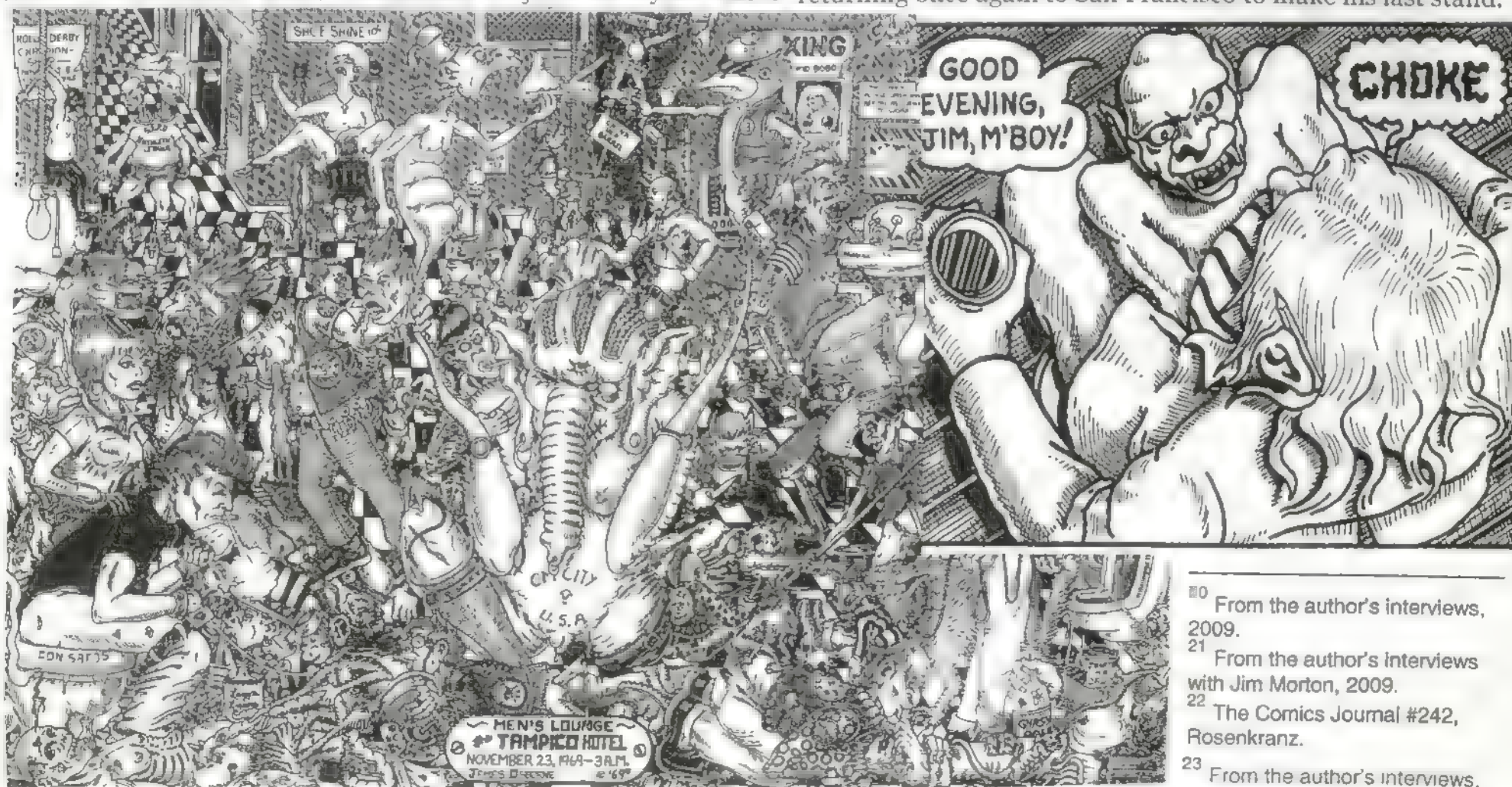
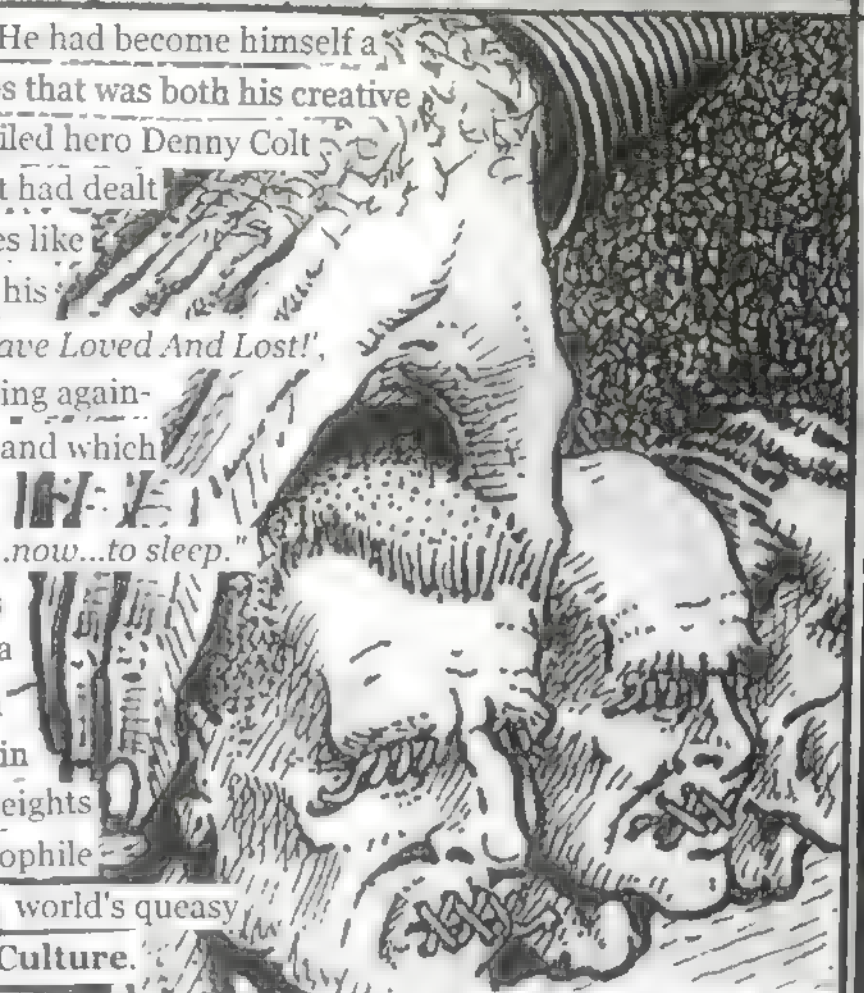
¹⁷ Unfortunately Karla LaVey did not reply to the author's multiple requests for interviews.

¹⁸ The Comics Journal #242, Rosenkranz.

¹⁹ From the author's interviews with Tina Gordon, 2009: "He wasn't only creating, he was conjuring and my guess is it took a lot of energy out of him."

living incarnation of one of his own doomed Tampico Hotel denizens. He had become himself a flawed antihero adrift in an urban maelstrom of corruption and chaos that was both his creative sustenance and his inevitable undoing. Much like his beloved hardboiled hero Denny Colt of Will Eisner's *The Spirit*, he ascribed to a sort of cosmic bad luck that had dealt him a dead man's hand. This fatalism is evidenced in his art in stories like 'The Loser' in which a depressed middle-aged man accidentally shoots his wife with a "delayed fire" round while contemplating suicide and 'To Have Loved And Lost!', a tale of betrayal and vice set in a North African hotel- that familiar setting again- which opens with an archetypal noir chiaroscuro cast by venetian blinds and which ends with the protagonist lying in a pool of blood while his shooter intones over a smoking gun, "There are some things greater than love...now...to sleep."

As his friend and former housemate Bonnie Banks explained, "Jim was sensitive and had all the booze to deaden everything. If he can't have a woman blowing him all the time and live in the Wild West of 1872 then he's no good for the present day."²⁰ Jim eventually took up residence in a tiny studio apartment on lower Nob Hill, the notorious Tenderloin Heights neighborhood, which he shared for a few years with the infamous necrophile Karen Greenlee whose sexual preference for corpses was brought to the world's queasy attention in Adam Parfrey's popular End Times anthology *Apocalypse Culture*. Karen once stated candidly that, "Jim was the only live man I ever loved."²¹ In fact he was loved by nearly everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him. "Jim was an amazing guy," Jim Morton attested, "[he] always said his work wasn't good enough. That was part of the problem."²² In 1996 Jim decided to finally leave the city where he had originally sought the freedom of an artist's life thirty years earlier. His younger brother was dead and he was determined to return to his childhood home to care for his elderly parents. His health had taken a significant downward spiral after years of self-abuse and he surmised that the Texas air would be better suited for his unchecked asthma. With the help of friend Bonnie Banks and others recruited for the task, he packed his belongings and drawing table into storage and headed on a six-day road trip with Jim Morton through the historical Southwest. "Jim enjoyed the trip. He was very interested in the old west- he looked like an old west character- so he liked visiting places like Tombstone and the site where Geronimo surrendered...For the first time in years he'd been talking about drawing again. He said the trip gave him some ideas for comics."²³ After this brief pilgrimage he rode a Greyhound bus to his parents' home in San Antonio where he remained for just over a year before returning once again to San Francisco to make his last stand.



²⁰ From the author's interviews, 2009.

²¹ From the author's interviews with Jim Morton, 2009.

²² The Comics Journal #242, Rosenkranz.

²³ From the author's interviews, 2009.



Bonnie Banks made sure he had a place to return to when he was ready and together they revamped his small room on Scott Street with a fresh coat of paint and sharpened his drawing pencils for action. "He stopped drinking for a few weeks and got pretty spry with all this new nervous energy.

He procrastinated, messed around, got inspired a few times and just flat out gave up. Nothing happened but more booze."²⁴

She became alarmed one late afternoon when the gas station called to find

out why he wasn't at work. Through all his silent inner turmoil Jim had always been consistently punctual and never missed a day of work. She knew something was wrong. Banks pried open the door to his room and discovered him stiff and cold in

his bed with his eyes wide open, precisely as he had painted himself on the cover of *D.O.A. Comics* so long ago. He had died in his sleep the night before with a bottle of Pepto Bismal on the bedside table and three bottles of vodka stuffed down the side of the mattress. The official cause of death was chronic alcoholism.

"Sad that we lost another fine holy man," his old friend John Radice commented²⁵.

Jim's body was cremated and a portion of his ashes were returned to his mother in San Antonio who had outlived the Osborne curse as well as her husband and two sons. The rest of his remains were scattered at Land's End near Golden Gate Park in San Francisco and over Wyatt Earp's grave in Colma, California.

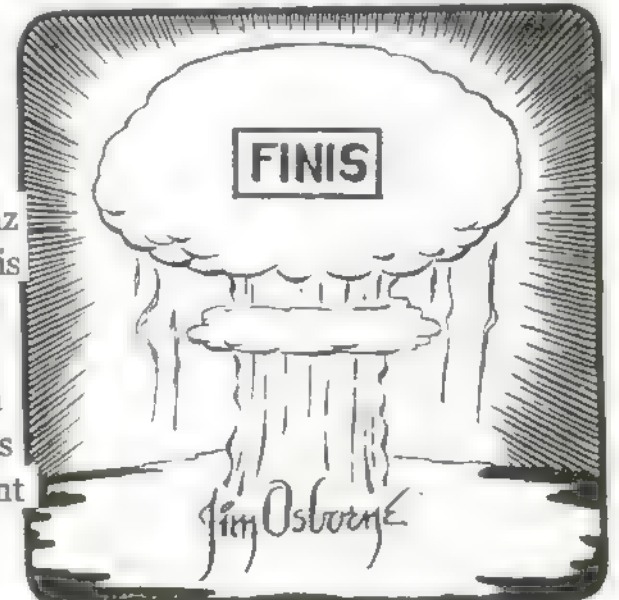
Musician Tina Gordon enjoyed intimate correspondences with Jim during his final years and succinctly conveyed the void he left in the lives of those who knew him: "I miss him immensely. He deserves to have his memory brought into the consciousness of as many willing participants as possible...if they dare!"

James "Jim" Osborne was a complex, troubled man and a fiercely intelligent and engaging visual storyteller whose warm personality starkly contrasted the ritualized violence of his art. When he finally checked out during the night on November 24, 2001 he closed one of the darkest chapters in underground comix history.

HE SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN!

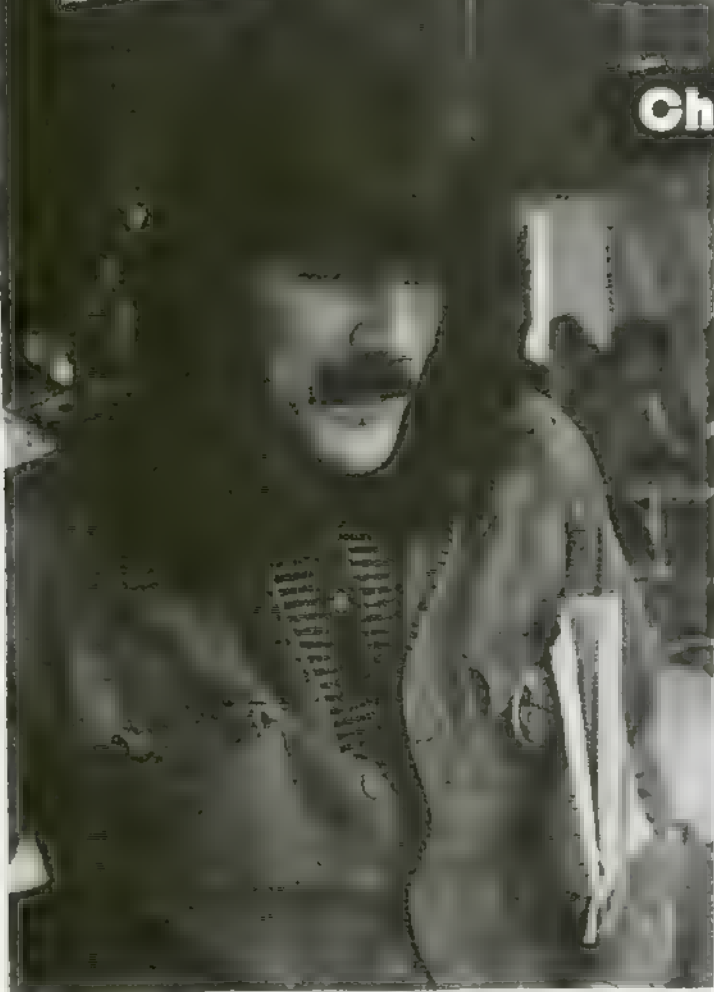
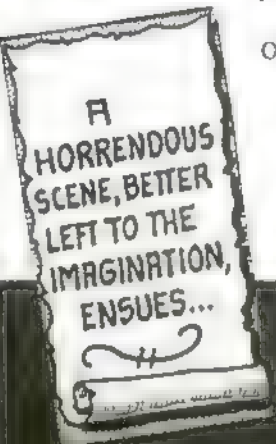
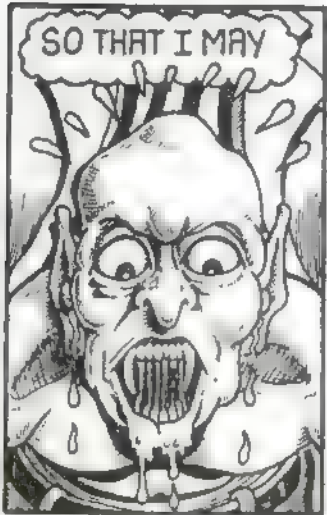
Check Out Time

I wish to extend my heartfelt gratitude to the following individuals for sharing their wealth of information and personal memories of Jim Osborne: Margaret Osborne, Bonnie Banks, Tina Gordon, Jim Morton and Patrick Rosenkranz. I am particularly indebted to Patrick Rosenkranz who suffered through an earlier draft of this article and whose encouragement inspired the research necessary to do it proper justice. Bonnie Banks was instrumental in connecting me with several of Jim's friends and was especially patient with my constant questions and clarifications.

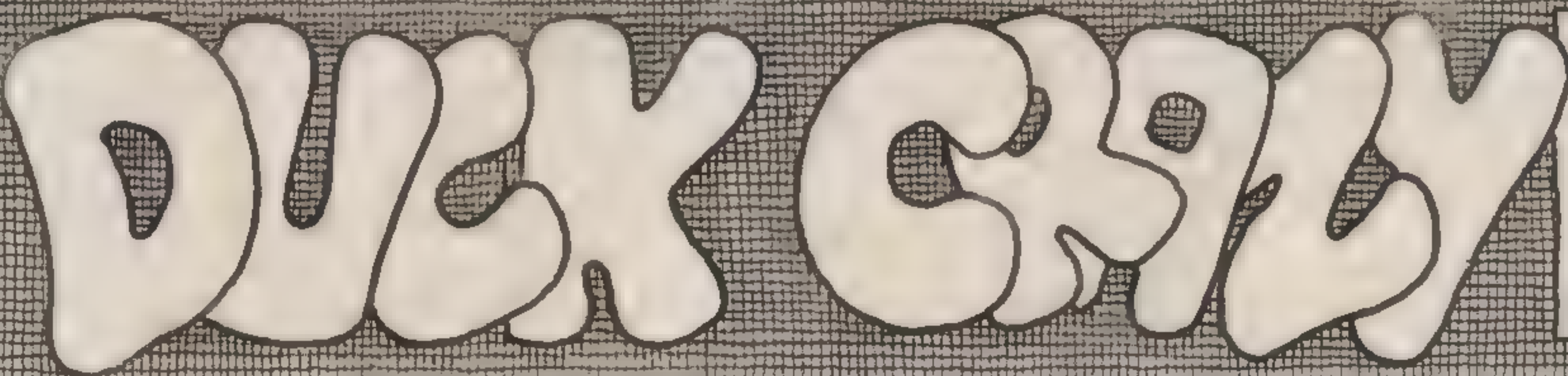


²⁴ The Comics Journal #242, Rosenkranz.

²⁵ Internet source: http://pages.sbcglobal.net/kenkaffkegoldengate/_wsn/page5.html



ORIGINAL COMIC ART



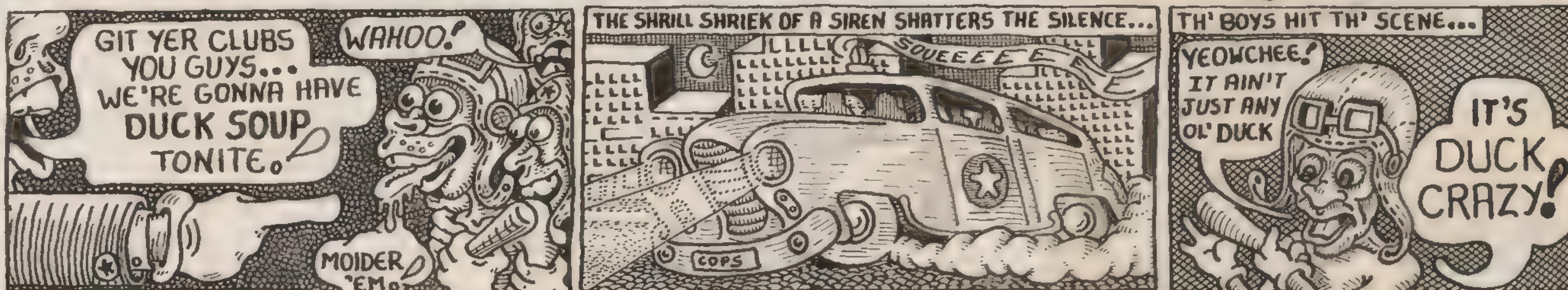
NUTSTOPPER'S NOTEBOOK

**ROOKIES!
PLEASE NOTE!**

**DON'T TAKE
NO LIP...
PUT 'EM
ONNA TRIP!**

**GET A GUN
TODAY!**

K.K. KOP



AMERICA RESPONDS

CHICAGO
AUGUST
1968



HEY, CURLY N' LARRY!
BRING YER BEERS
IN HERE! DIS
IS BETTER 'N
ROLLER DOIBY!

IS DIS YOU?
IF NOT..
CONTRIBUTE!
REMEMBER..
**JUSTICE COSTS
MONEY!**

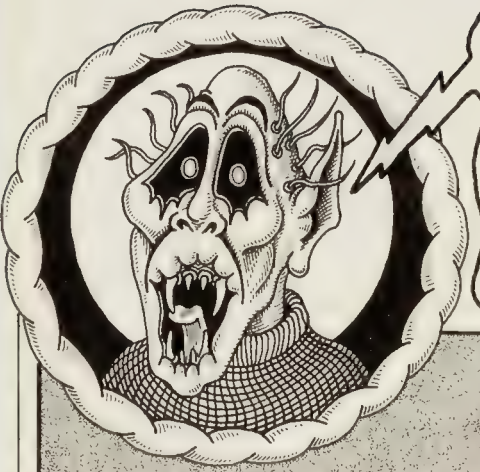
YEH!
YEH!

**THE
CONSPIRACY**
KATHLEEN CLEAVER &
SUSAN SONTAG, TREAS.
28 EAST JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
60604

J. OSBORNE '69

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Hiya, Boils and Ghouls! This is yer ol' pal, the Bogeyman, invitin' ya ta meet my Uncle Amos... Little Luke's in th' picture too! He's always hangin' around....



CHRIST, MARCIE! IF YOU CAN'T LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR HONEYDRIPPER'S DRIP YOU OUGHT TO KEEP YOUR HORNY MUTTS ON A LEASH!

DAMMIT, DOG! DIE!!!
AND YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP, DOMINA, OR YOU'LL BE THE NEXT TO FEEL MY BERETTA'S STING!

SARAY...YA LOOK REAL BUTCH IN LEATHER, VY! WHAT SAY WE GO FOR A MIDNIGHT SPIN ON YOUR BIKE WHEN YA GET OFF WORK — IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME....

NIX! I GOT A HEAVY DATE WITH A CUTE PIECE OF ORIENTAL FLUFF I SCORED AT MAUDE'S! LISTEN — TAKE A TIP AND LAY OFF TH' SKAG, SHORTY! YA LOOK FRUMPIER EVERY TIME I SEE YA!

THAT'S THE THIRD DOGGIE MARCIE'S OFFED THIS WEEK! YOU'D THINK SHE'D GET HIP AND ENGAGE THE SERVICES OF A STERN DISCIPLINARIAN WHO'D PUT HER PETS THROUGH THEIR PACES....

UMM—HMMM...
FISHING FOR A JOB, EH, STRINGBEAN?

POP

YIP!

ROWRA!

FAP!

BONZO GOES BERSERK

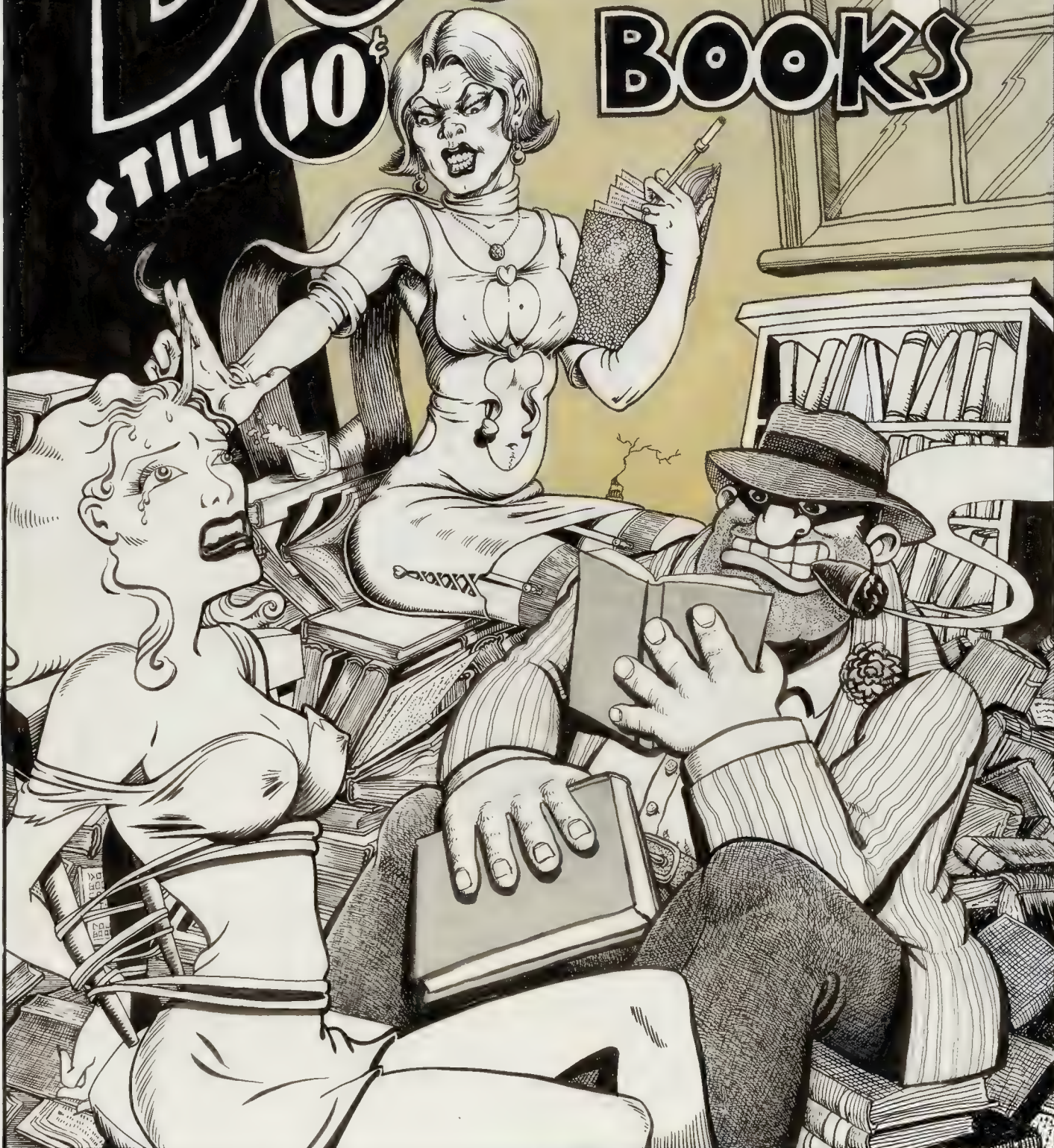
FUD!

JIM SBOURNE '71 ©

DOUGLAS

BOOKS

STILL 10¢

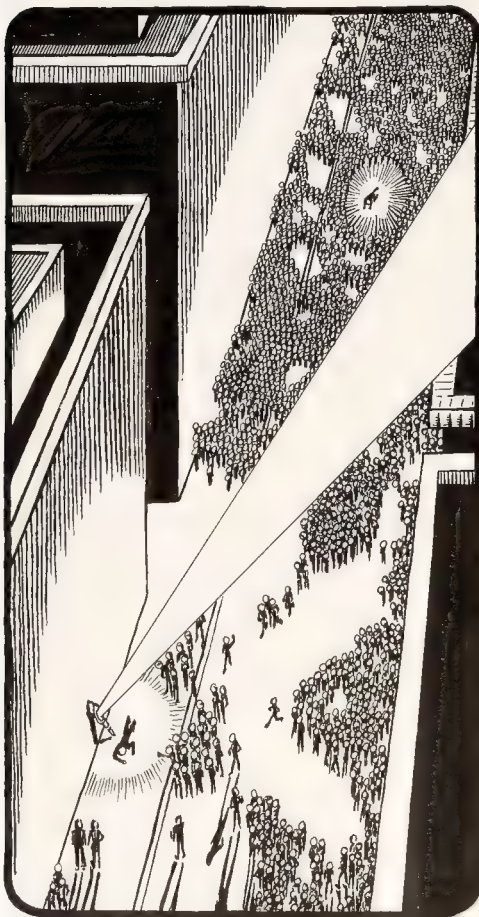


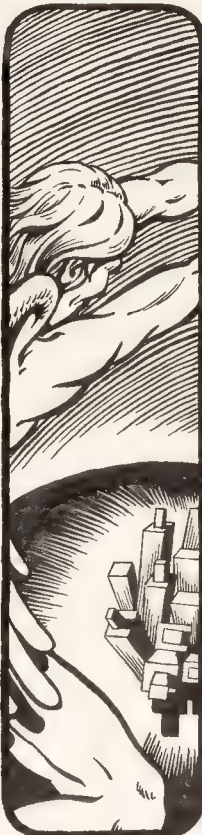
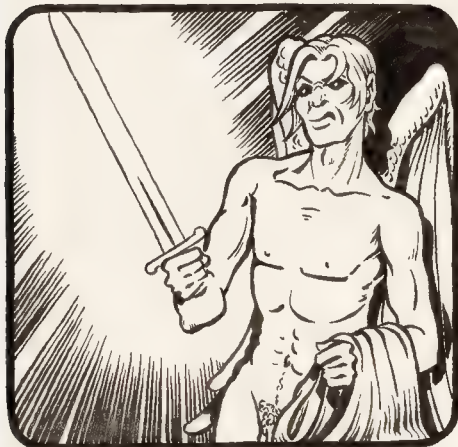
THE HARBINGER

by JIM
OSBORNE
1971







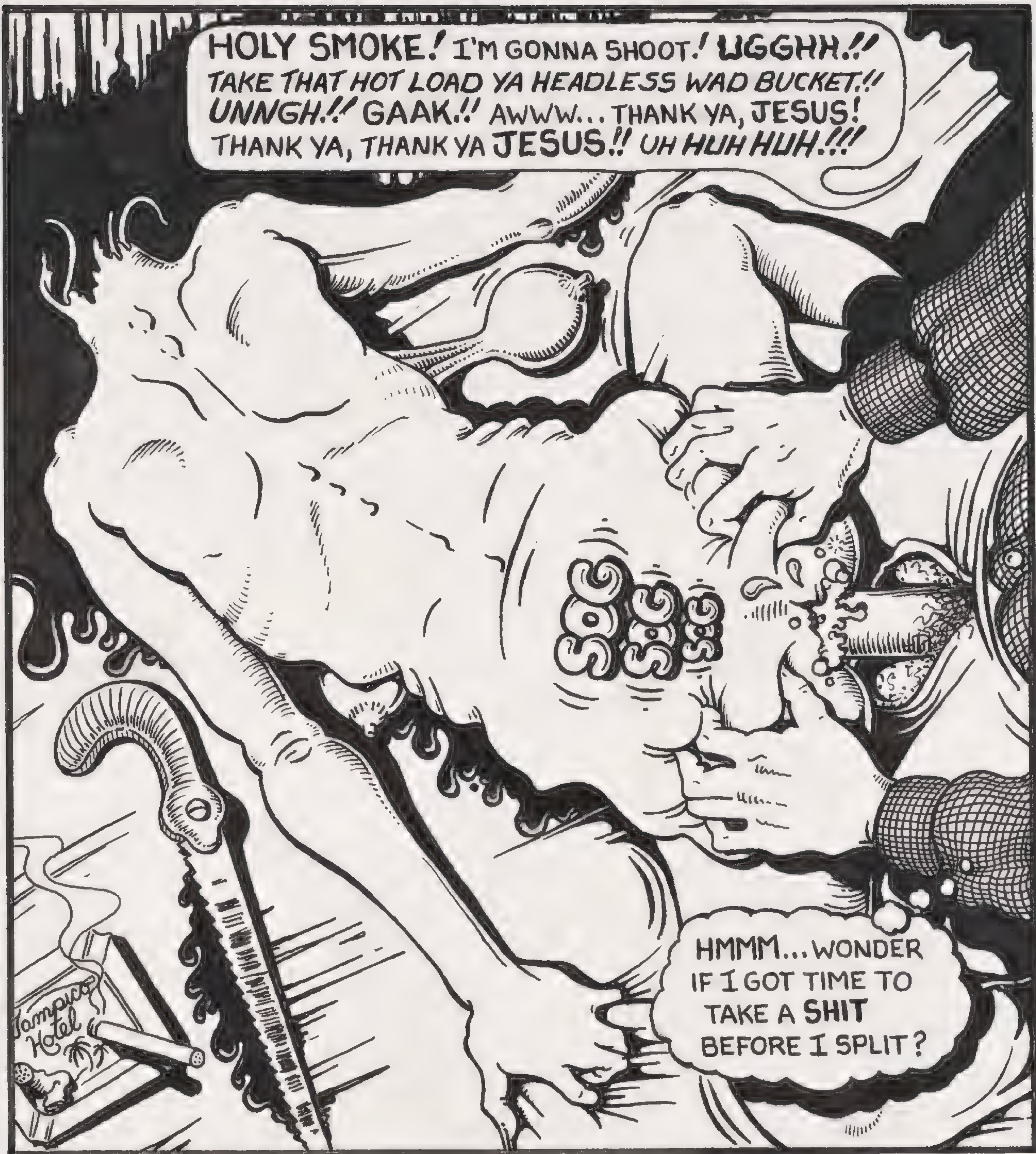


DEDICATED TO
LYND WARD

THE HARD GUY

LIVING ON SOCIAL SECURITY IS LIVING ON THE EDGE, SO A DROOLING SET OF GERIATRIC JAWS ATTEMPTS TO KNOCK OFF A REPAIR BILL IN TRADE —



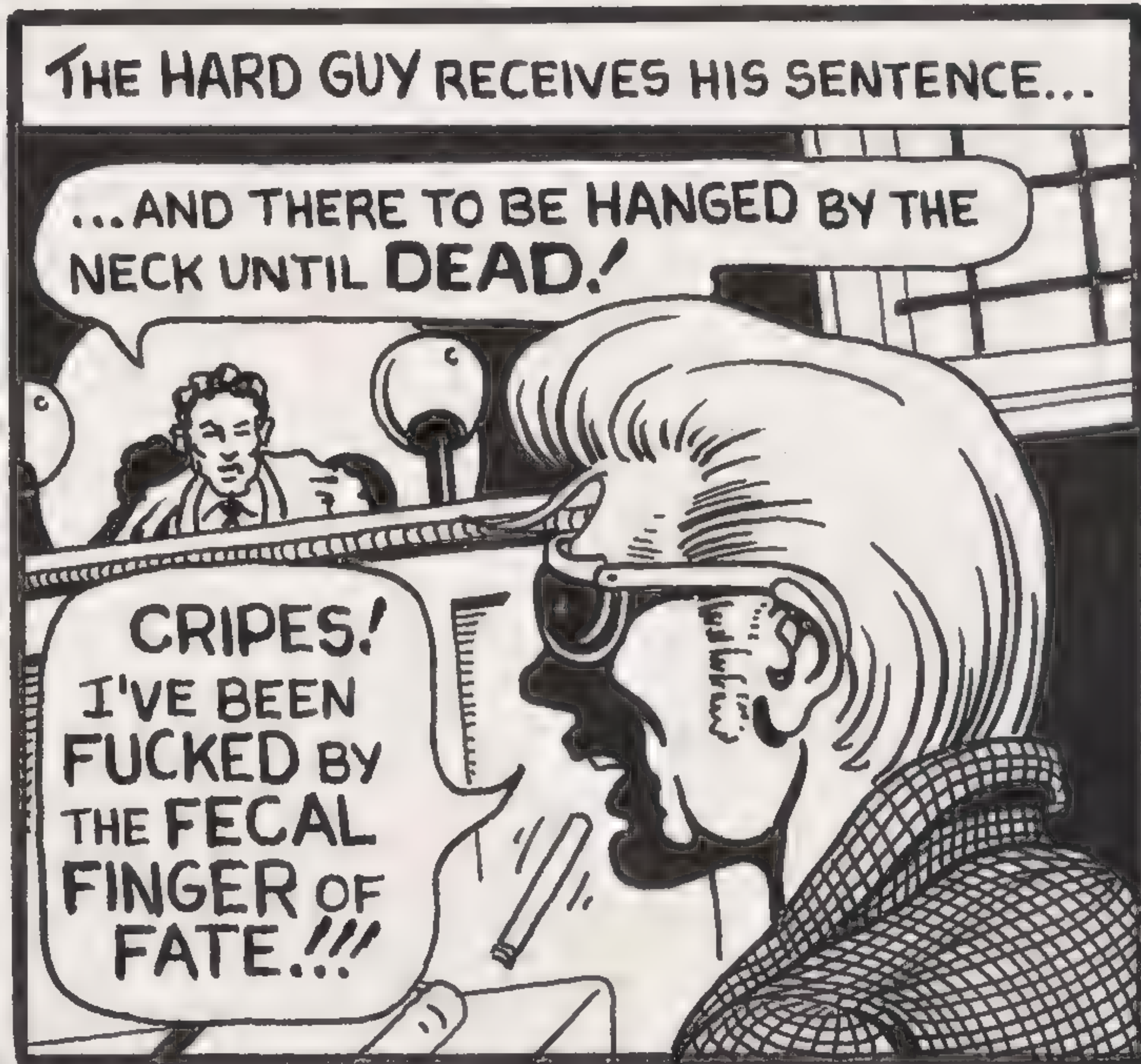
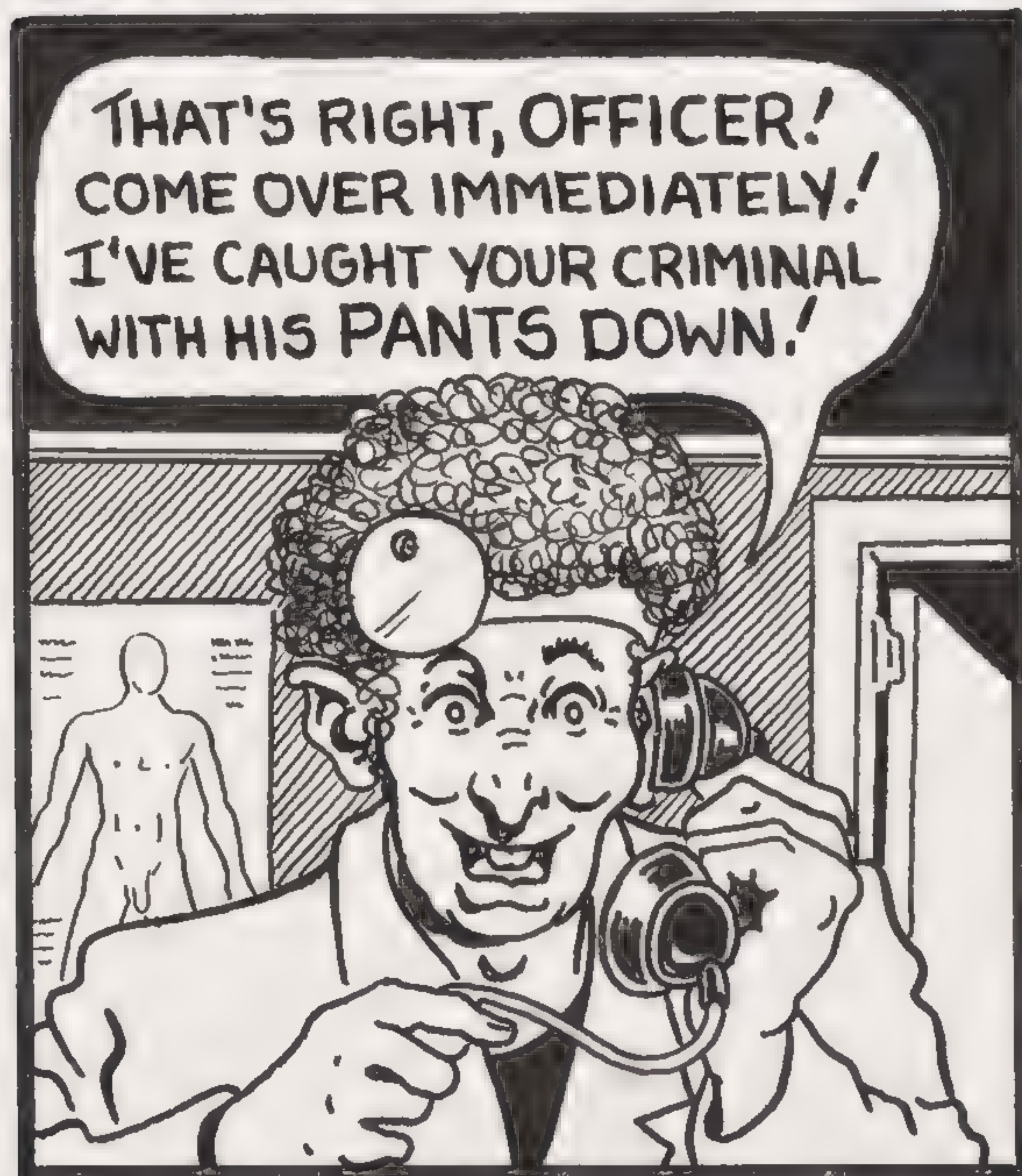


THE HARD GUY
MAKES A
SUCCESSFUL
GETAWAY, BUT
NOT EXACTLY
WHAT ONE
WOULD CALL
A CLEAN ONE...

OH, MY ACHIN' NUTS!
THAT TURD SUCKIN'
SLUT MUSTA GIVEN
ME TH' COCK ROT!



THE NEXT DAY
HE VISITS THE
OFFICE OF A
DR. DINK, NOTED
CLAPOLOGIST
AND PART TIME
SNITCH...



HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY

THE SUICIDE OF LUPE VELEZ



GUADALOUPE VELEZ DE VILLALOBOS HIT HOLLYWOOD AT THE TENDER AGE OF 17. HER ROLE OPPOSITE DOUG FAIRBANKS IN THE GAUCHO PLACED HER NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC AND HER APPETITE FOR BRAWLING AND BAILING KEPT IT THERE. THE SCREEN STUDS SCRATCHED AT LUPE'S DOOR, BUT THE KISS-AND-TELL KID'S MOTOR MOUTH KEPT HER AFFAIRS BRIEF. LATE IN '44 SHE FELL FOR THE CONTINENTAL ADVENTURER, HAROLD RAMOND. HE BALKED AT THE ALTAR AND LEFT HER BOTH PREGNANT AND IN LOVE. LUPE DECIDED TO PLAY ONE FINAL ROLE. THIS TIME DEATH STEPPED IN AS HER CO-STAR.

TO DIE IN THE
BYZANTINE SPLENDOR
BEFITTING A STAR OF THE
FIRST MAGNITUDE WAS UP-
PERMOST IN LUPE'S MIND AS
SHE SUPERVISED THE PLACE-
MENT OF HUNDREDS OF FLORAL
ARRANGEMENTS WITHIN HER
SPANISH-STYLE MANSION.

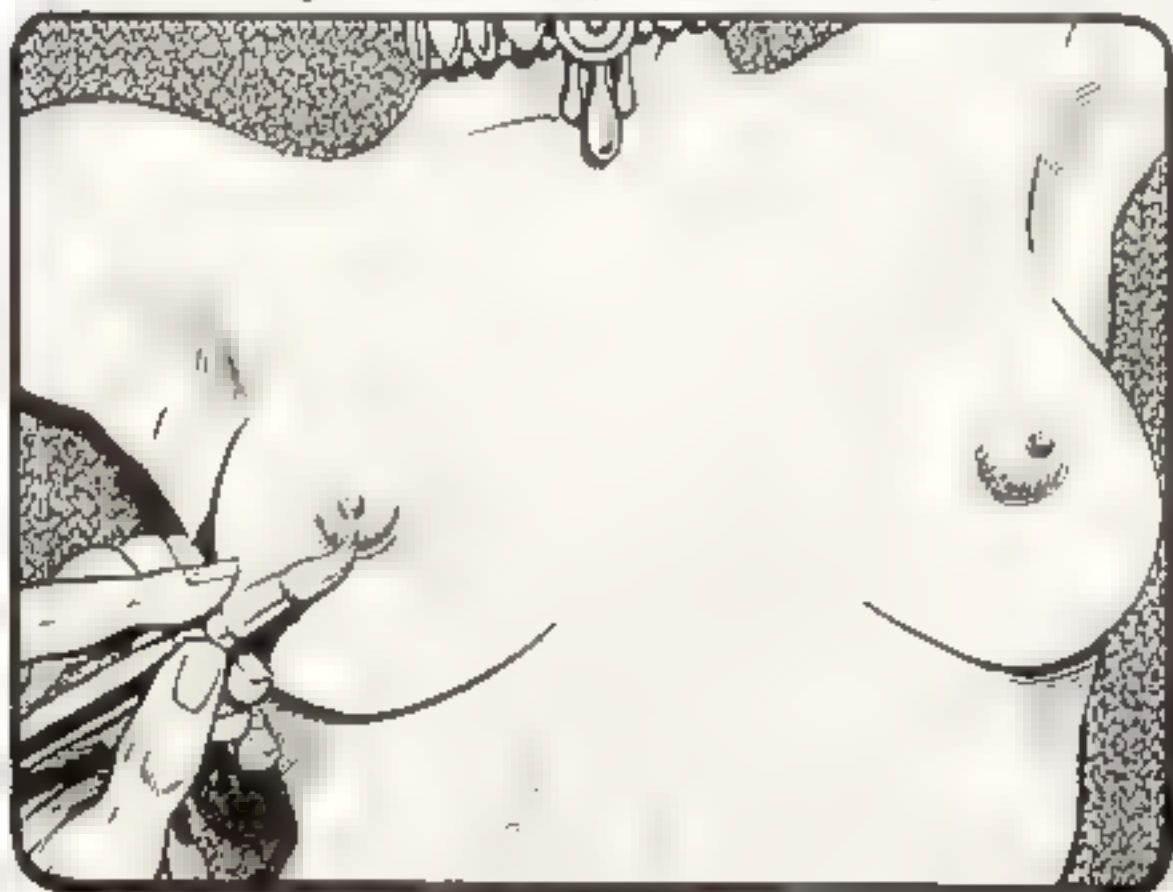


AS THE FIRST LIGHTS BEGAN TO
TWINKLE ON THE STRIP, LUPE STEPPED
INTO THE WARM WATERS OF HER
JADE-GREEN BATH. THE FACES OF
GARY COOPER, RONALD COLEMAN, JOHN
GILBERT, ERROL FLYNN, JOHNNY
WEISMULLER AND COUNTLESS
OTHER LOVERS DRIFTED
THROUGH HER REVERIE.

LUPE'S HAIRDRESSER AND MAKE-UP MAN ARRIVED JUST AS SHE AROSE FROM THE BATH



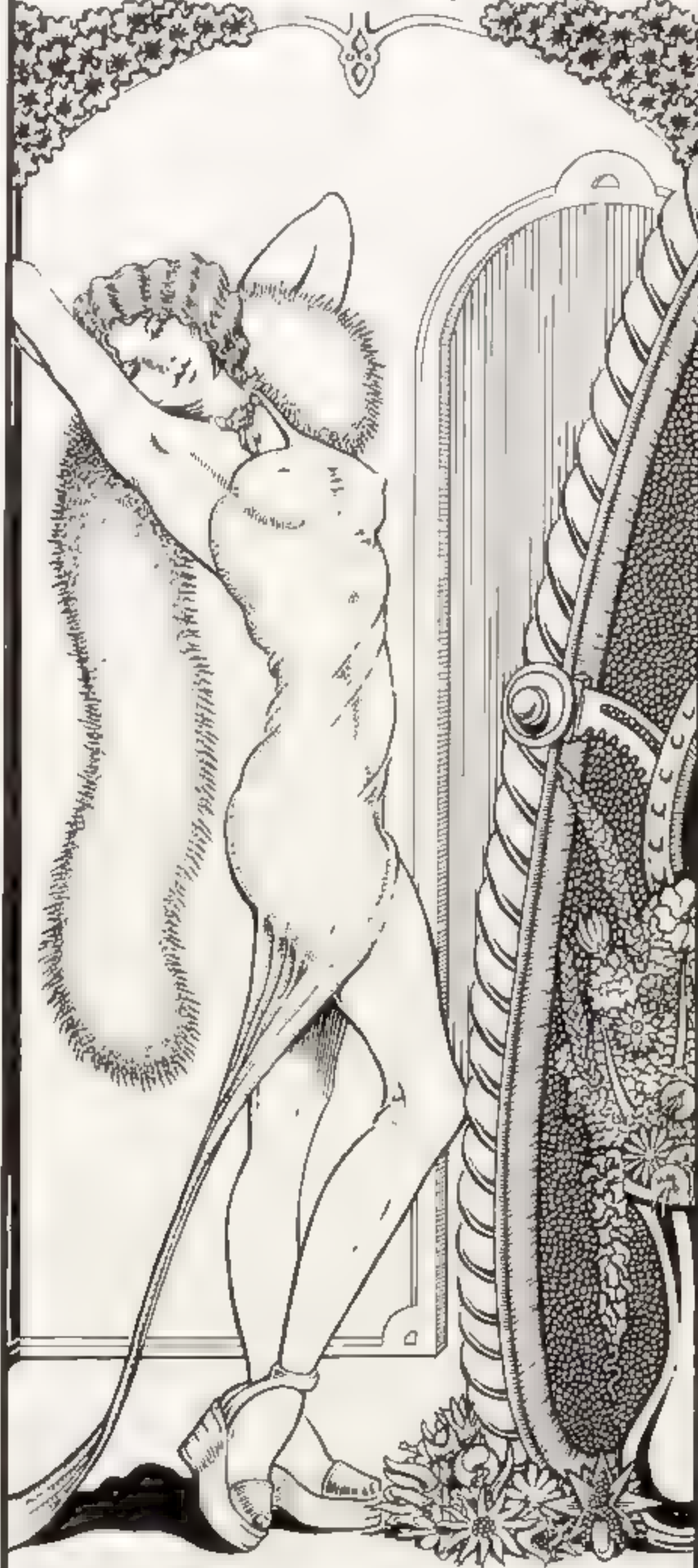
AND TRANSFORMED HER INTO



A LIVING MONUMENT TO THE ART OF ARTIFICE —



SWATHED IN GOLD LAME', LUPE STUDIED HER REFLECTION AS SHE SUMMONED HER CHAUFFEUR



HER NEW FILM, ZAZA, WOULD BE PREMIERING WITHIN THE HOUR AND SHE WANTED TO BE ON TIME FOR HER FINAL PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

LUPE'S SOLITARY RETURN FROM THE PREMIER WAS WARMLY GREETED BY A BANQUET OF MEXICAN CUISINE SHARED BY HER HOUSEHOLD HELP.



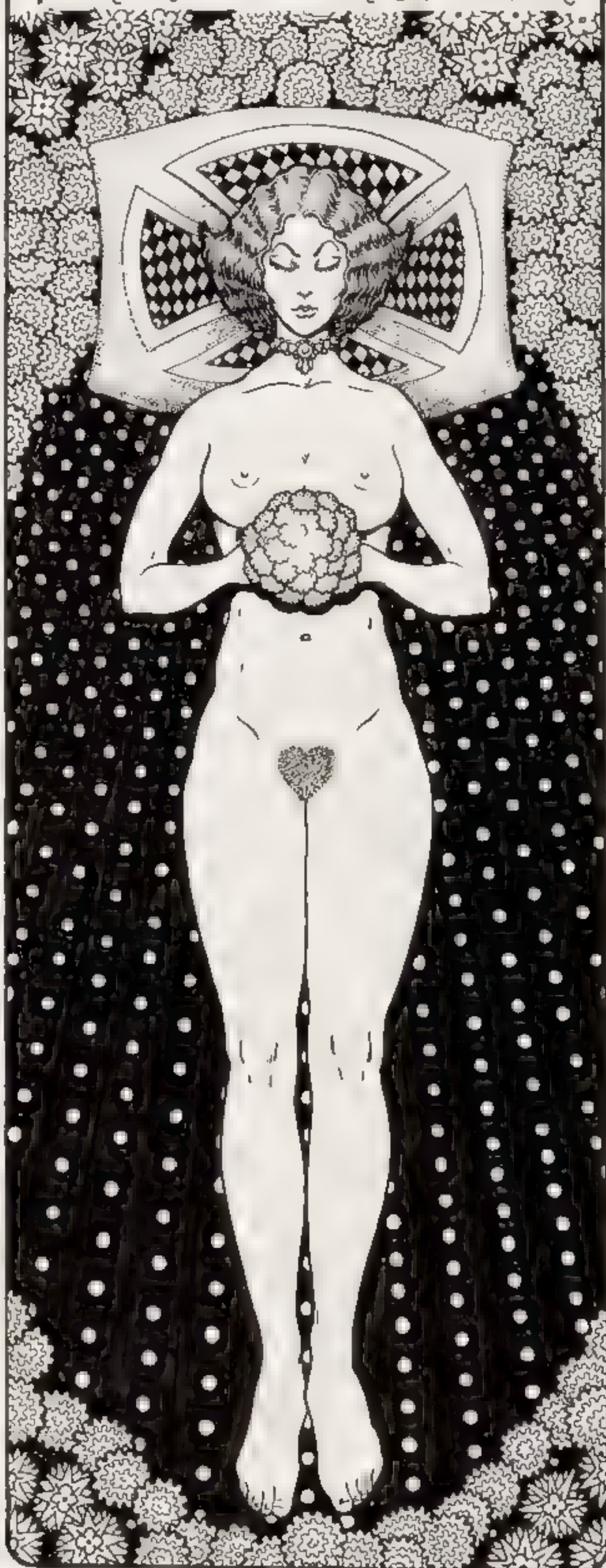
AS SOON AS THE TABLE WAS CLEARED, LUPE DISMISSED HER UNSUSPECTING SERVANTS AND RETIRED TO HER BOUDOIR.

SHE COMPOSED HER SUICIDE
NOTE...

Dear Harald
May God forgive you, and
forgive me too but I prefer to
take my life away and our
babys, before bringin him with
shame or killin him
how could you Harald, fake
such love for me and our
baby when all the time you
didnt want us I see no other
way out for me. so goodby
and good luck to you
love
Lupe

(ACTUAL TEXT OF NOTE)

AND RECLINED ON HER GAUDY BIER



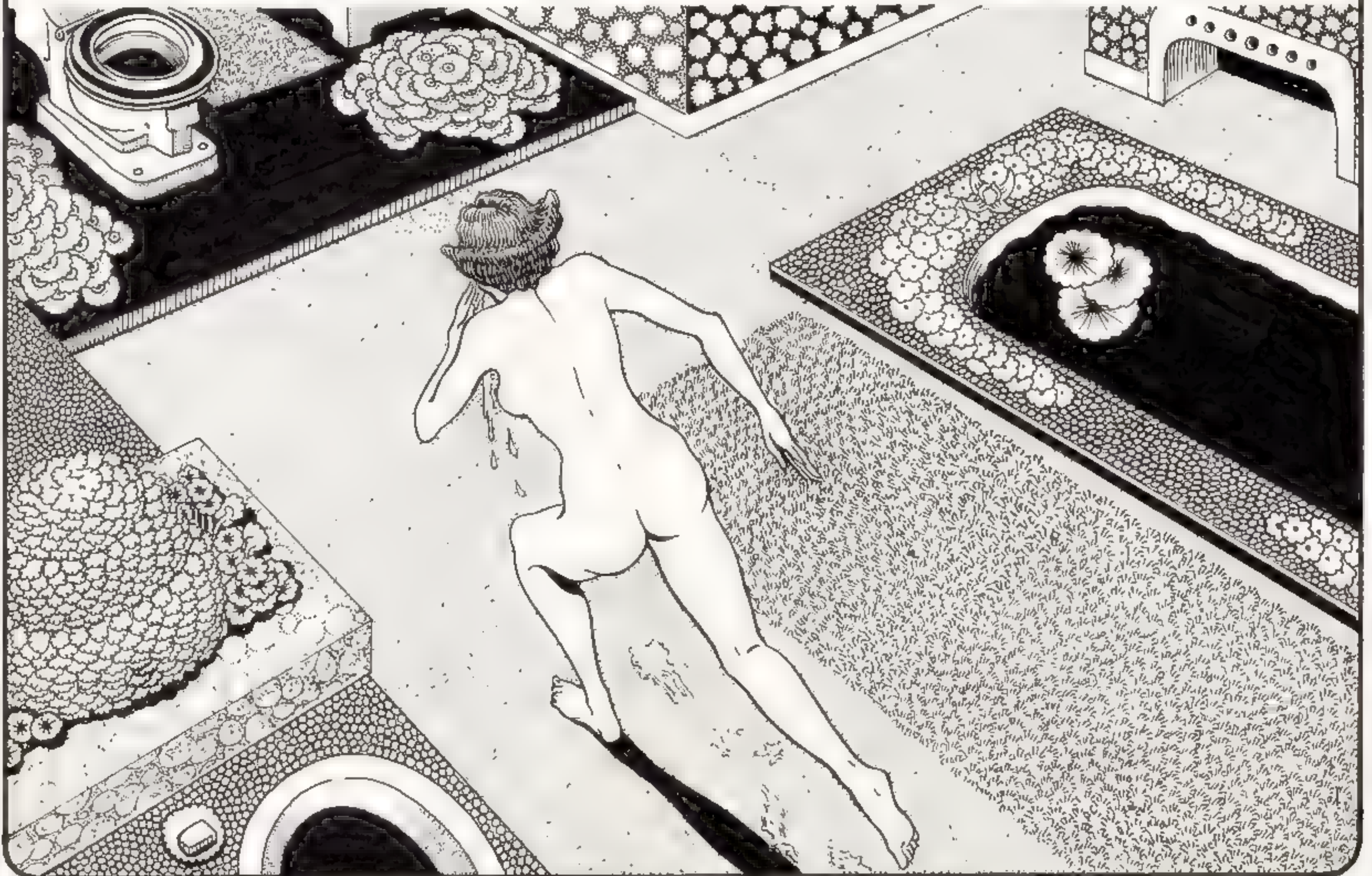
CONSUMED A LARGE QUAN-
TITY OF SECONAL...



THE JALAPEÑO~BARBITURATE COMBO PROVED A VOLATILE ONE AND WITHIN MINUTES THE VOLCANIC LUPE WAS ERUPTING.



SHE STRUGGLED TO HER FEET AND MADE A DASH FOR THE BATHROOM~



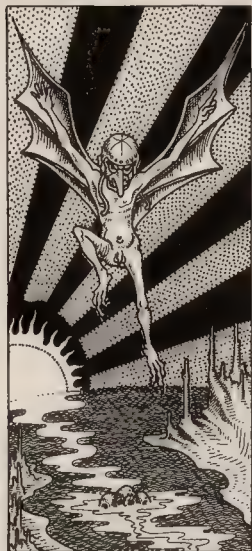
SLIPPED ON HER OWN VOMIT AND PLUNGED HEAD FIRST INTO THE TOILET.



LIVE FAST; DIE YOUNG; LEAVE A BEAUTIFUL CORPSE... THE IRONY OF THESE WORDS SETTLED ON LUPE'S DIMMING THOUGHTS LIKE A HEAVY BLACK SHROUD AS SHE GURGLED OUT HER FINAL BREATH DEEP WITHIN THE POLISHED PORCELAIN BOWL.



FROM
THE PEN OF
Lawrence
La Fey
1974



INSECT FEAR

THE JOURNAL OF PARANOIAC KNOWLEDGE

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J. GREEN • C. DALLAS • R. HAYES • J. JAXON • L. TODD

J. OSBORNE

AS YOUR MIND GOES CAREENING
DOWN THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS
OF HEXAPODAL MADNESS, RE-
MEMBER THAT IT WAS I—
INSECTA VON ABRAXAS WHO
TAUGHT YOU THE TRUE MEAN-
ING OF... **INSECT FEAR!**

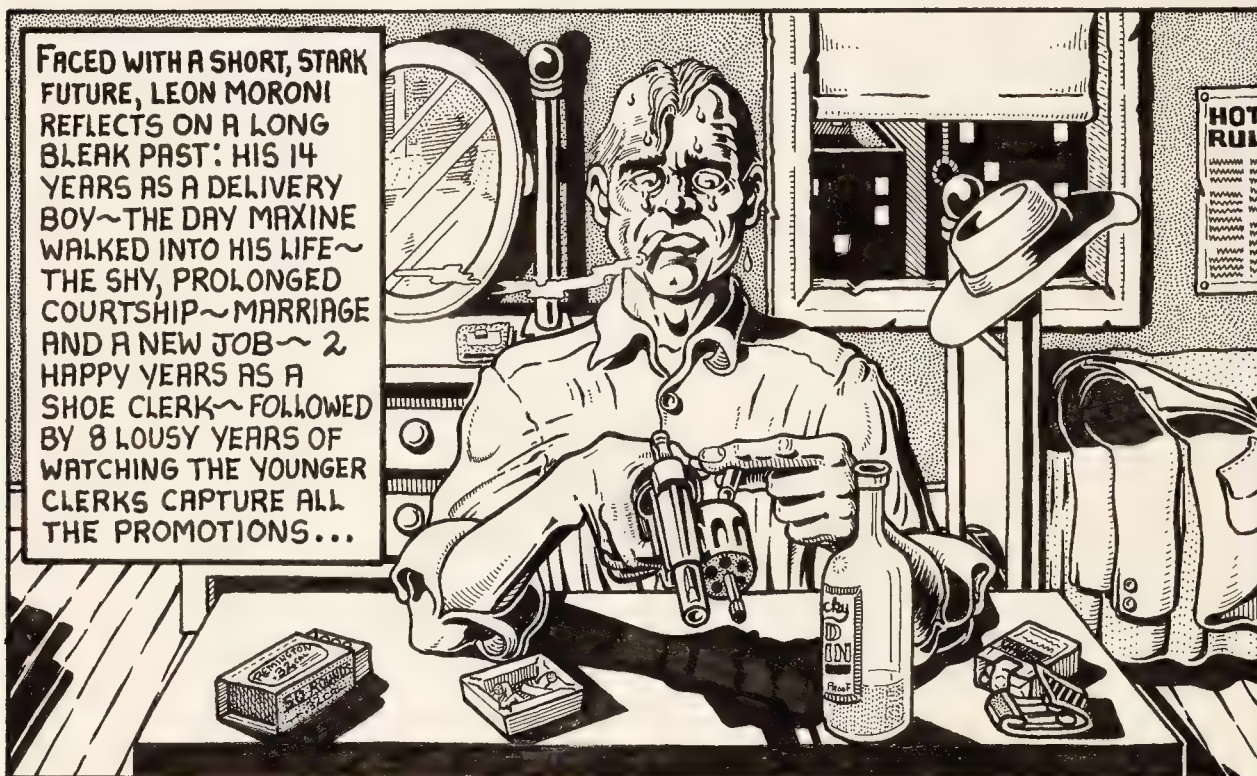


THE LOSER

©1970

A SHORT TALE OF A SMALL MAN by J. OSBORNE

FACED WITH A SHORT, STARK FUTURE, LEON MORONI REFLECTS ON A LONG BLEAK PAST: HIS 14 YEARS AS A DELIVERY BOY~THE DAY MAXINE WALKED INTO HIS LIFE~THE SHY, PROLONGED COURTSHIP~MARRIAGE AND A NEW JOB~2 HAPPY YEARS AS A SHOE CLERK~ FOLLOWED BY 8 LOUSY YEARS OF WATCHING THE YOUNGER CLERKS CAPTURE ALL THE PROMOTIONS...



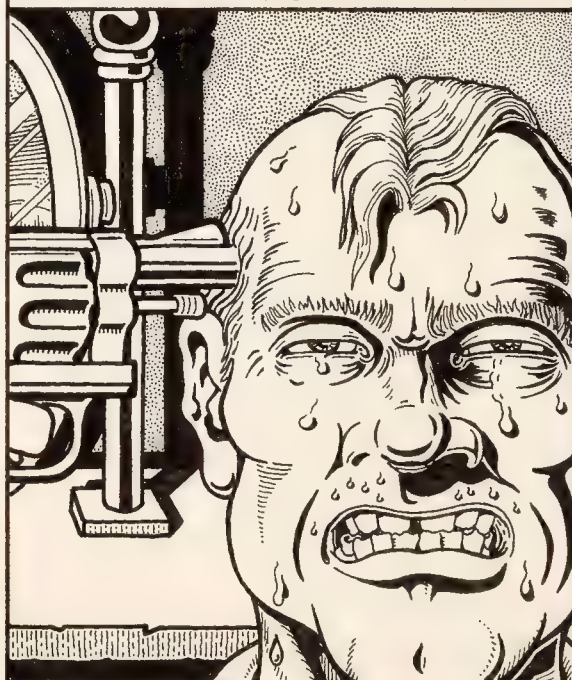
THEN MAXINE'S GOADING~ HIS SIX KNEE KNOCKING REQUESTS FOR A RAISE~



THE VIOLENT ARGUMENTS AT HOME AFTER EACH REFUSAL~



THE DISMISSAL SLIP THAT ACCOMPANIED THIS MORNING'S PAY ENVELOPE ~ RETCHING IN THE STORE'S RESTROOM BEFORE TURNING IN HIS SHOE HORN~



THE BAR ON THE WAY
HOME AND THE DRUNKEN
BRAWL WITH MAXINE ~



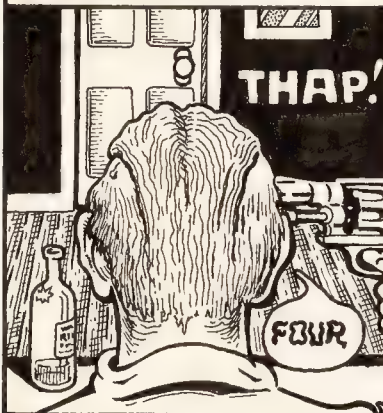
THE SLAP! ~ MAXINE'S
HURRIED PACKING ~
THE SLAM OF THE
FRONT DOOR ~



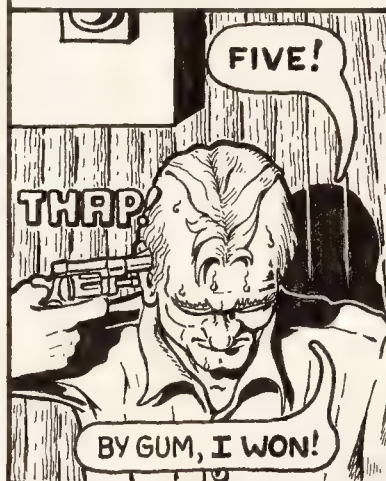
THE DISCOVERY OF THE
HALF-FORGOTTEN PISTOL
AND BOX OF OLD SHELLS
IN THE OPEN BUREAU
DRAWER ~



THE AIMLESS WANDERING
THROUGH THE STREET ~
CHECKING INTO THE
HOTEL ~ THEIR HONEY-
MOON HOTEL ~



REQUESTING THIS ROOM ~
THE ROOM WHERE THEY
CONSUMATED THEIR...



ROTTEN TIME FOR A
STREAK OF LUCK! —
NEED A DRINK BEFORE
ANOTHER SPIN!



HANDS SHAKING SO—
I CAN HARDLY HOLD—
MUST— WHA??!!



MAXINE!

OH, LEON!
THANK GOD
I'VE FOUND
YOU IN TIME!





O.K. GANG! THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THIS YARN! WHEN YOU'RE PLINKING IN YOUR ROOM OR BACK YARD WITH YOUR ZIP OR GAT, ALWAYS BE SURE TO USE YOUR OLD AMMO FIRST! A BOX OF OUT-OF-DATE AMMO OFTEN CONTAINS A FEW DUDS AND SOMETIMES, AS IN LEON'S CASE, A "DELAYED-FIRE" ROUND! YEP, LEON ACTUALLY LOST THAT FIFTH TRY—JUST TOOK A WHILE FOR THE POWDER TO PROPERLY IGNITE!—WELL, AT LEAST OK! LEON WON'T BE LONELY WHERE HE'S GOING ——— MAXINE'LL BE THERE—WAITING WITH OPEN ARMS!

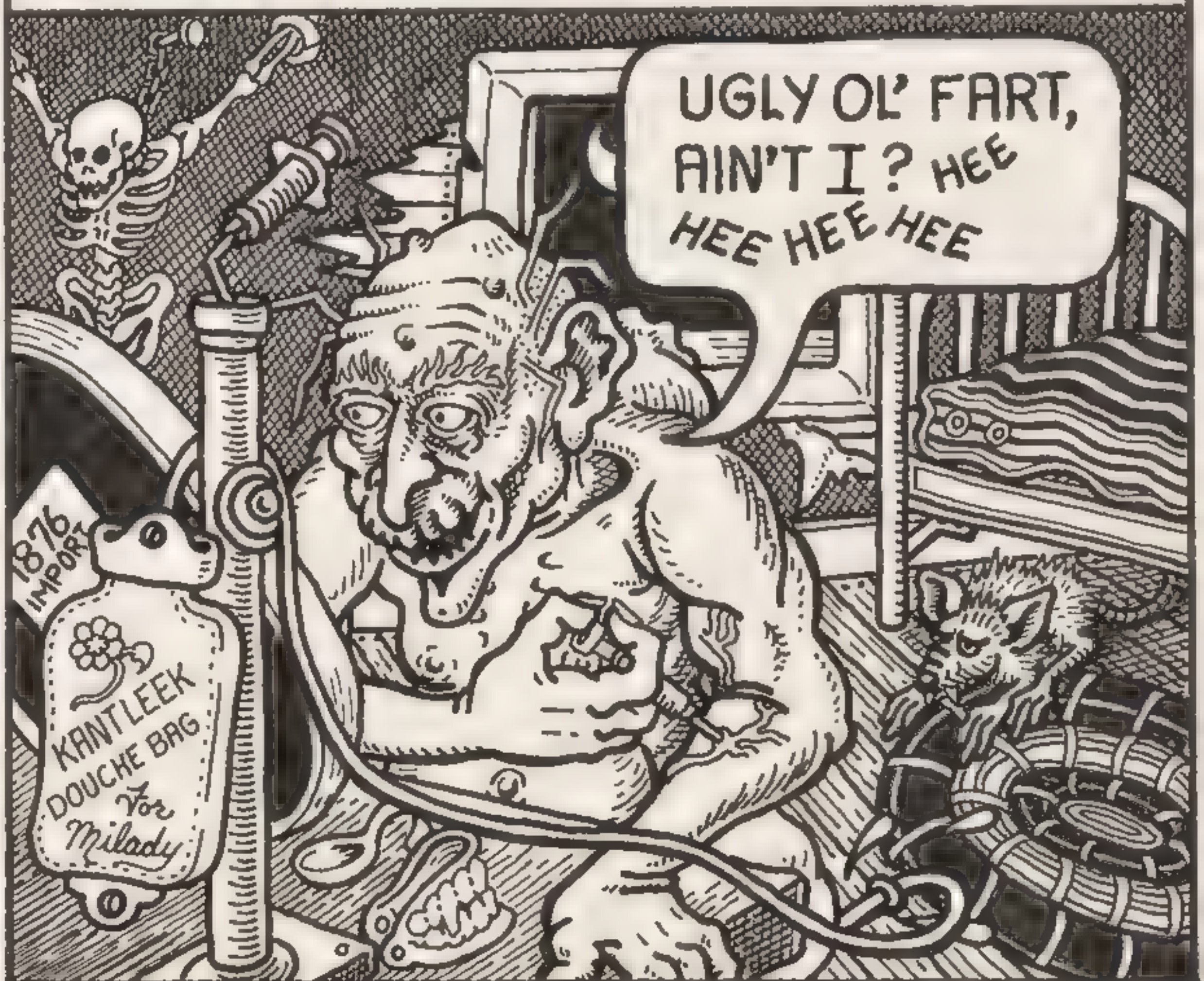


~ MEN'S LOUNGE ~
The **TAMPICO HOTEL**
NOVEMBER 23, 1969-3A.M.
JAMES OSBORNE ©'69

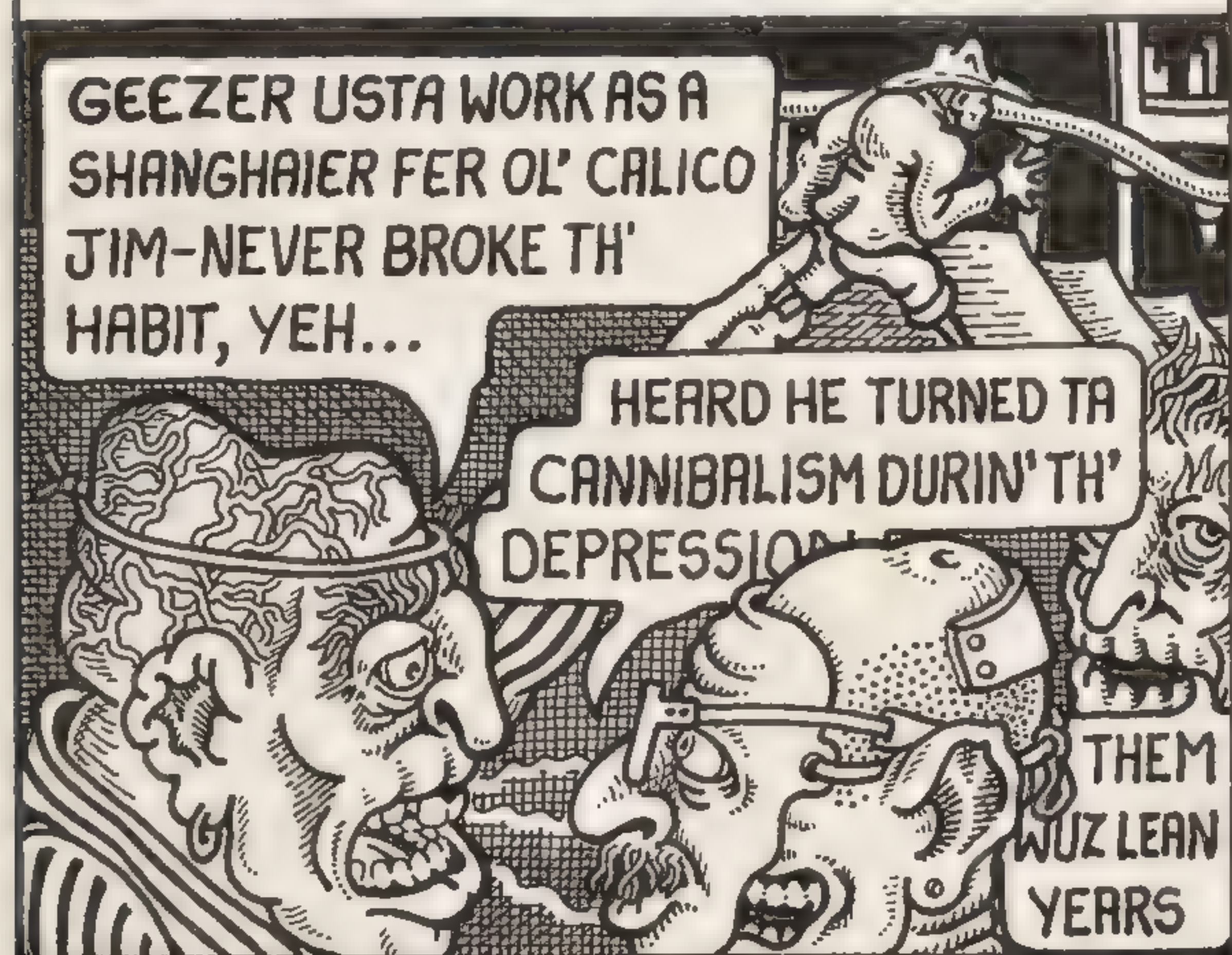
Presenting
**THE OLD
CODGER**

ANOTHER SEARING EPISODE
TORN FROM THAT
UNPUBLISHED MASTERPIECE
TAMPICO TALES

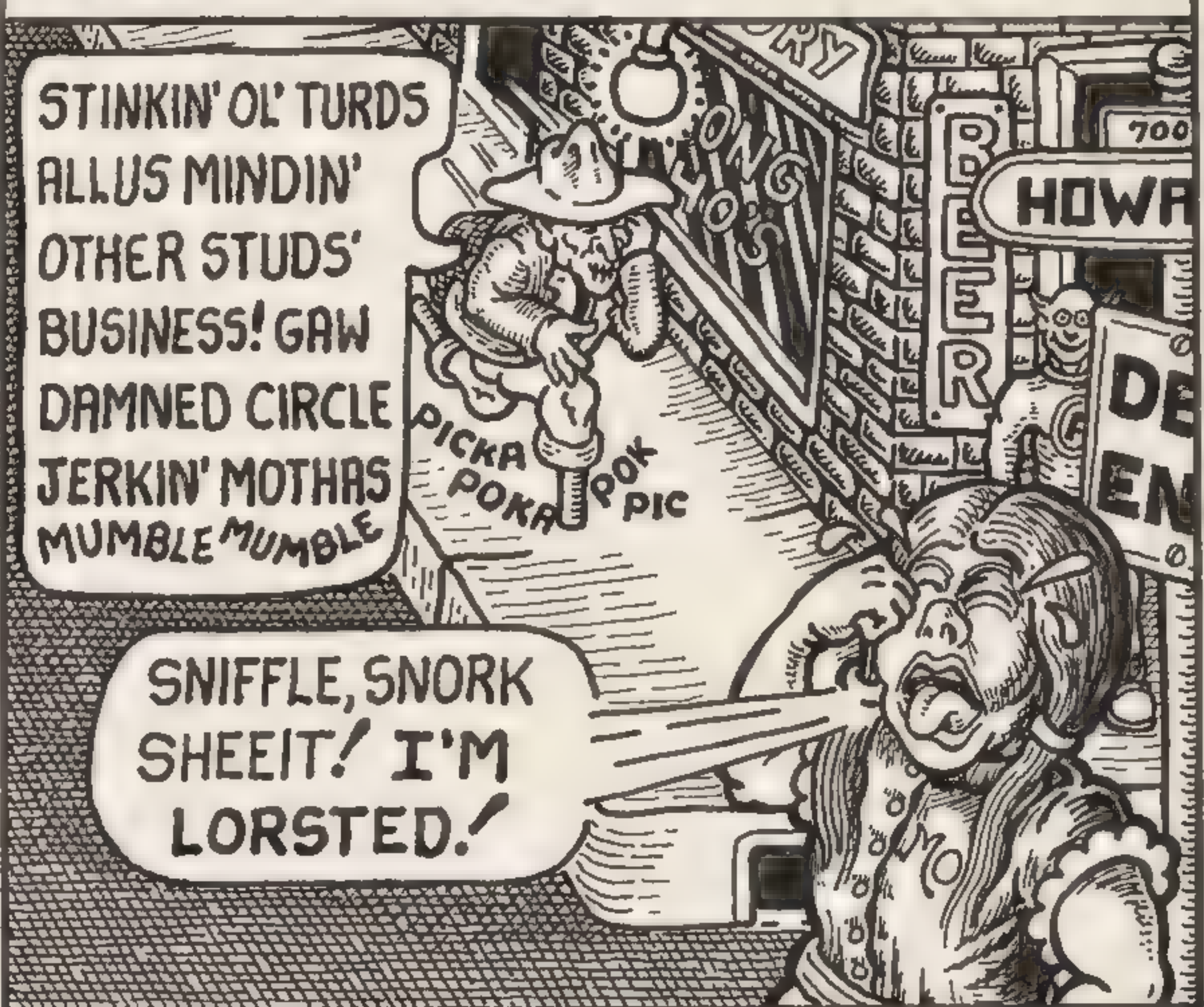
THE TENANT IN ROOM 202 WAS A
CREATURE OF DISGUSTING HABITS



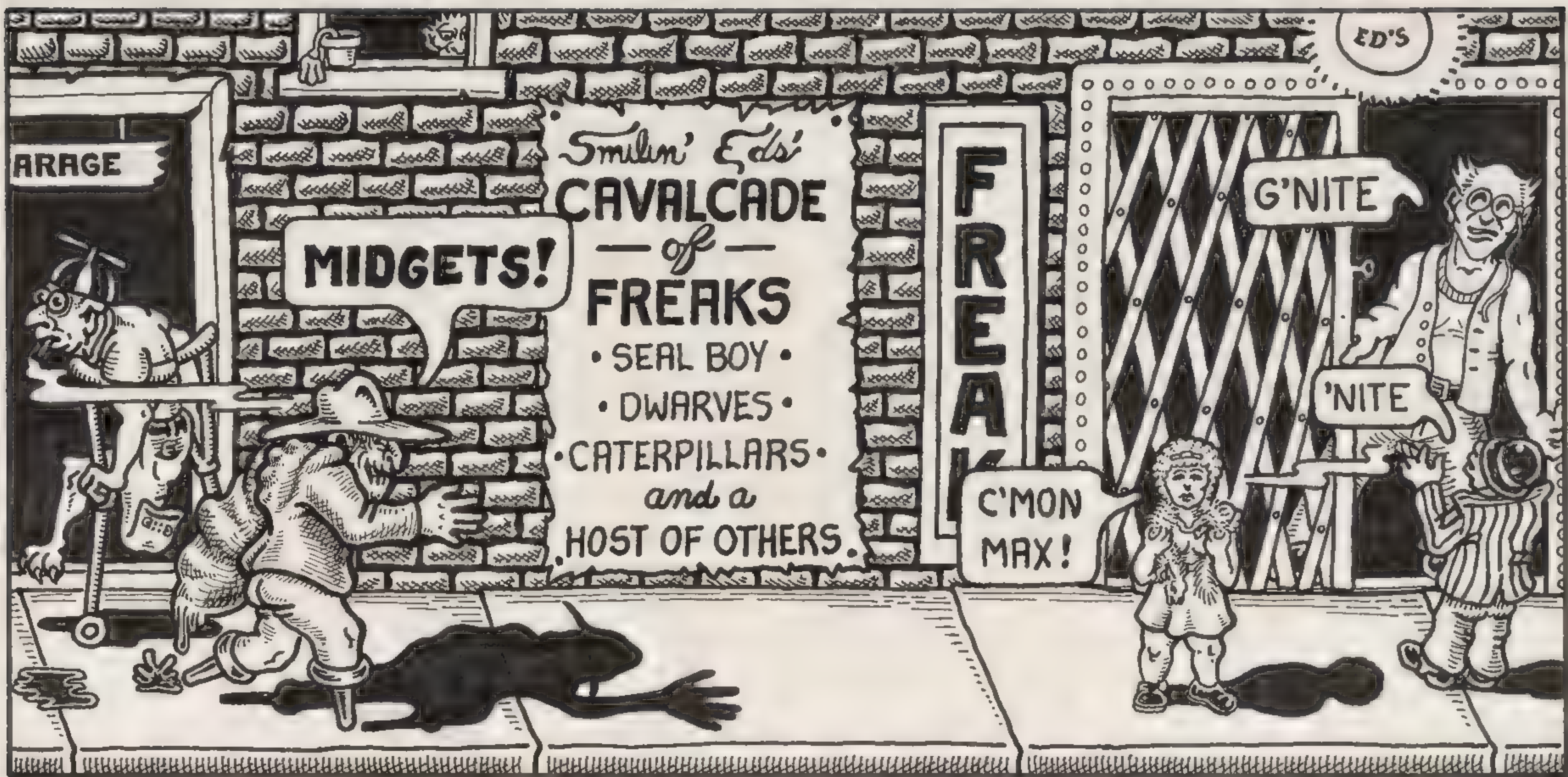
AND THE USUAL CORRIDOR CREEPS WERE
CONTINUALLY SPECULATING ON HIS
COMINGS AND GOINGS...

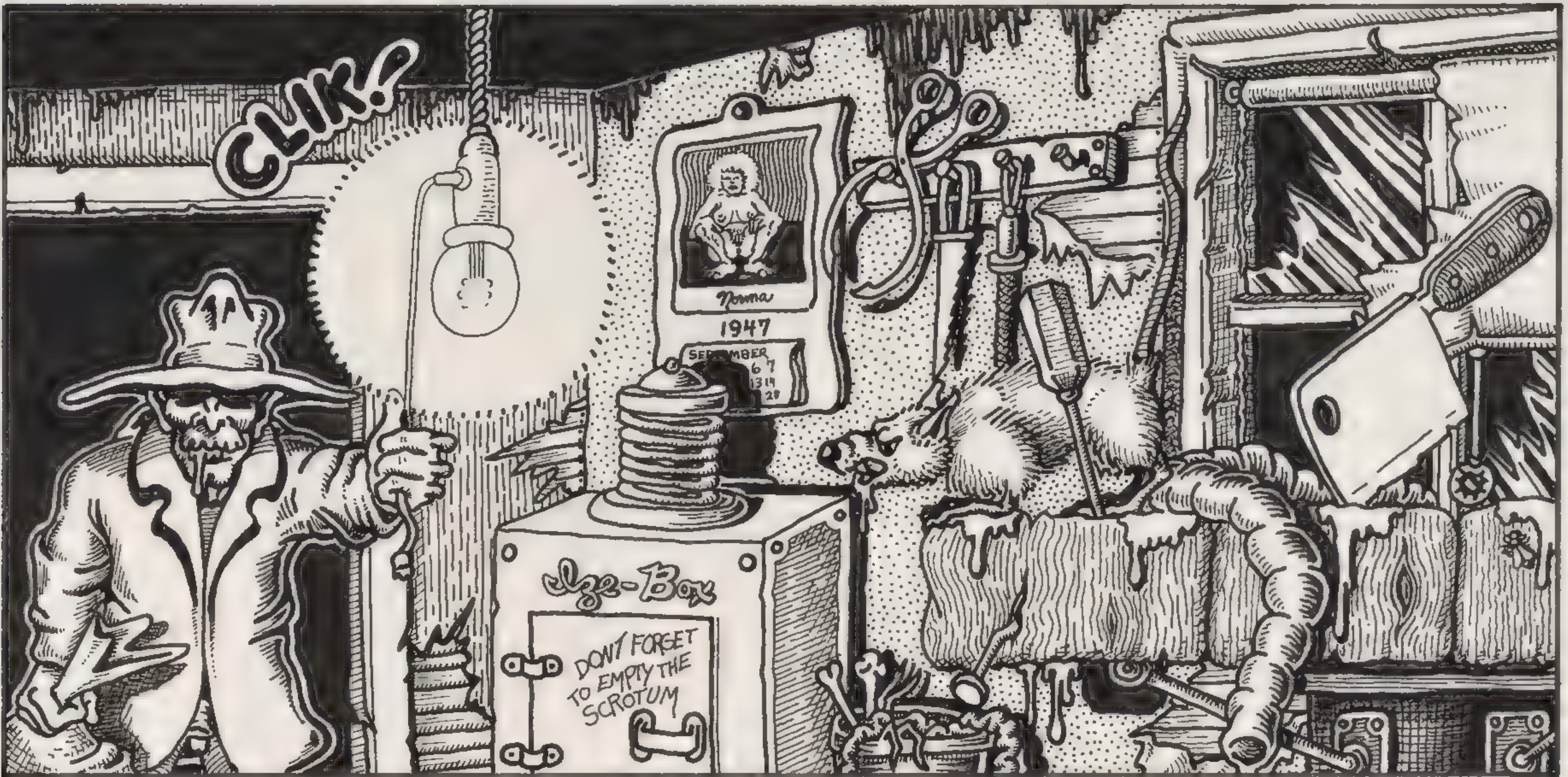


WHICH PISSED THE OLD CODGER
OFF TO NO END.!

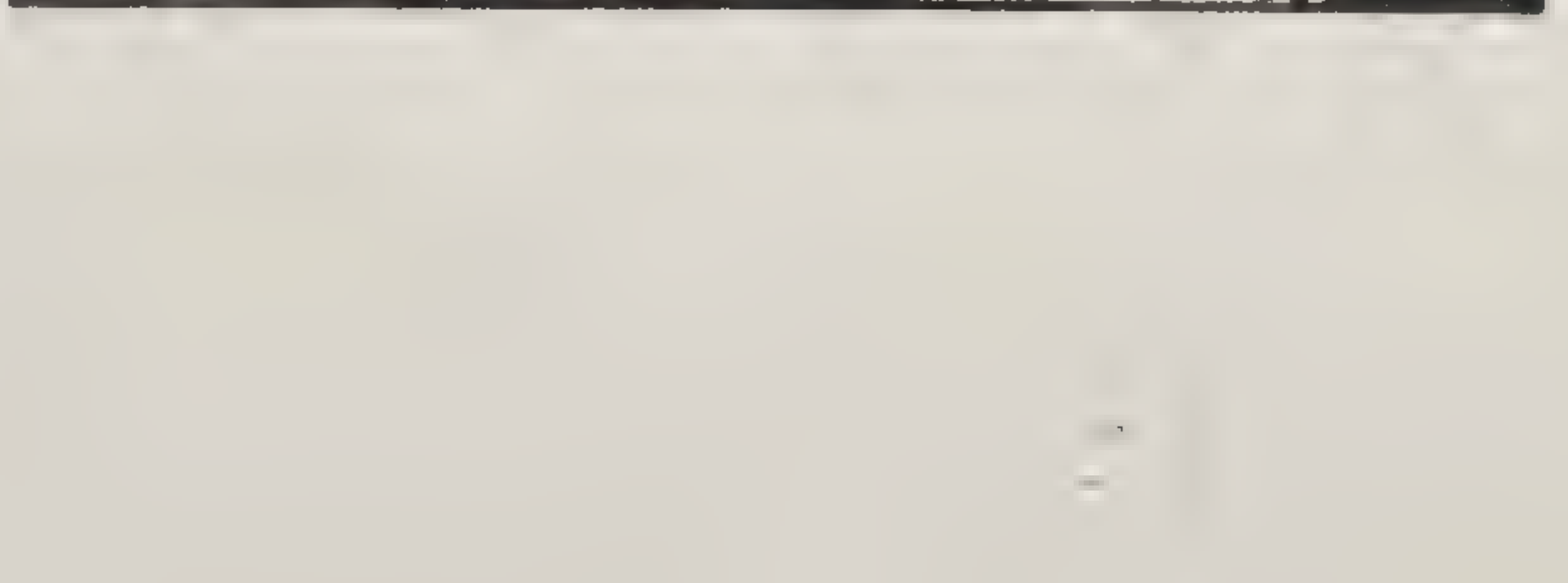
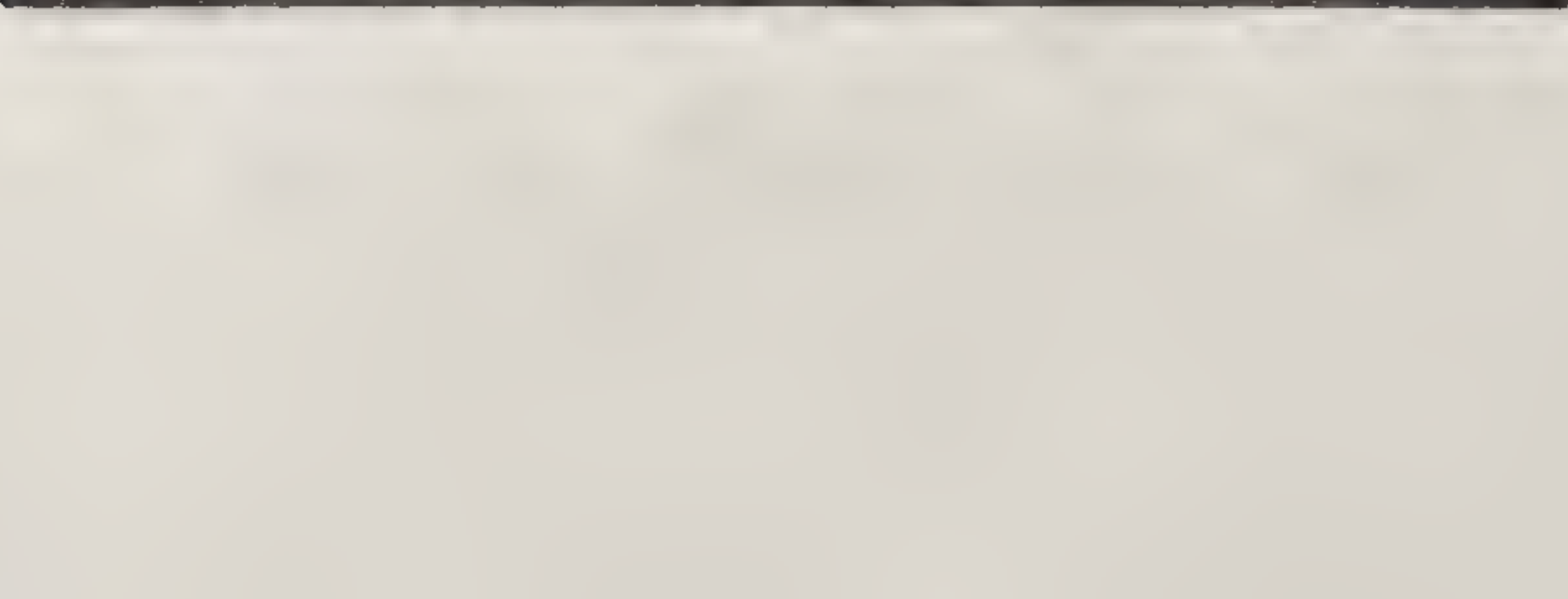
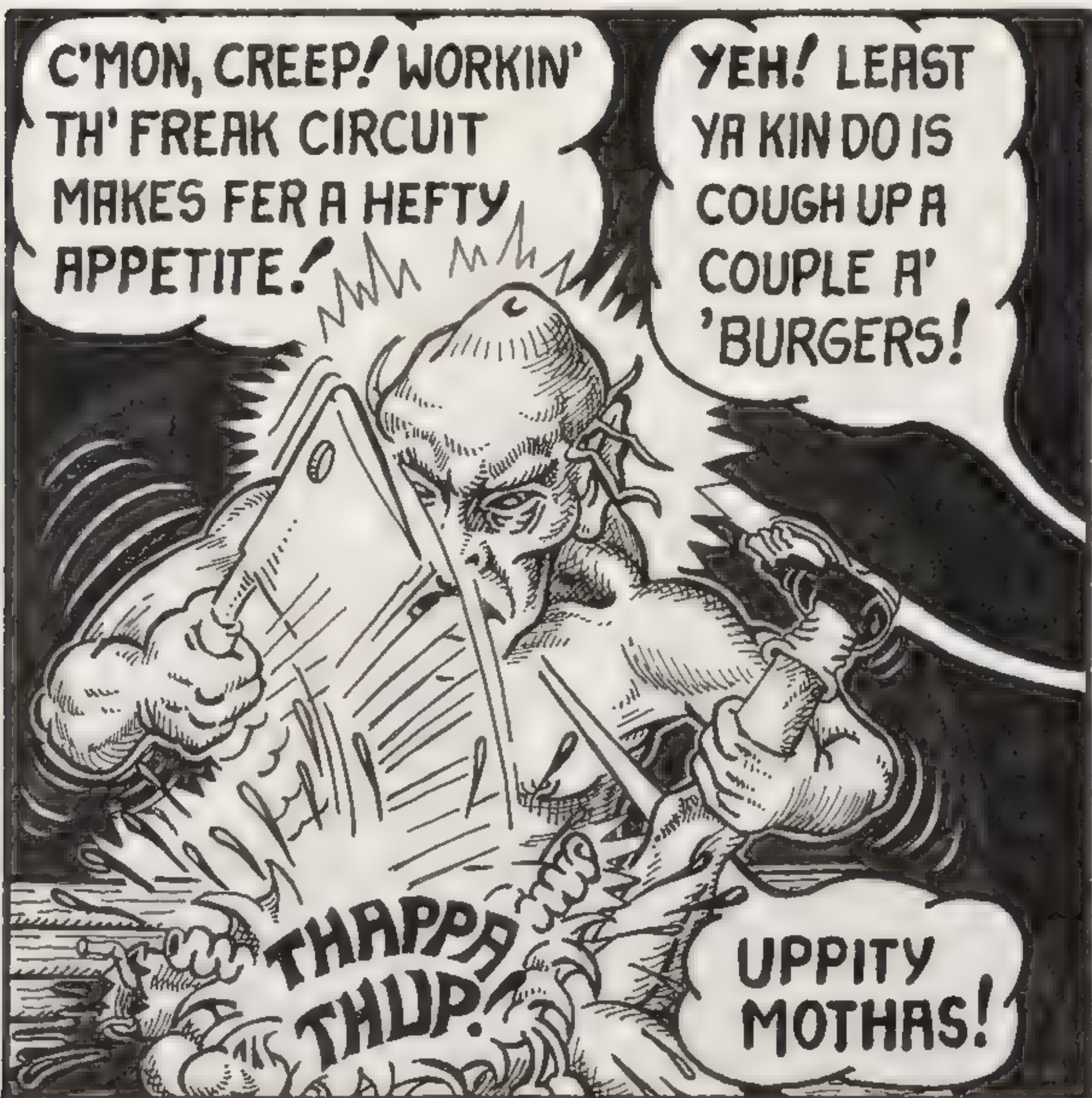
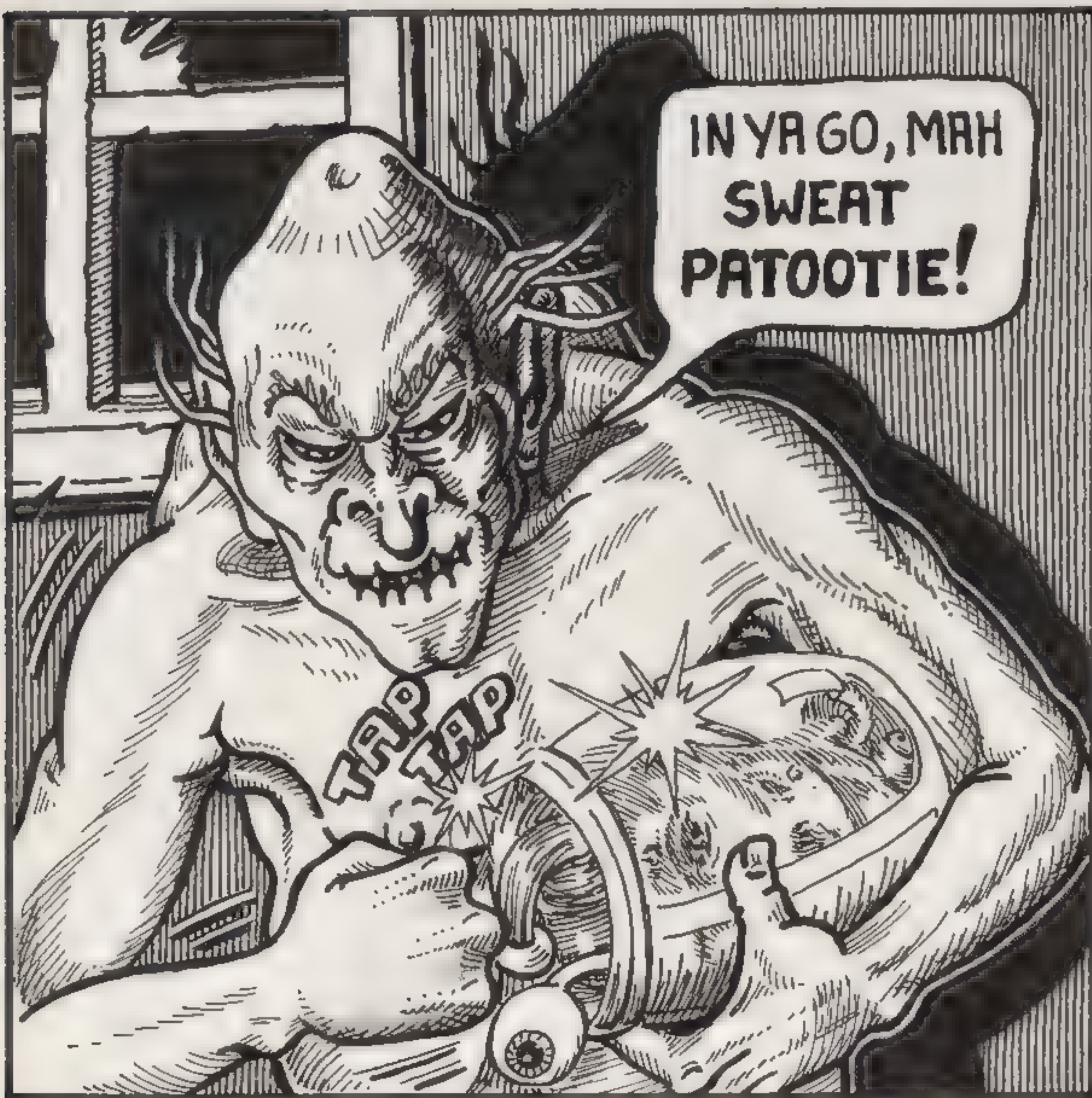


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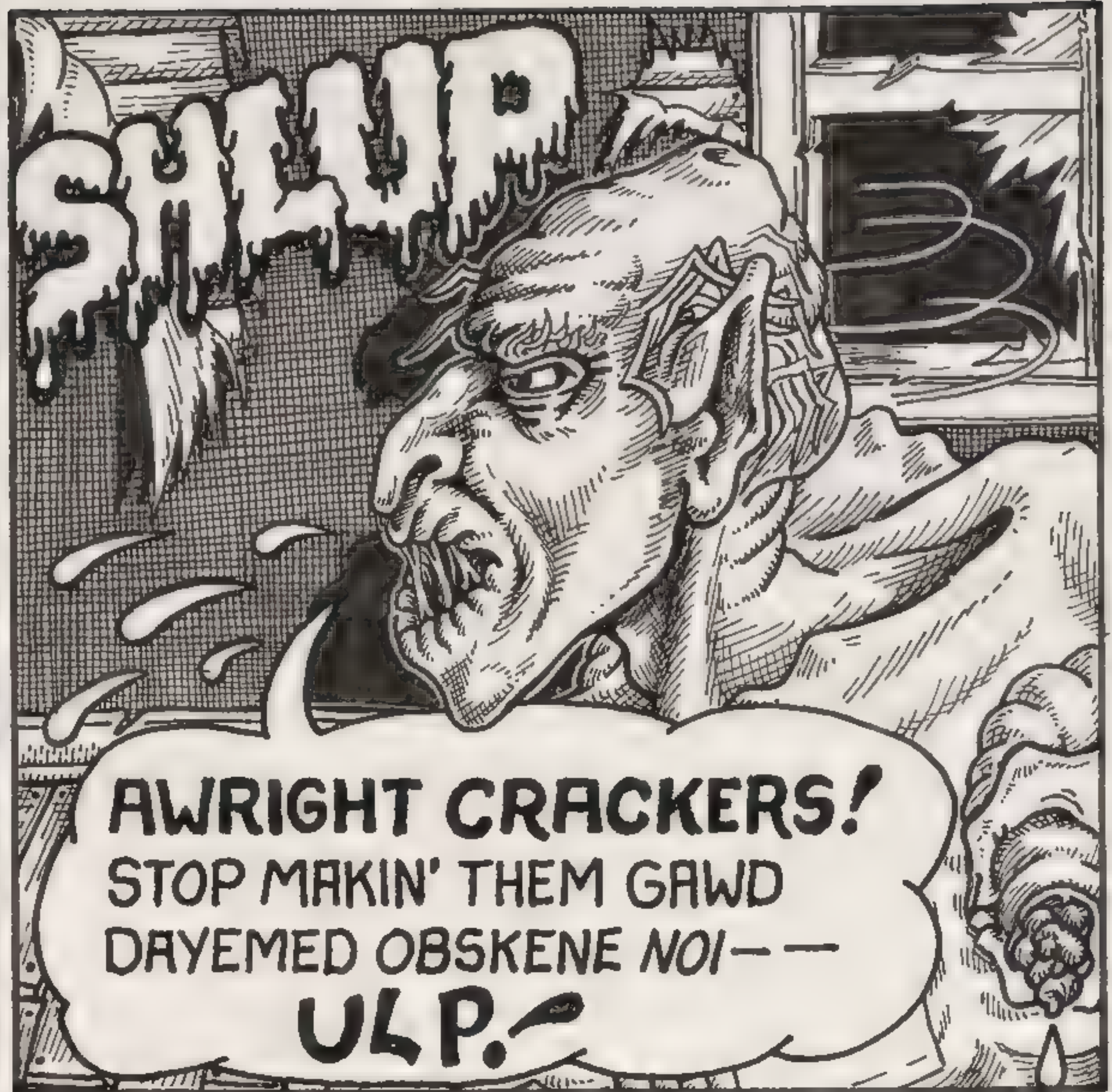




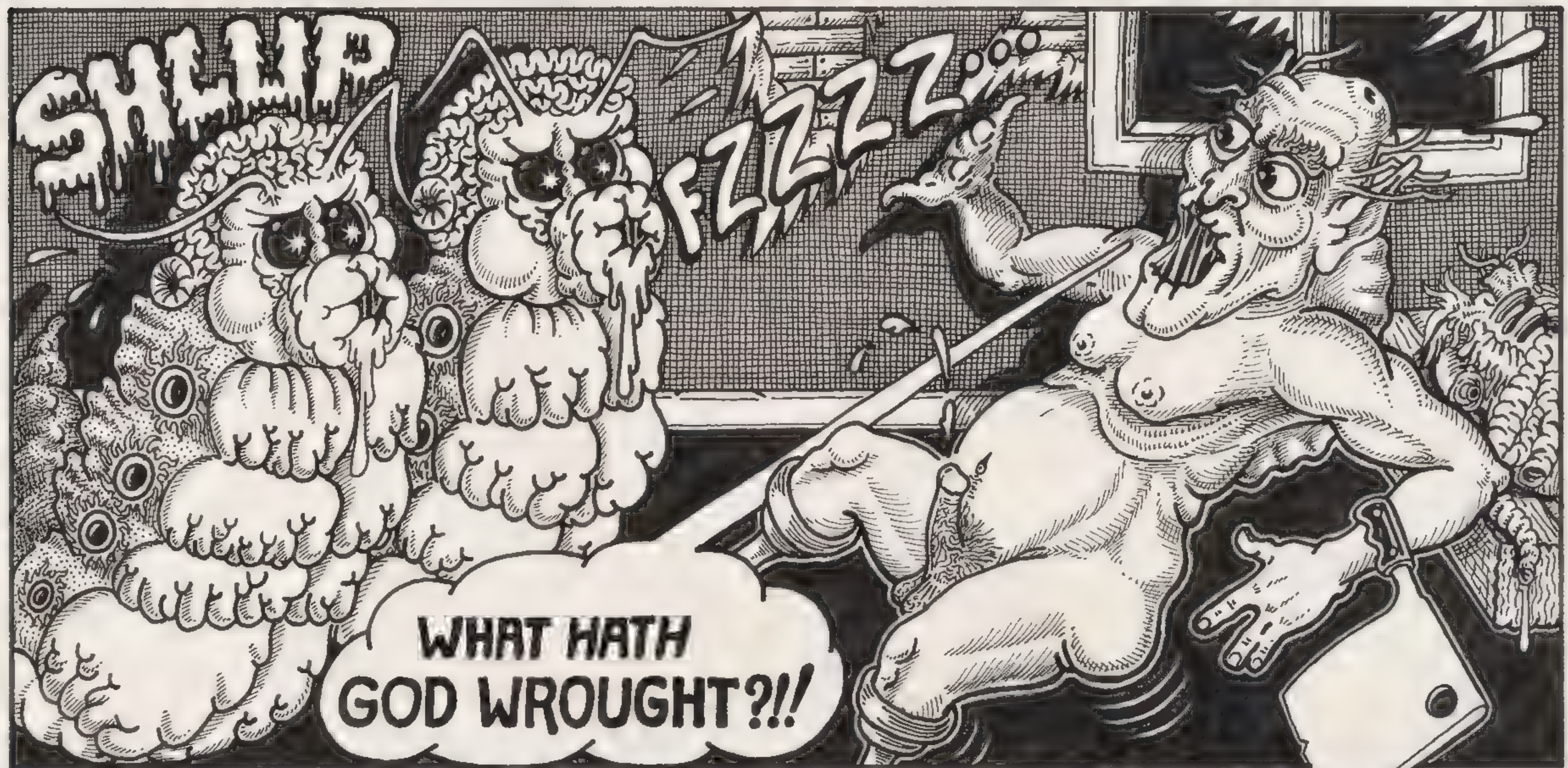




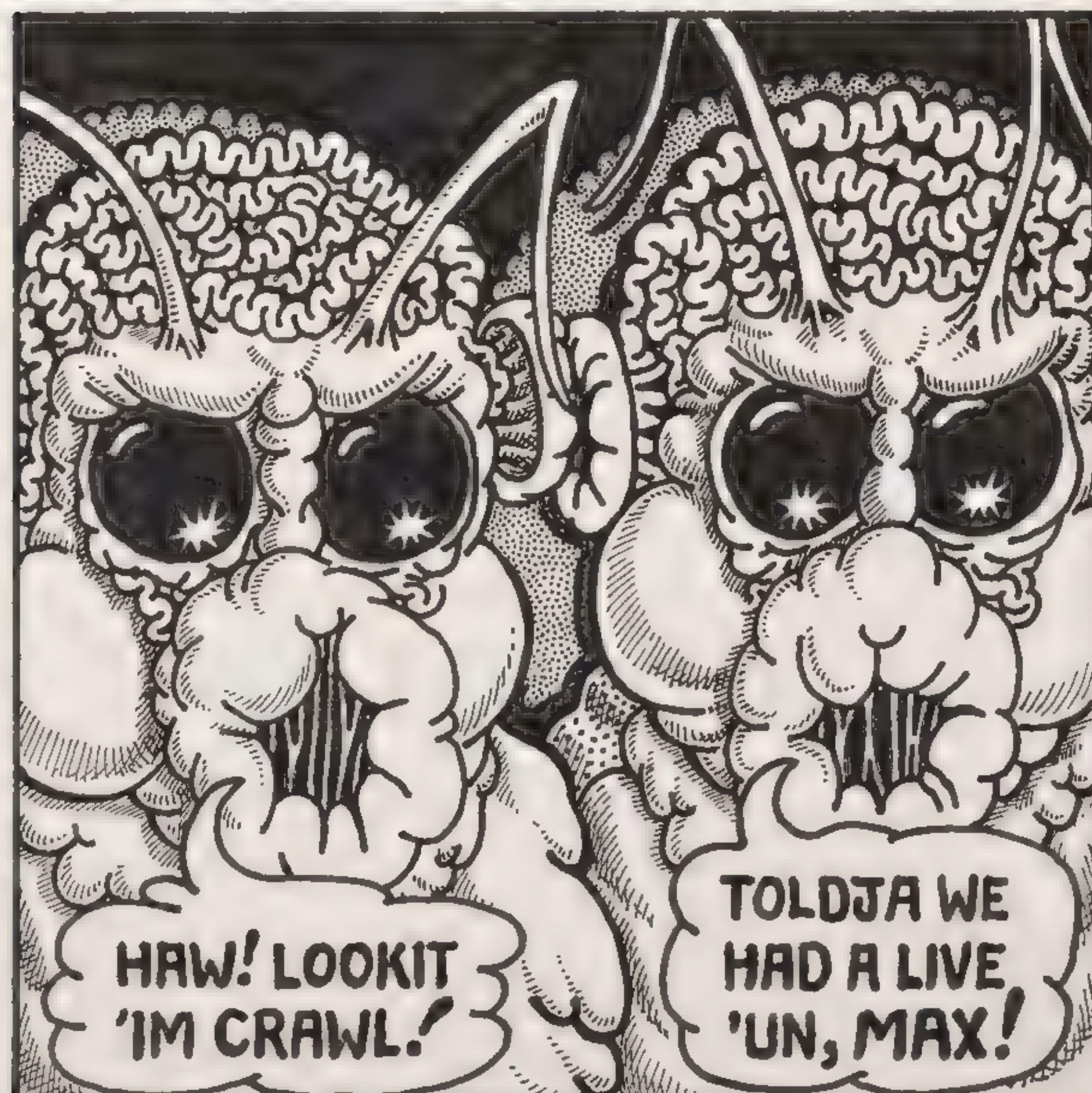
SO THEM SAWED-OFF HOTSHOTS
IS HONGRY! WAL, I'LL JEST
MAKE 'EM SUCK TH' SHIT
OUTTA THESE HERE BOWELS!



AWRIGHT CRACKERS!
STOP MAKIN' THEM GAWD
DAYEMED OBSKENE NOI—
ULP.



WHAT HATH
GOD WROUGHT?!!



HAW! LOOKIT
'IM CRAWL!

TOLDJA WE
HAD A LIVE
'UN, MAX!



WH-WH-WHERE'D
YOU COME
FROM?



DEAR READER! DUE TO THE EXTREME VIOLENCE OF THE OLD CODGER'S DEMISE, WE HAVE, IN FULL KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES, PRUDENTLY DRAWN THE CURTAIN ON THE STORY AT THIS POINT.

AS FOR MAX AND MELBA, THOSE MURDEROUS MULTIPODS, THEY EVENTUALLY RECEIVED THEIR JUST DESSERTS—NAMELY, THE CONTENTS OF THE PICKLING JARS ON THE OLD CODGER'S SHELVES!

J. OSBORNE
© 1970

SAM FRANCISCO—

LAST OF THE HARD-BOILED DICKS!

~ IN THE ~ QUICKIE CAPER

ONE NIGHT...

WHAT'S THAT?
SUICIDE! I'M
ON MY WAY,
CHIEF!

TAXI!

THERE'S A TEN-SPOT IN IT FER
YA IF YA CAN GIT ME TO 271
GROSVENOR LANE IN 5 MINUTES!

YESSIR!

19 CALIFORNIA
JOMO-1

SKREE
VROOMMM

271 GROSVENOR LANE

MADE IT, MAC
WIT' TIME TA
SPARE!

YA EARNED
YER TEN-SPOT,
HOT-SHOT!

SQUEALLLL

GOT CHANGE
FER A
C-NOTE?

NAW, MAC! I
DON'T CARRY
THAT KINDA
DOUGH! J.P.P.

THEN TOUGH
SHIT! NOW
BEAT IT 'FORE
I RUN YA IN!



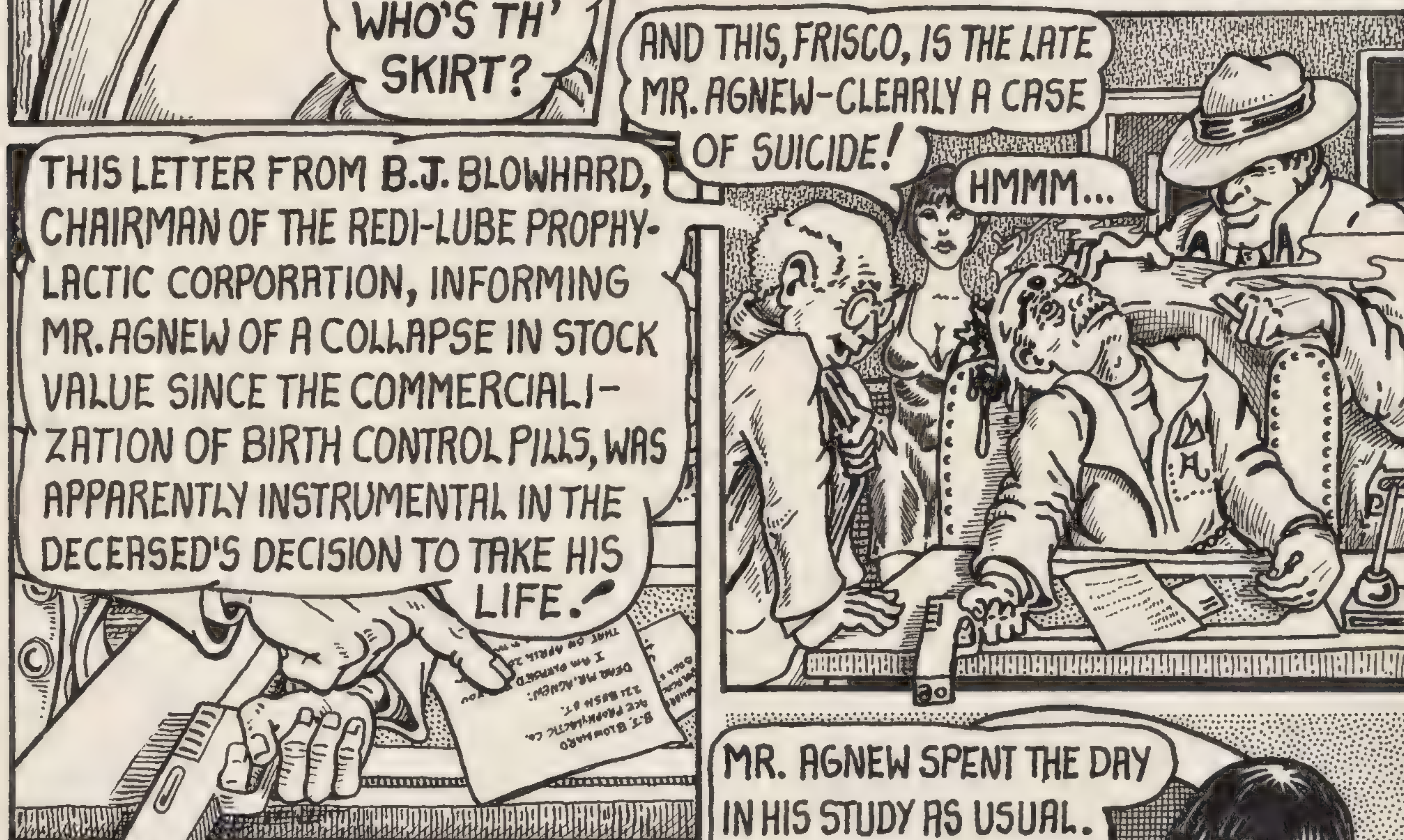
FRISCO!

HIYA, CHIEF!
WHO'S TH' SKIRT?



MISS LIKLY DAVALLI, THE DECEASED'S
~ER-PRIVATE SECRETARY...

SOME
STUFF!



AND THIS, FRISCO, IS THE LATE
MR. AGNEW-CLEARLY A CASE
OF SUICIDE!

HMMM...

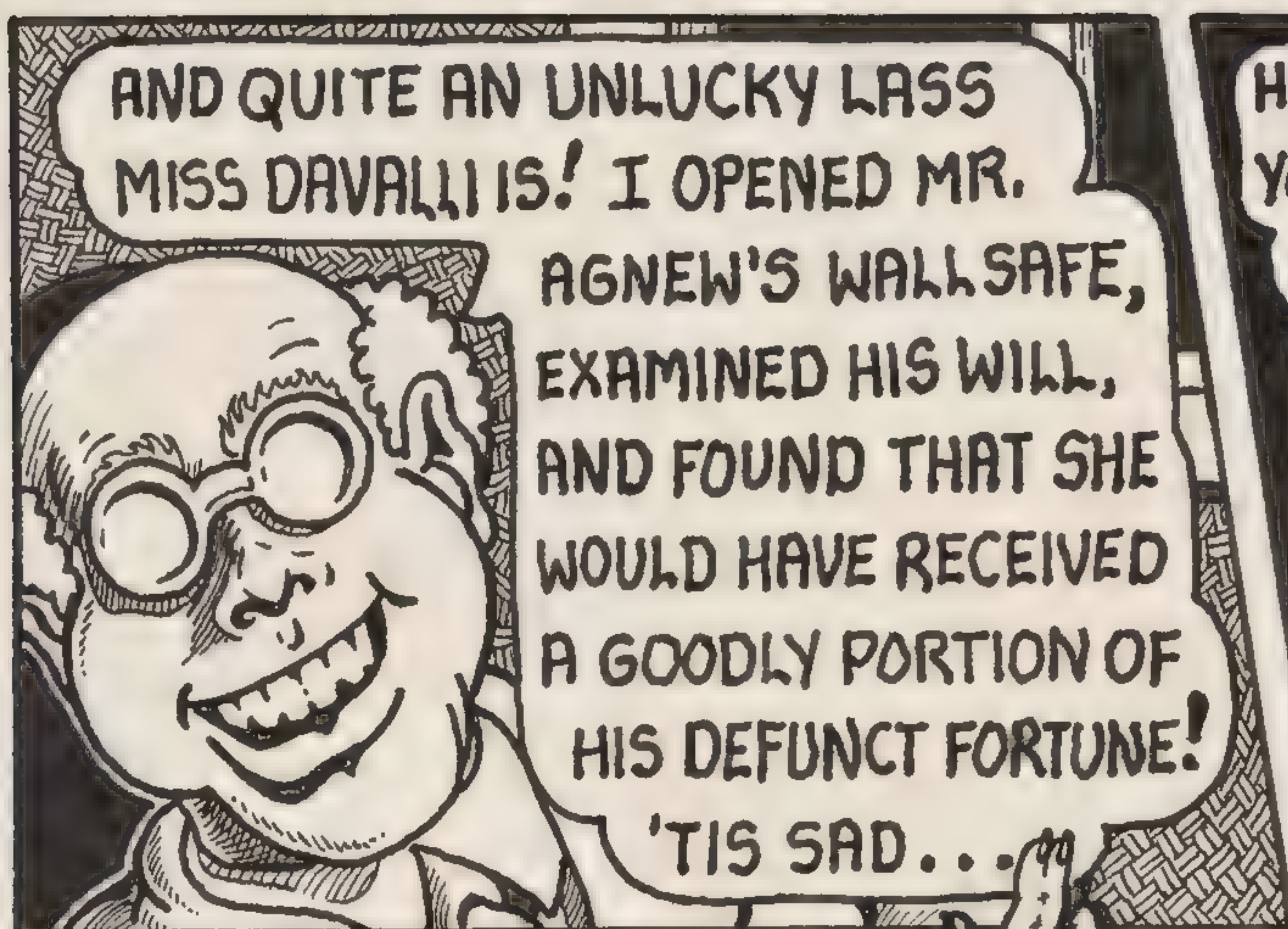
THIS LETTER FROM B.J. BLOWHARD,
CHAIRMAN OF THE RED-LUBE PROPHY-
LACTIC CORPORATION, INFORMING
MR. AGNEW OF A COLLAPSE IN STOCK
VALUE SINCE THE COMMERCIALI-
ZATION OF BIRTH CONTROL PILLS, WAS
APPARENTLY INSTRUMENTAL IN THE
DECEASED'S DECISION TO TAKE HIS
LIFE!



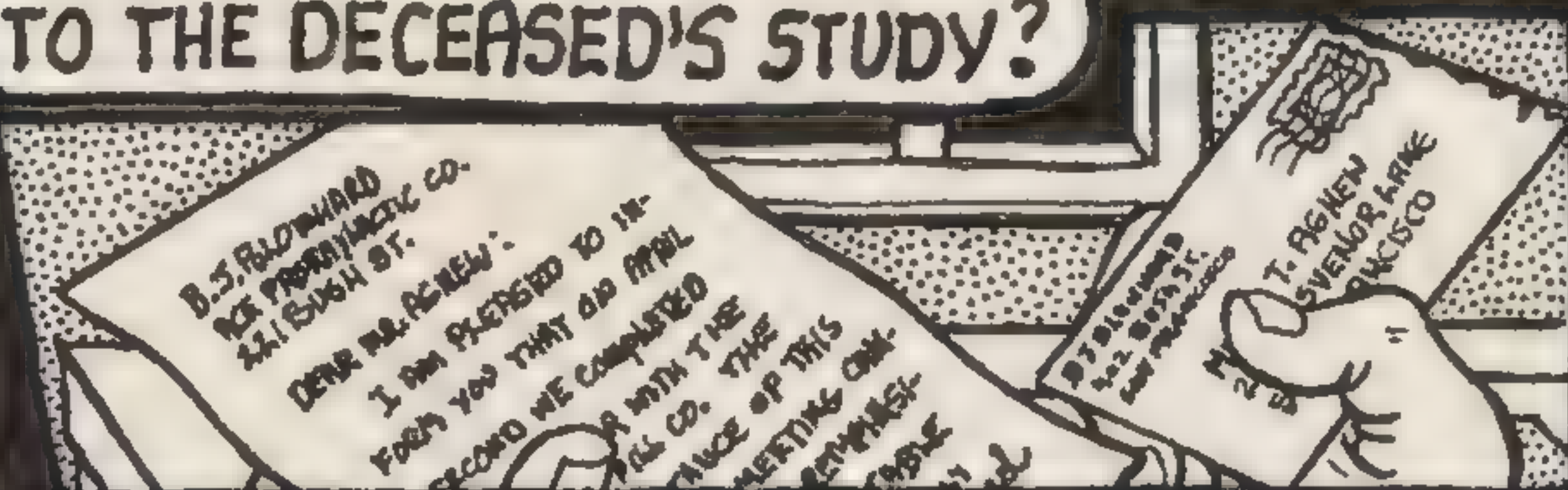
WHAT'S TH'
FRAIL'S ALIBI?

MISS DAVALLI...

MR. AGNEW SPENT THE DAY
IN HIS STUDY AS USUAL.
MR. BLOWHARD'S LETTER
ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTER
NOON. I TOOK IT IN TO
MR. AGNEW AND RE-
TURNED TO MY RECEPTION
ROOM. SHORTLY THERE-
AFTER, I HEARD A SHOT.
I RUSHED TO MR. AGNEW'S STUDY AND FOUND
HIM AS YOU SEE HIM. I IMMEDIATELY PHONED
THE POLICE...



HMMM... NOW TELL ME, MISS DAVALLI, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE LETTER YOU BROUGHT TO THE DECEASED'S STUDY?

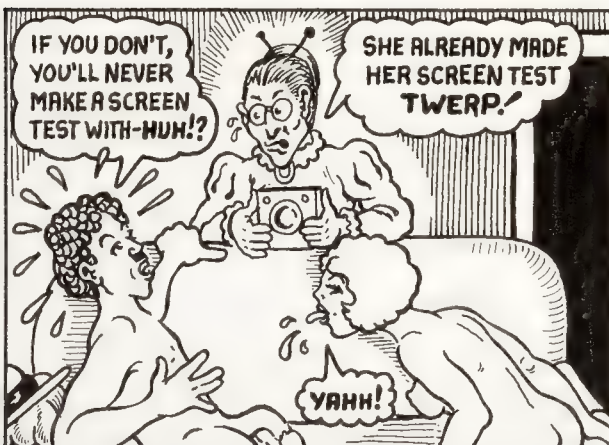
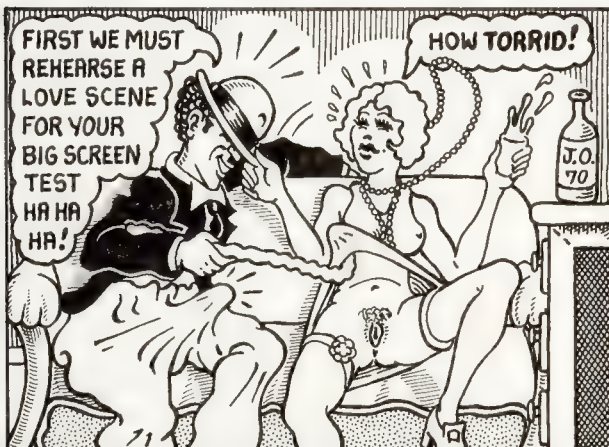
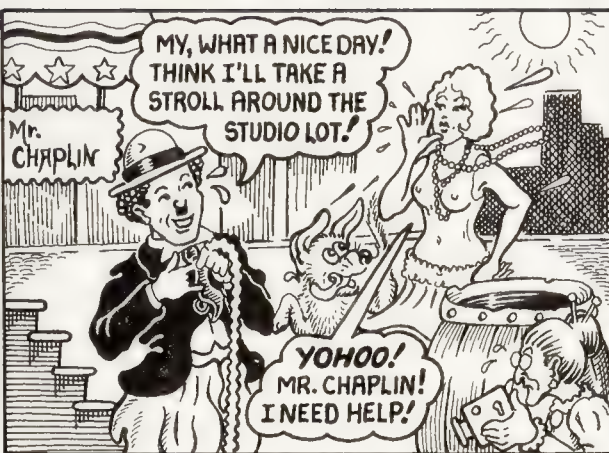


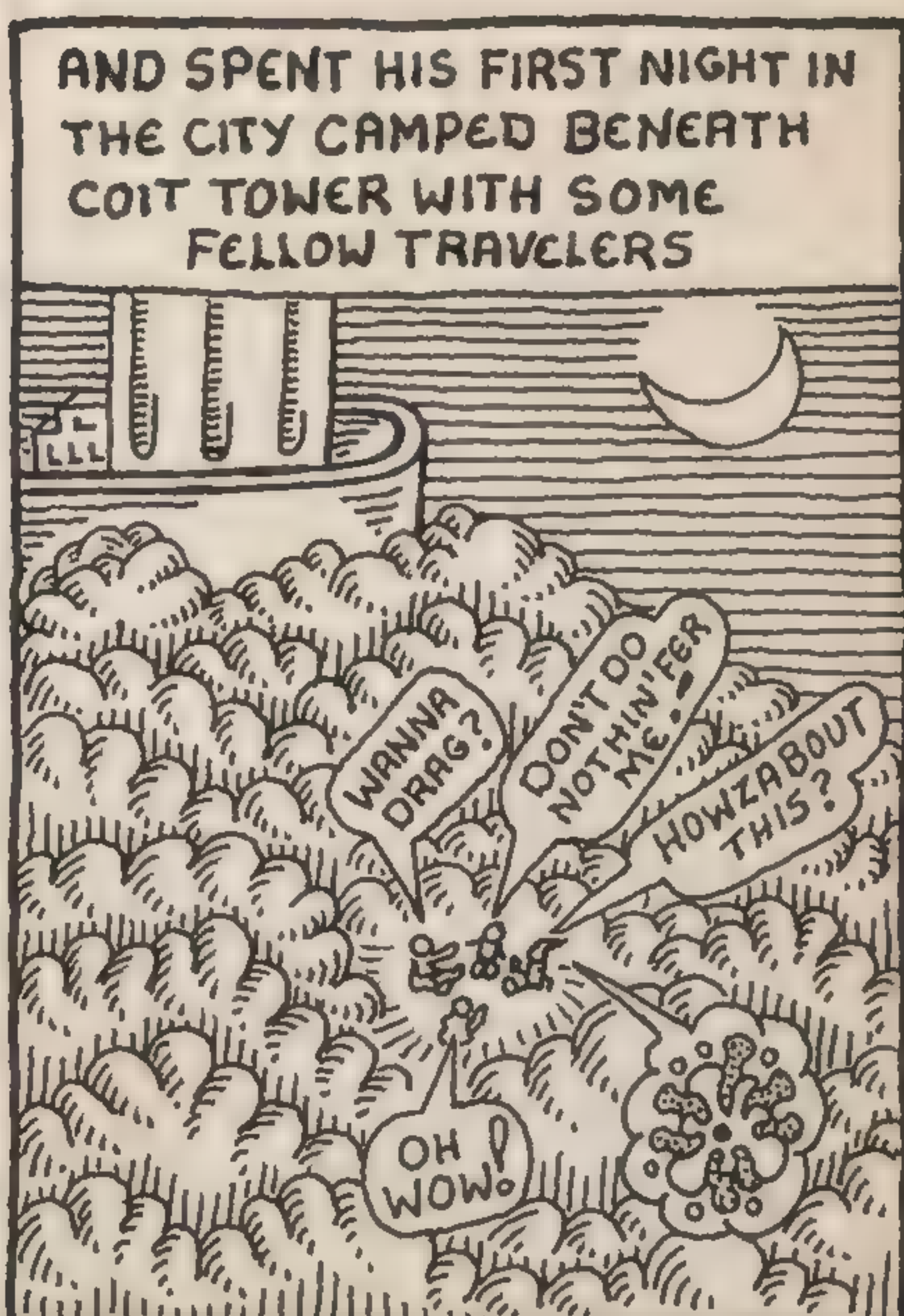
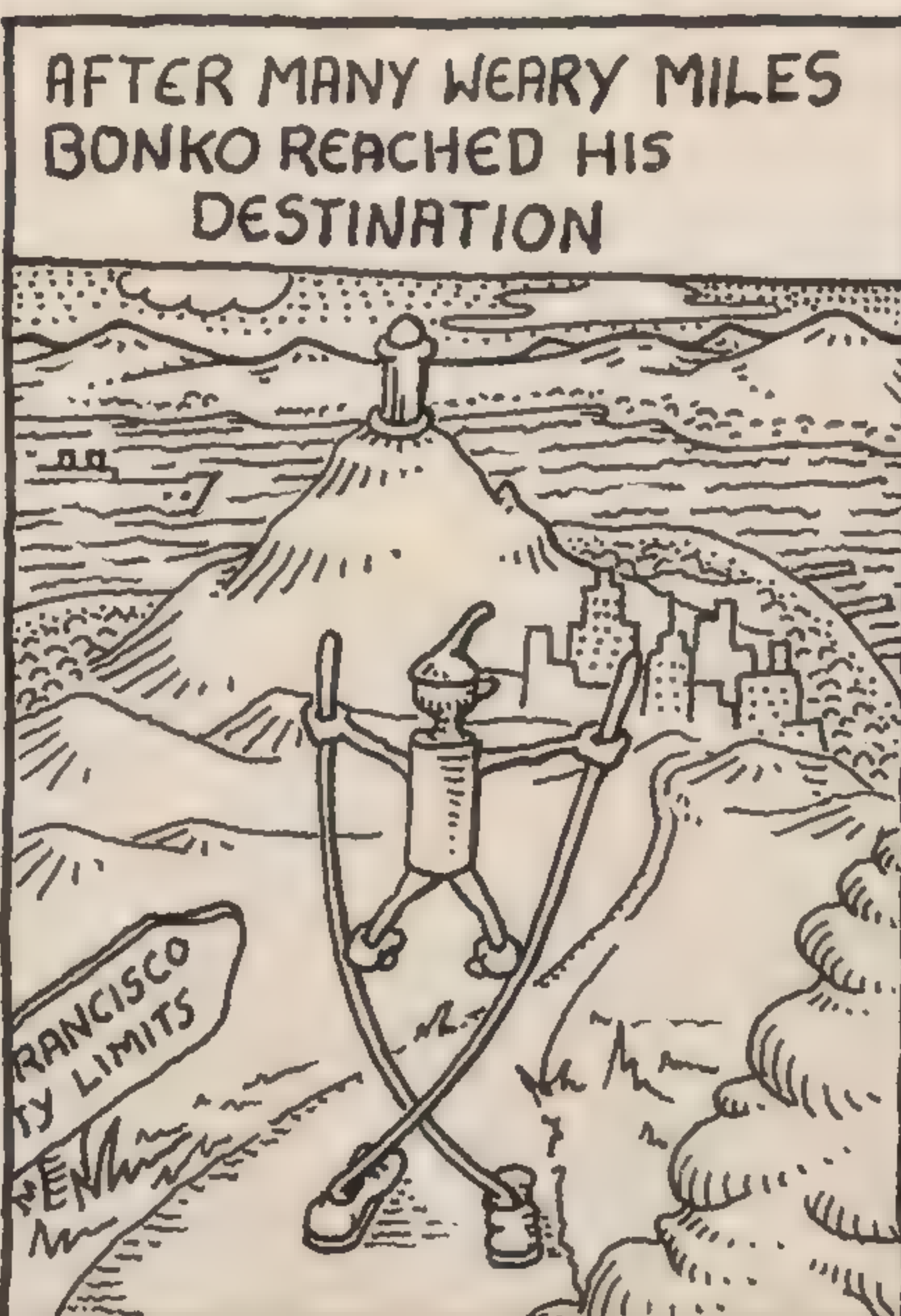
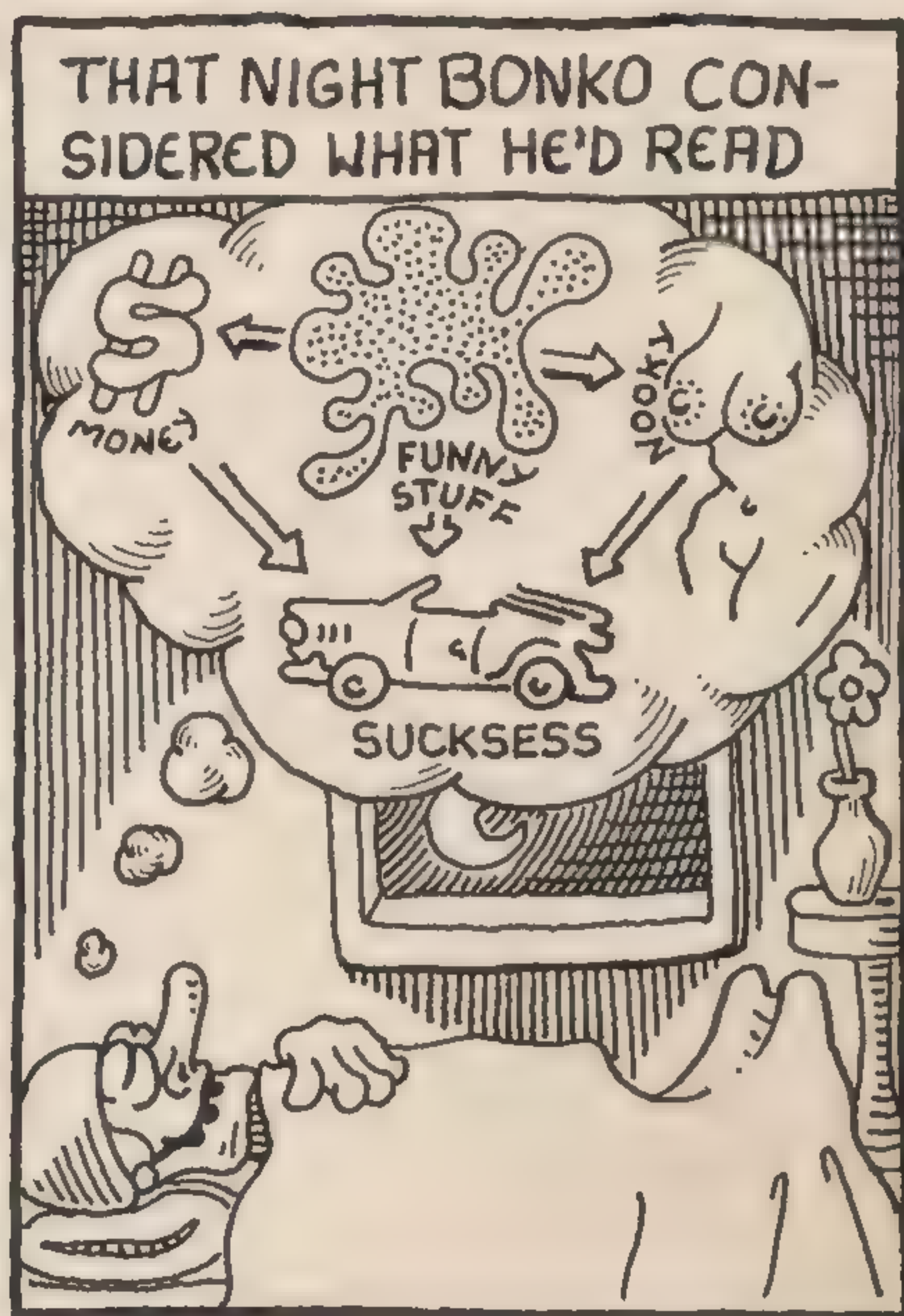
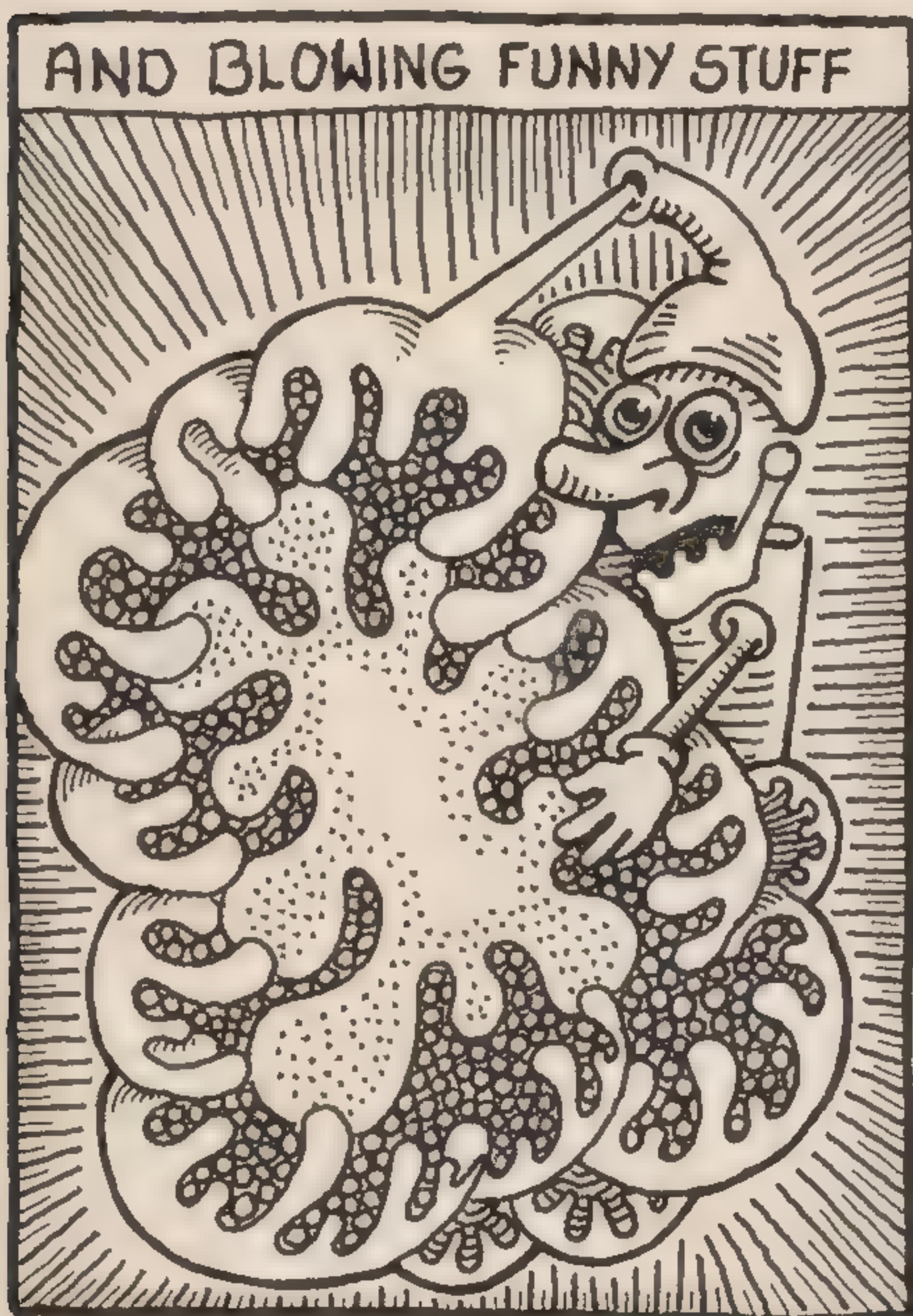
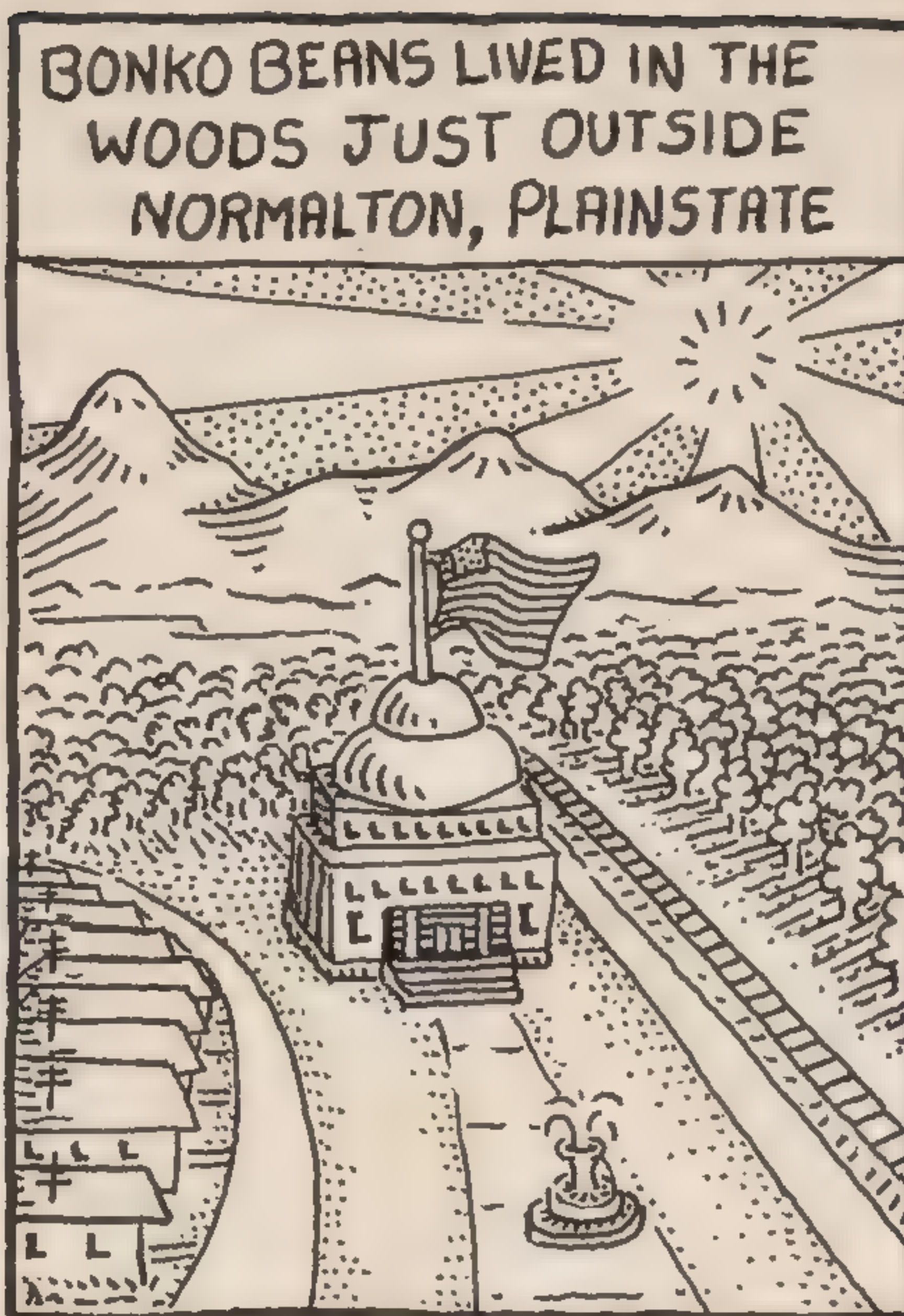
QUITE, MR. FRANCISCO. I ALWAYS OPENED MR. AGNEW'S MAIL BEFORE PRESENTING IT TO HIM!



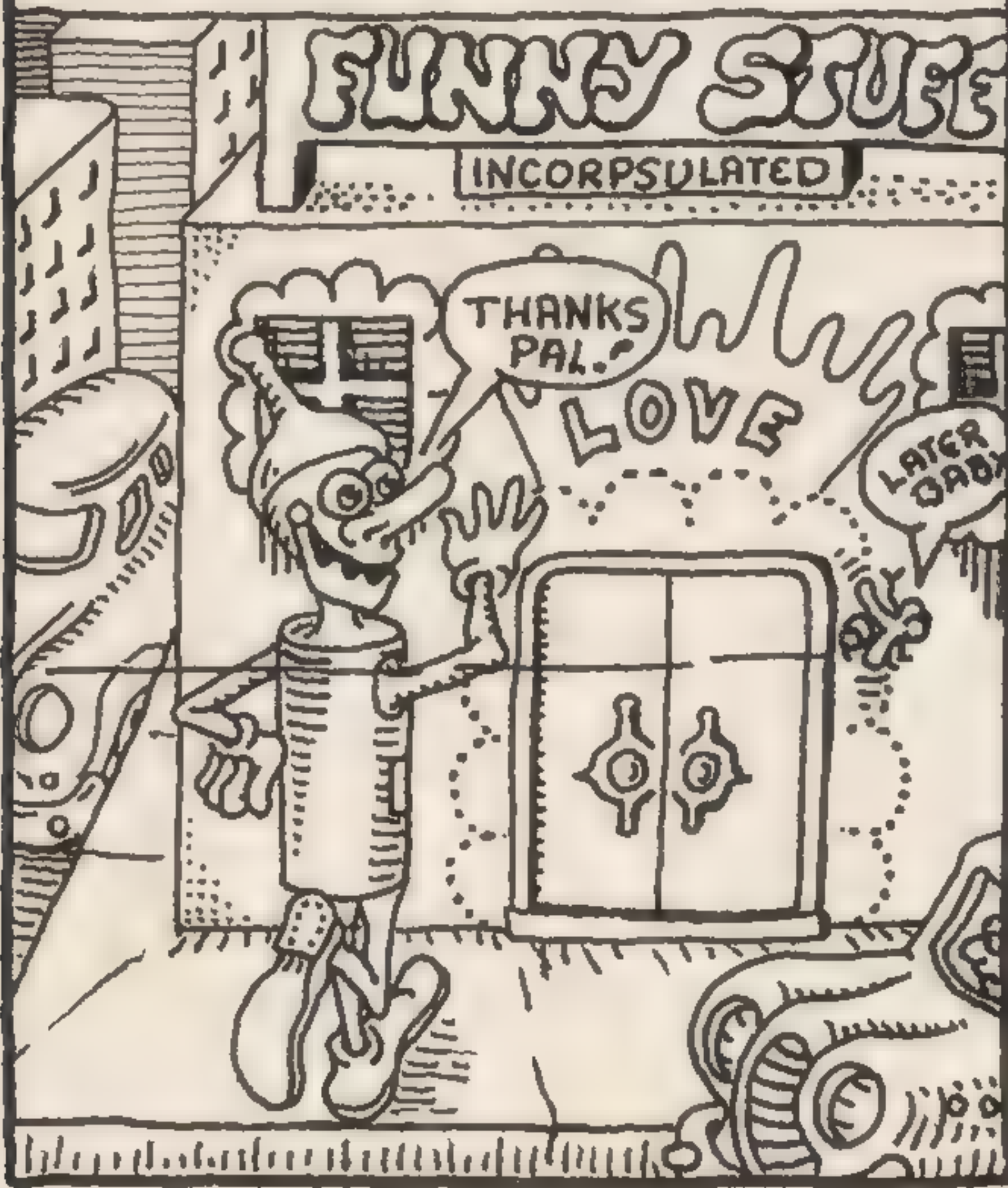
AWRIGHT! DID YOU CATCH THE CLUE THAT CLINCHED THE CAPER FOR FRISCO? IF SOME OF YOU NEOPHYTE CASE-CRACKERS ARE STILL UP IN THE AIR, TURN THE PAGE AROUND AND COME ON DOWN.

THE TIP-OFF: LILLY DAVALLI BLEW IT WHEN SHE SAID THE LETTER ARRIVED BY MAIL. IF TRUE, THE LETTER WOULD HAVE BEEN FOLDED SEVERAL TIMES TO ACCOMMODATE THE SMALL ENVELOPE. NOTING THE UNREVERSED LETTER, FRISCO QUICKLY DEDUCED THAT THE NOTE OF DOOM HAD BEEN TYPED BY MISS DAVALLI AFTER DISPOSING OF THE ACTUAL CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE. LATER INSPECTION OF DAVALLI'S WASTE-BASKET REVEALED THAT MR. BLOWHARD'S REAL LETTER BROUGHT NEWS OF A PROFITABLE MERGER WITH A B.C. PILL COMPANY. AND SO, THANKS TO THAT DIE-HARD DICK, SAM FRANCISCO, ANOTHER ROUND-HEELED SET OF GOLD-DIGGIN' GRAMS TOOK THAT LONG, COLD DIVE INTO THE DEEP SIX!





THE NEXT MORNING BONKO MADE A BEELINE FOR THE OFFICES OF



AND GAVE MISS ULTRA, P.T. CONNER'S SECRETARY, A DEMONSTRATION.



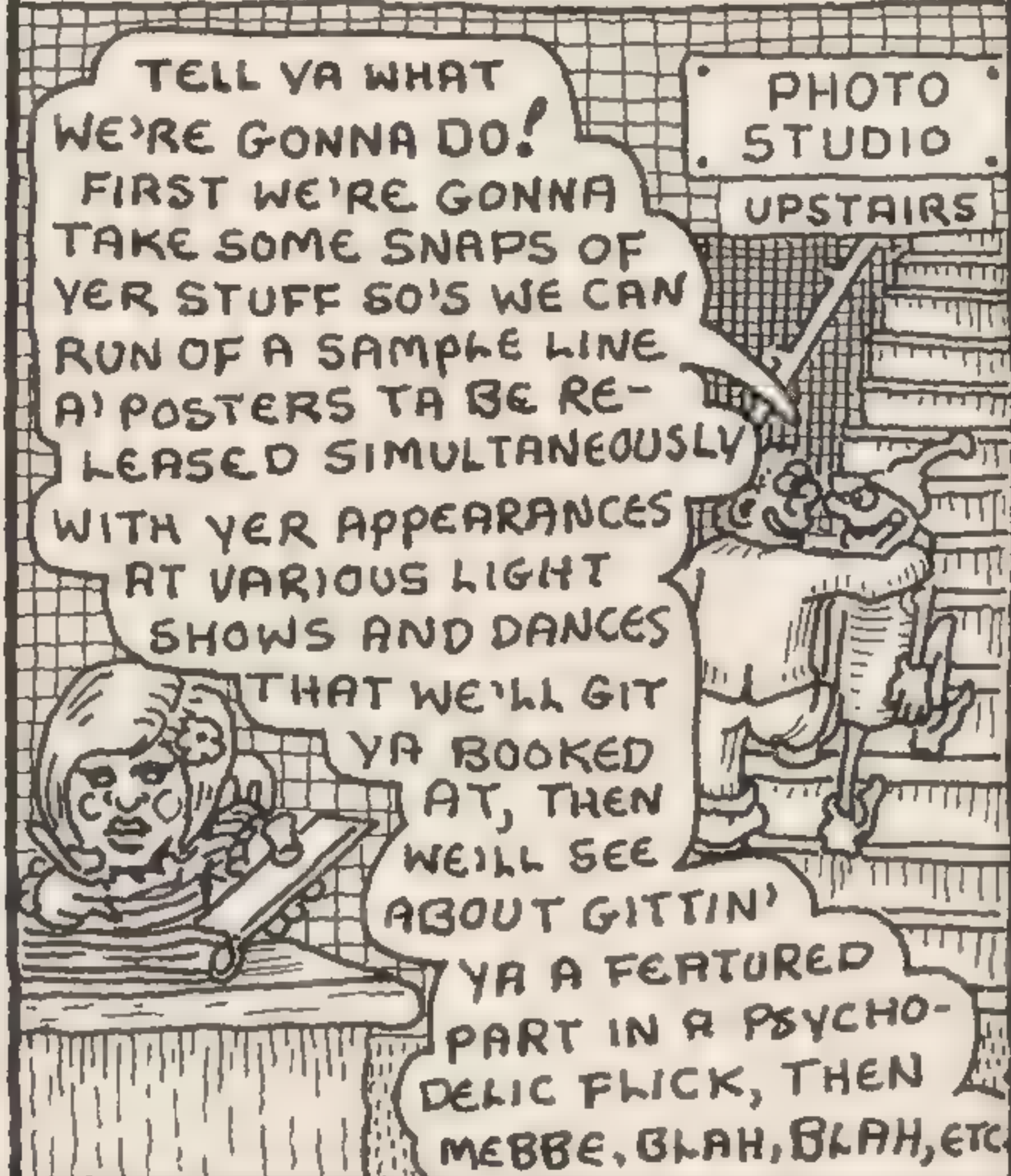
THREE HOURS AND 47 MINUTES LATER...



P.T. CONNER MADE A MODEST PROPOSAL



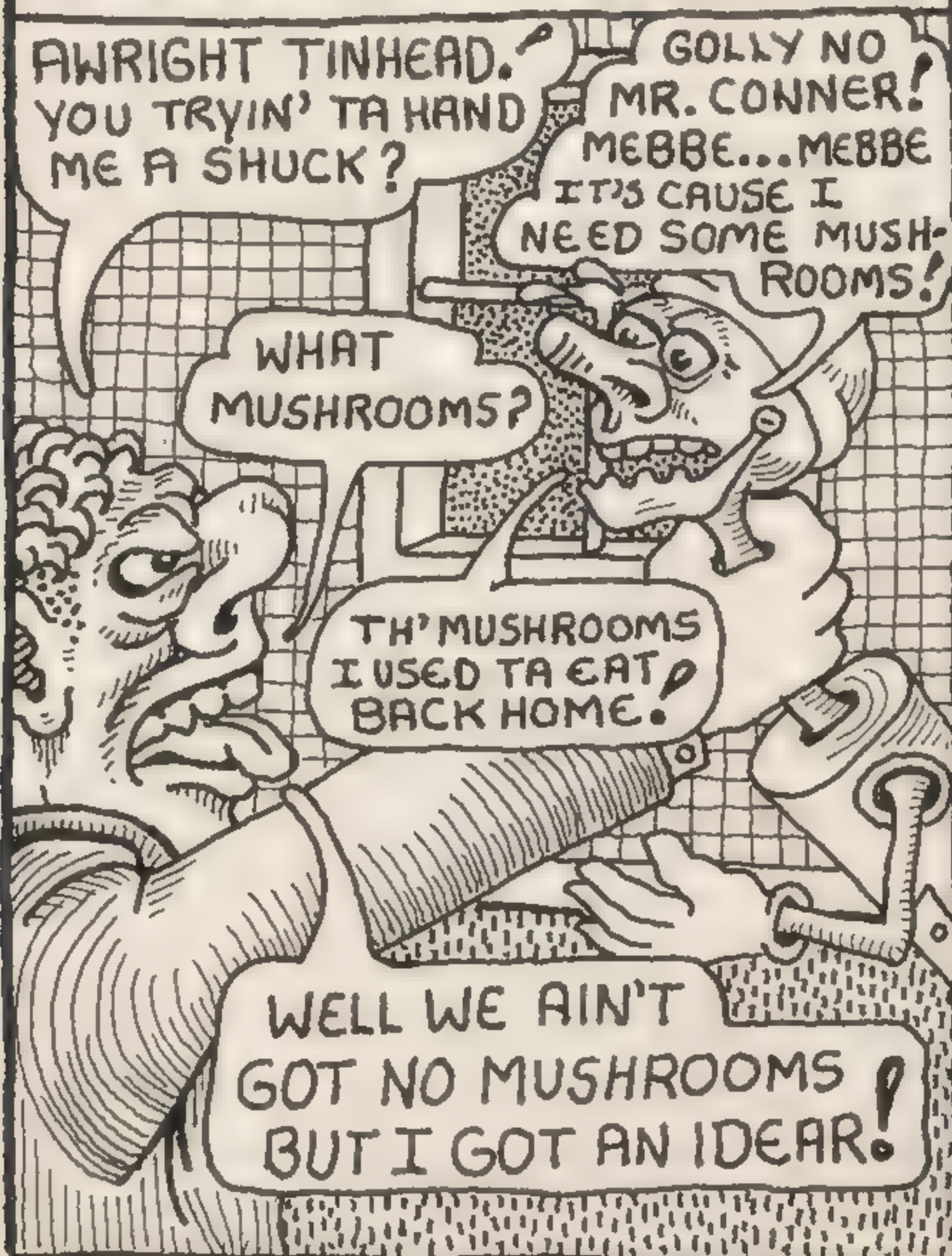
AND BEGAN HIS PUBLICITY SPIEL AS BONKO SLIPPED INTO A DAZE.



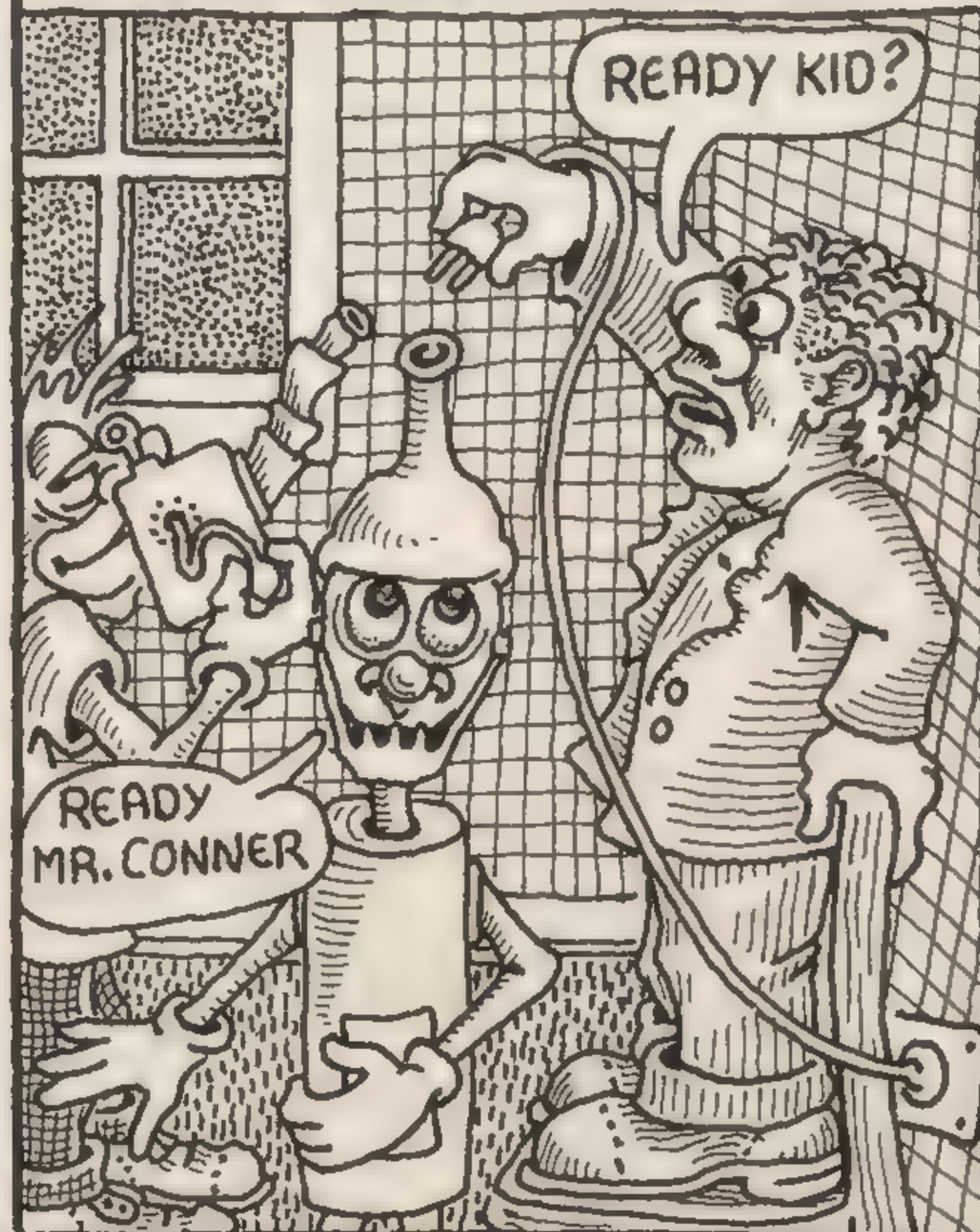
A PROBLEM IMMEDIATELY PRESENTED ITSELF



BUT WAS SOON OVERCOME

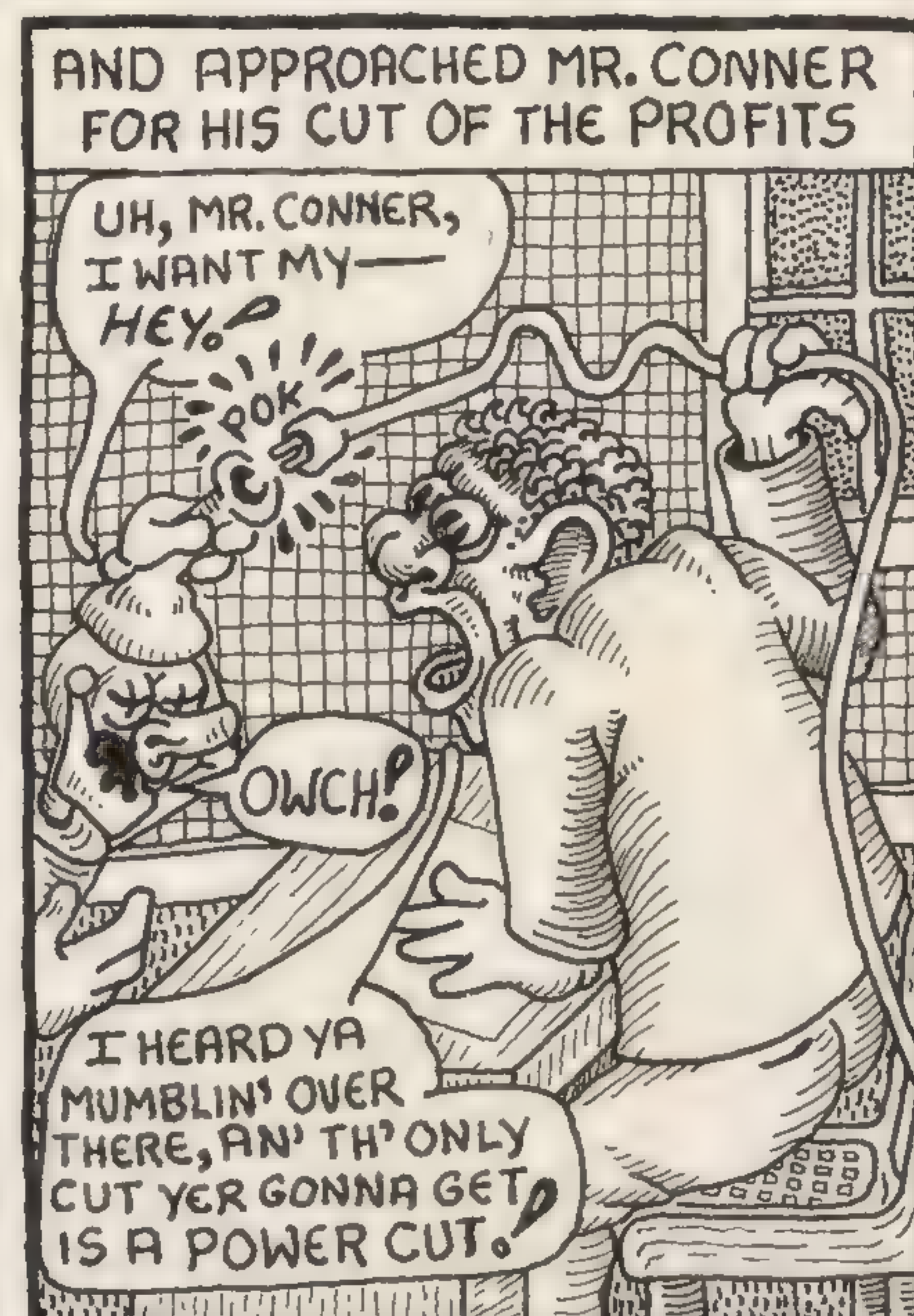
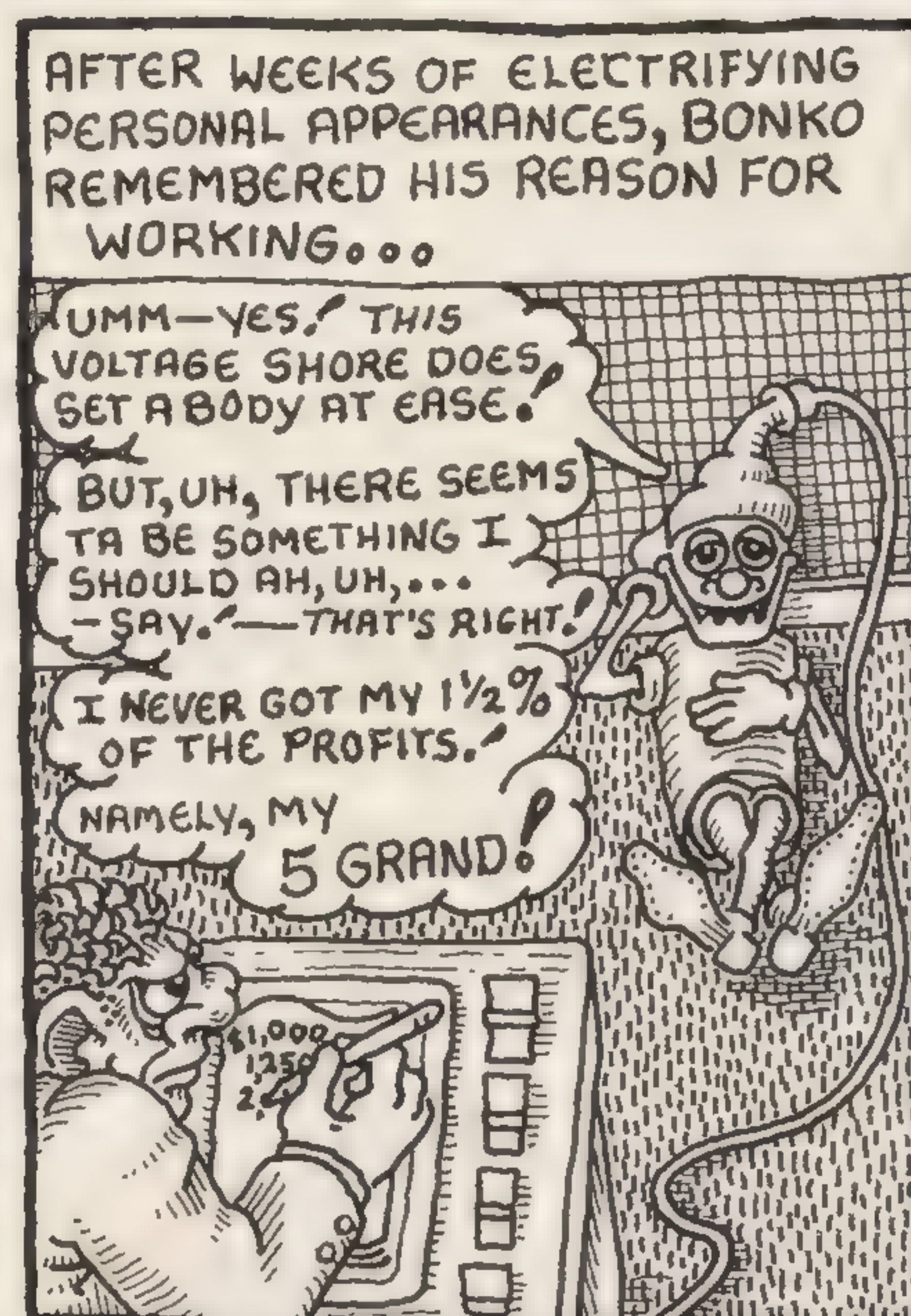
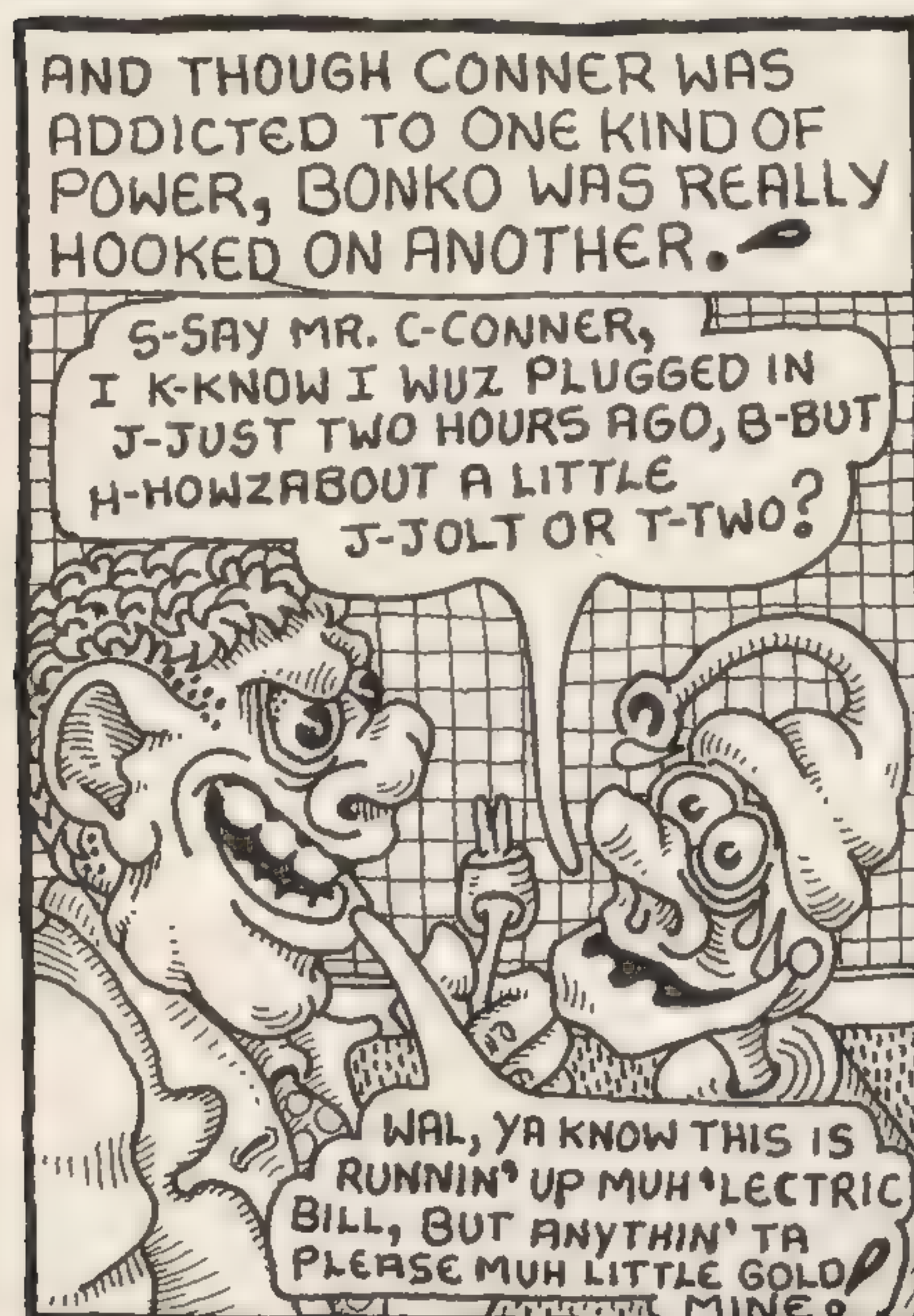


BY P.T. CONNER'S TECHNOLOGICAL GENIUS



AND BONKO WAS ON HIS WAY TO SUCKCESS!





CHAPTER: 2

BONKO BEANS

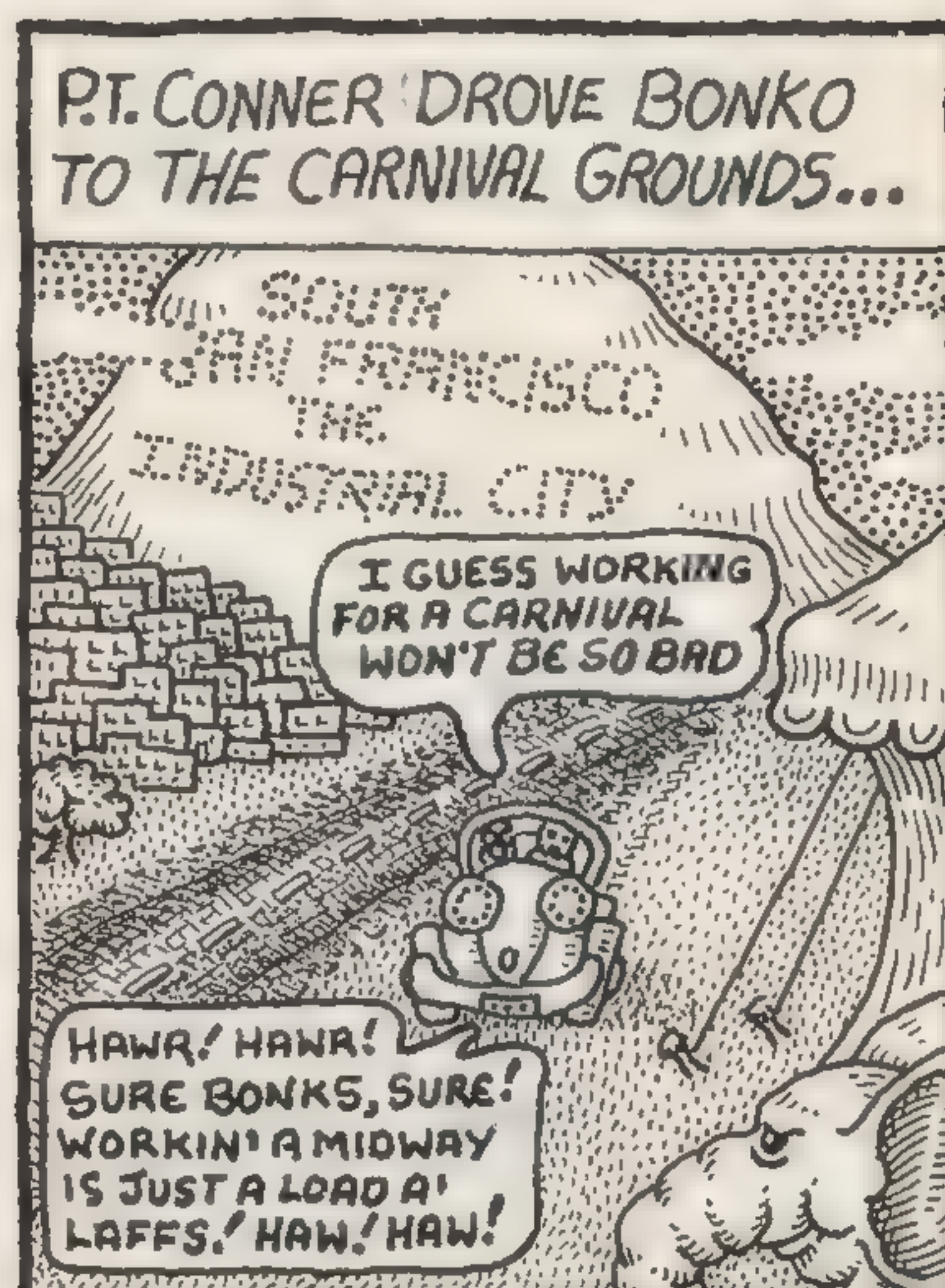
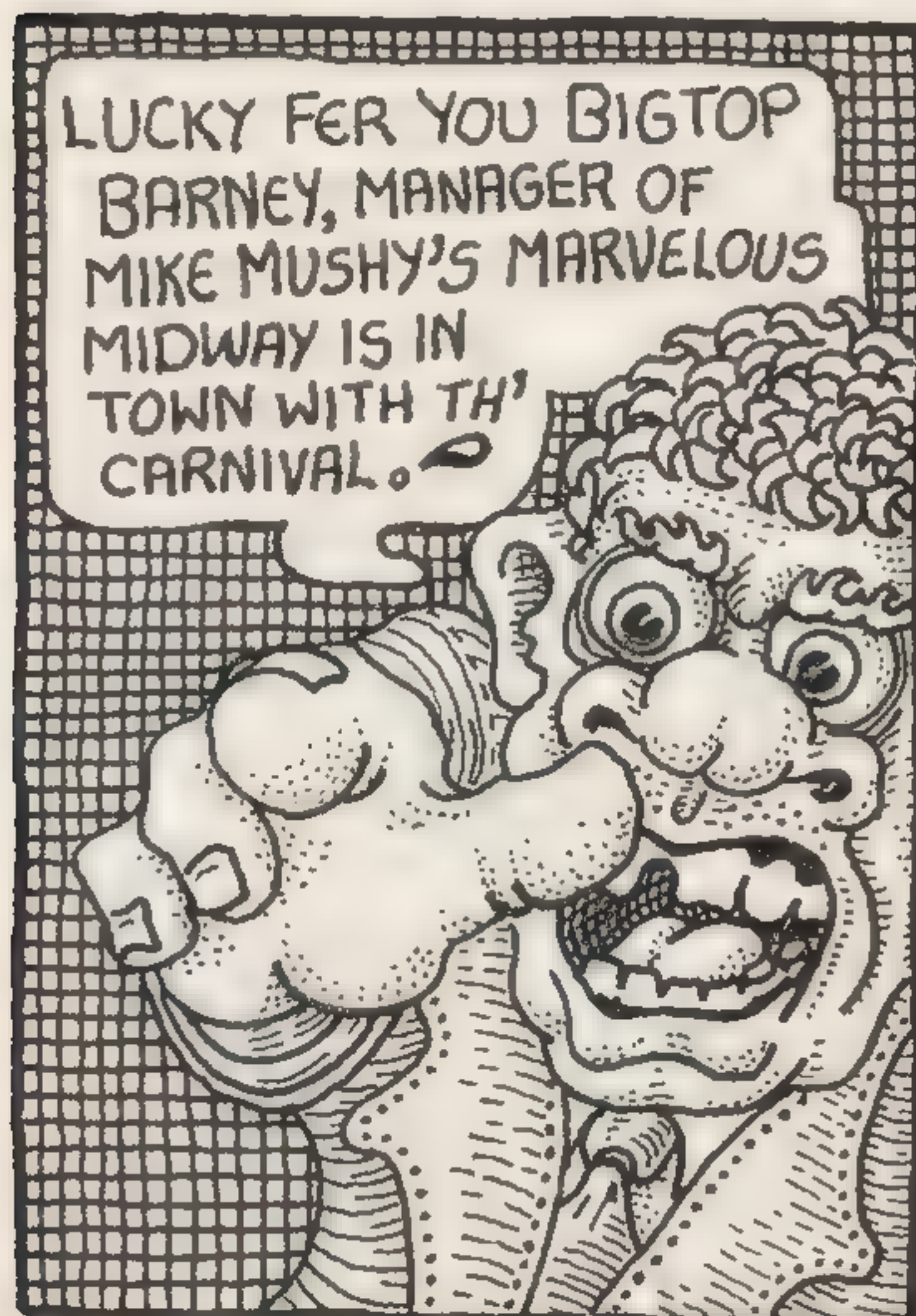
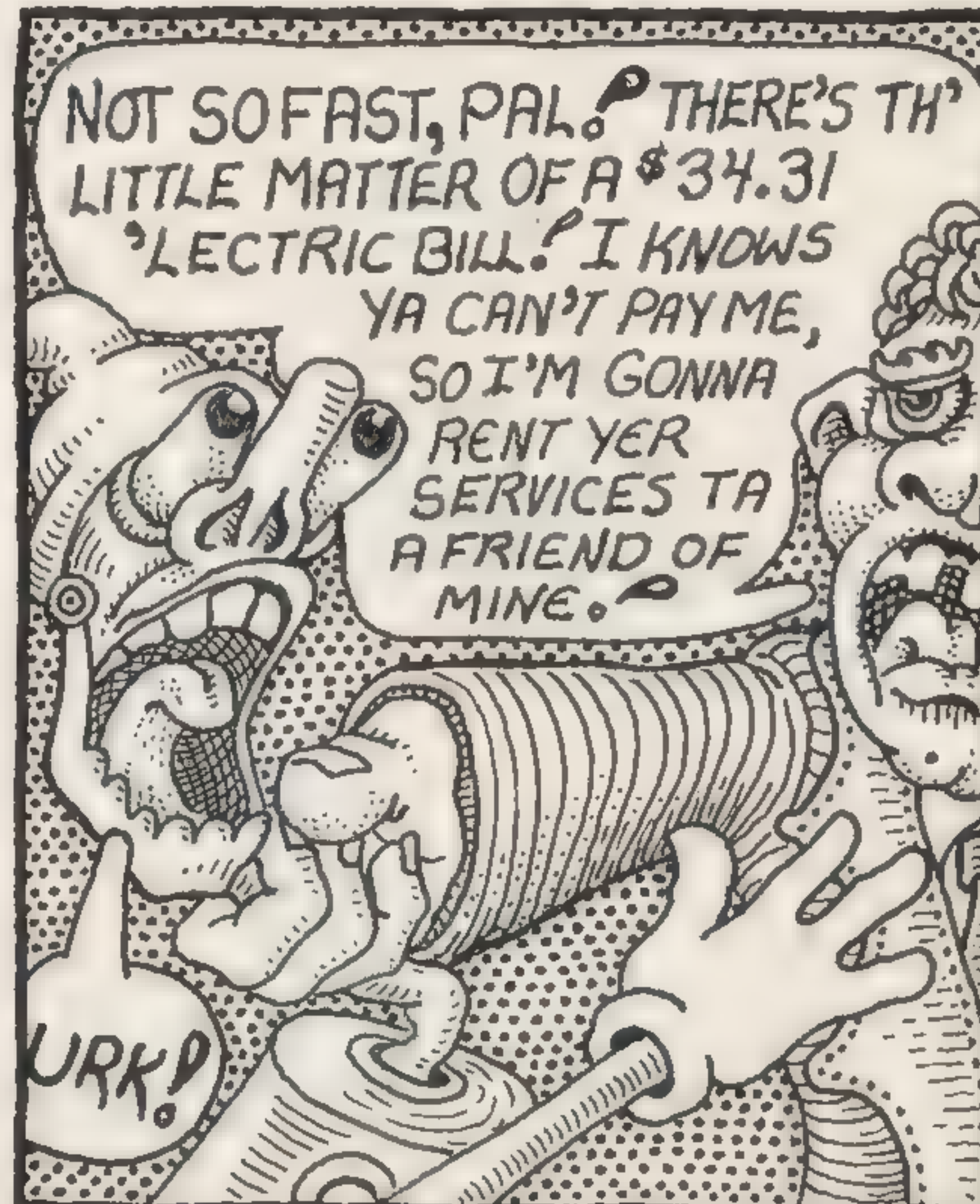
MEETS

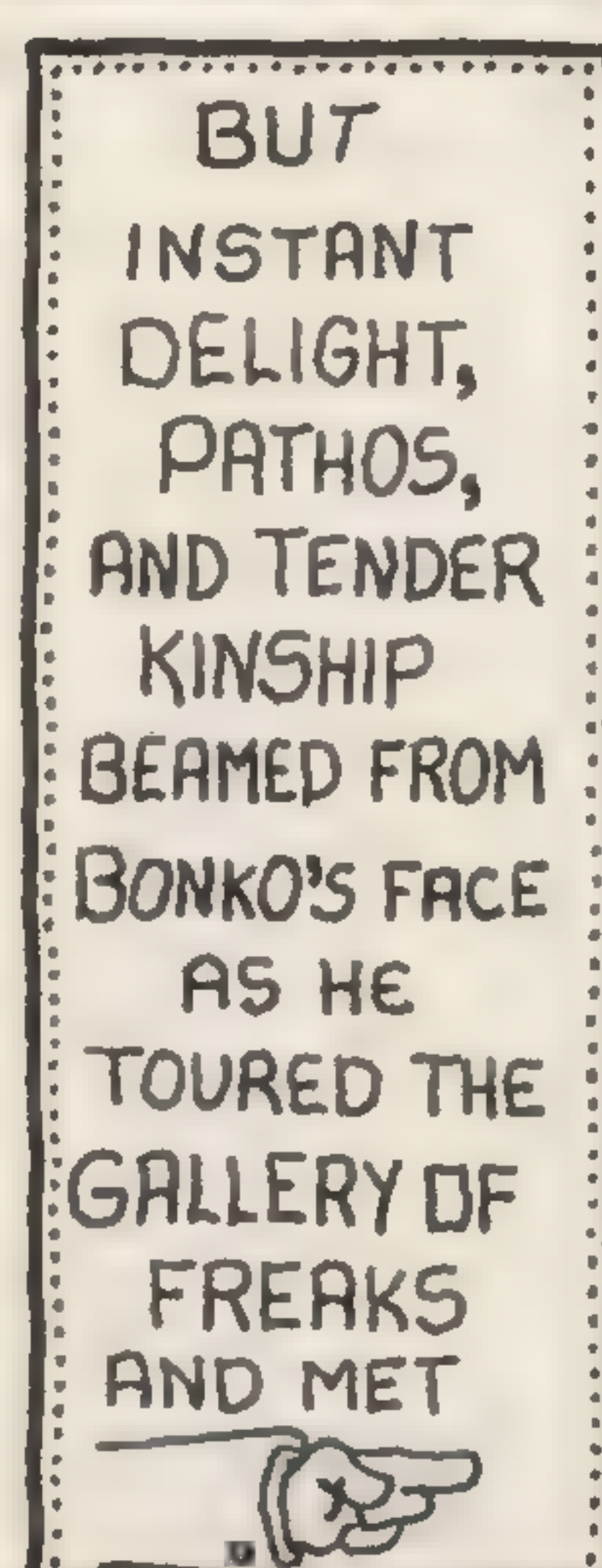
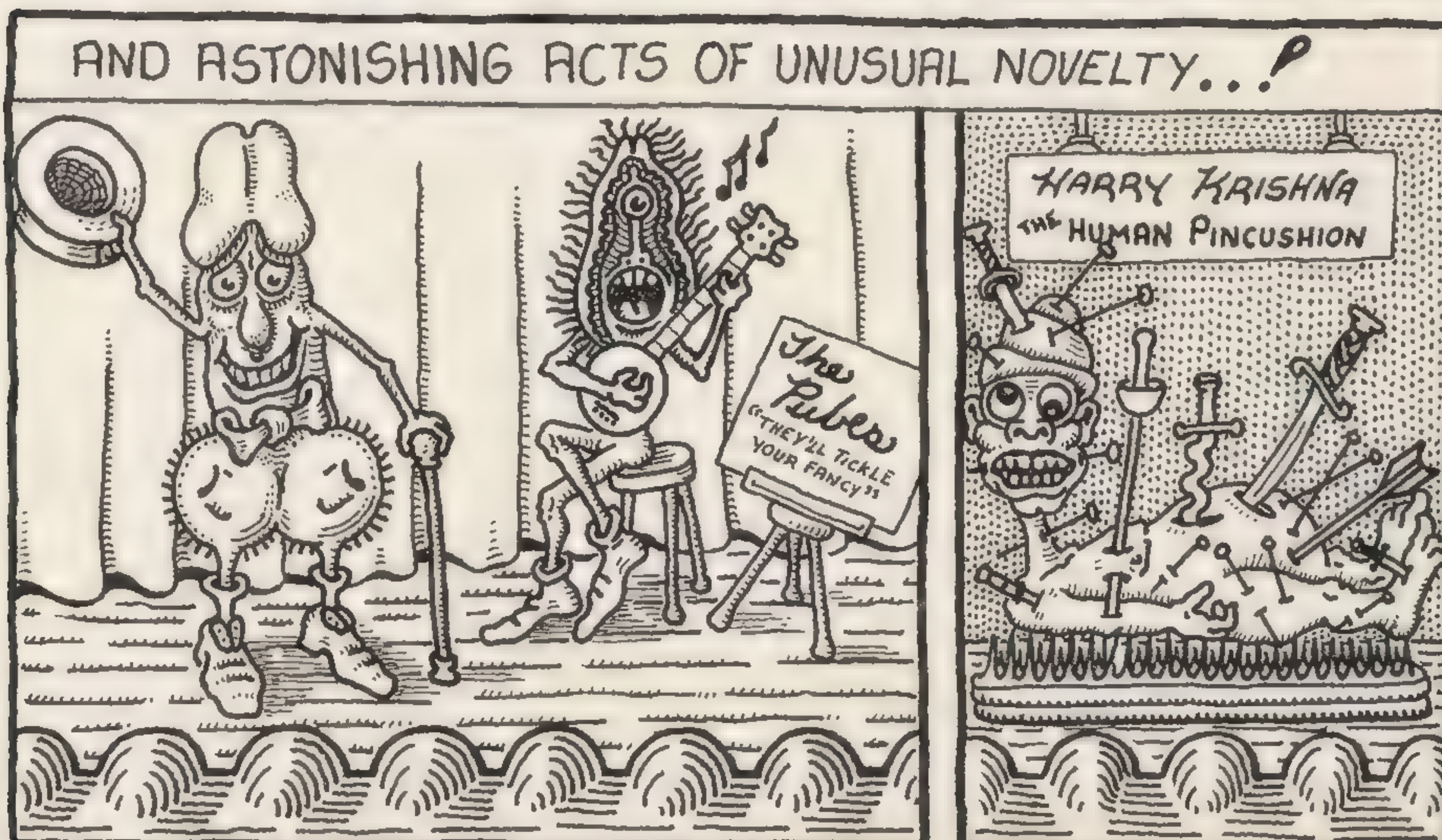
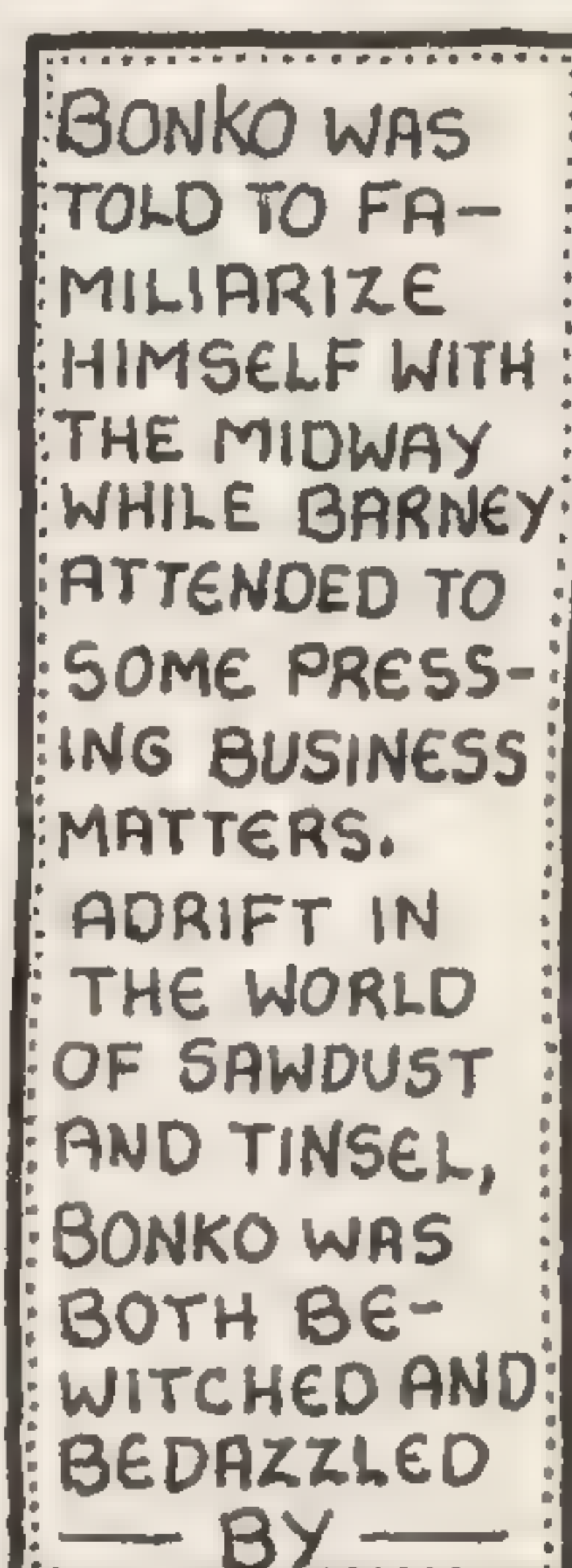
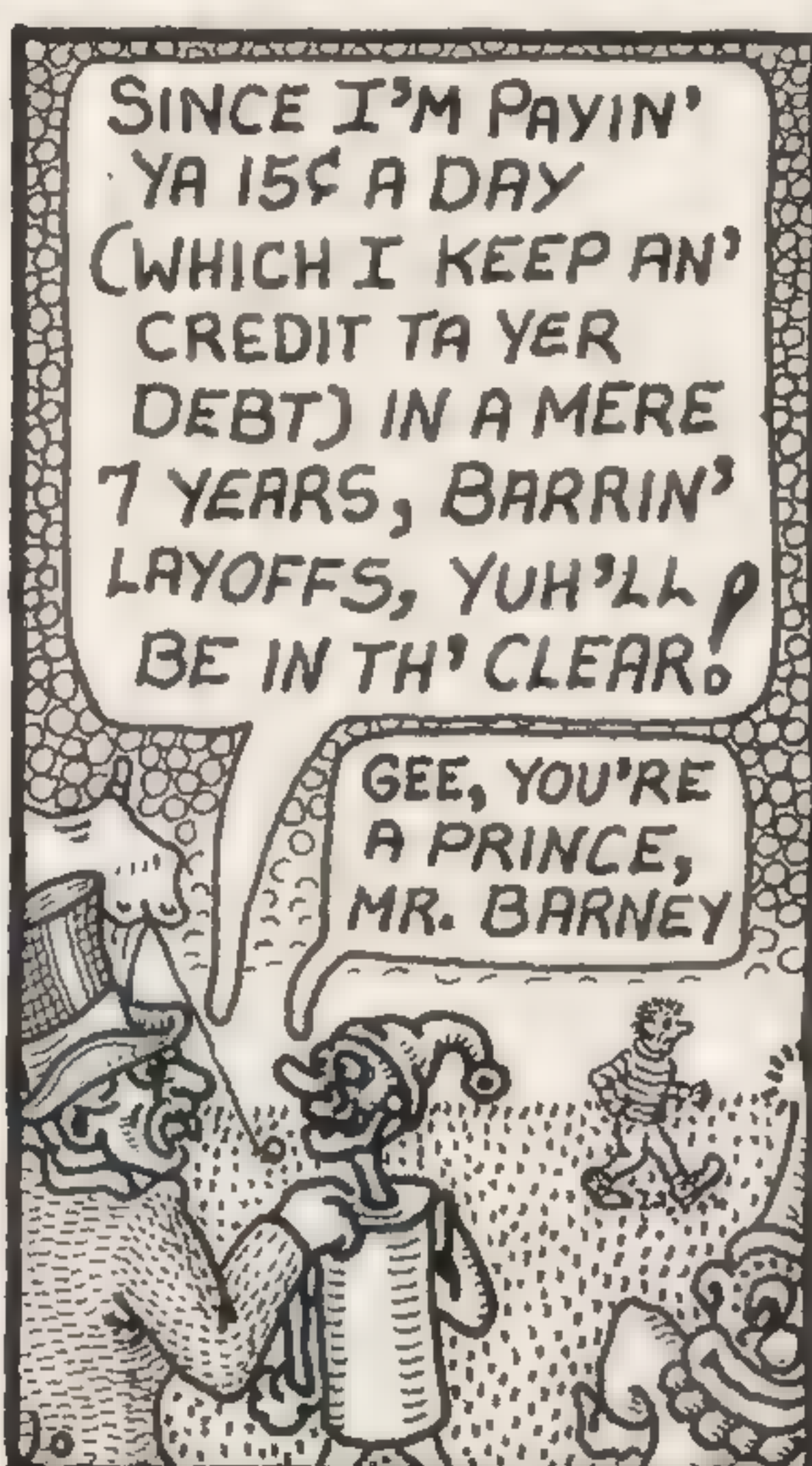
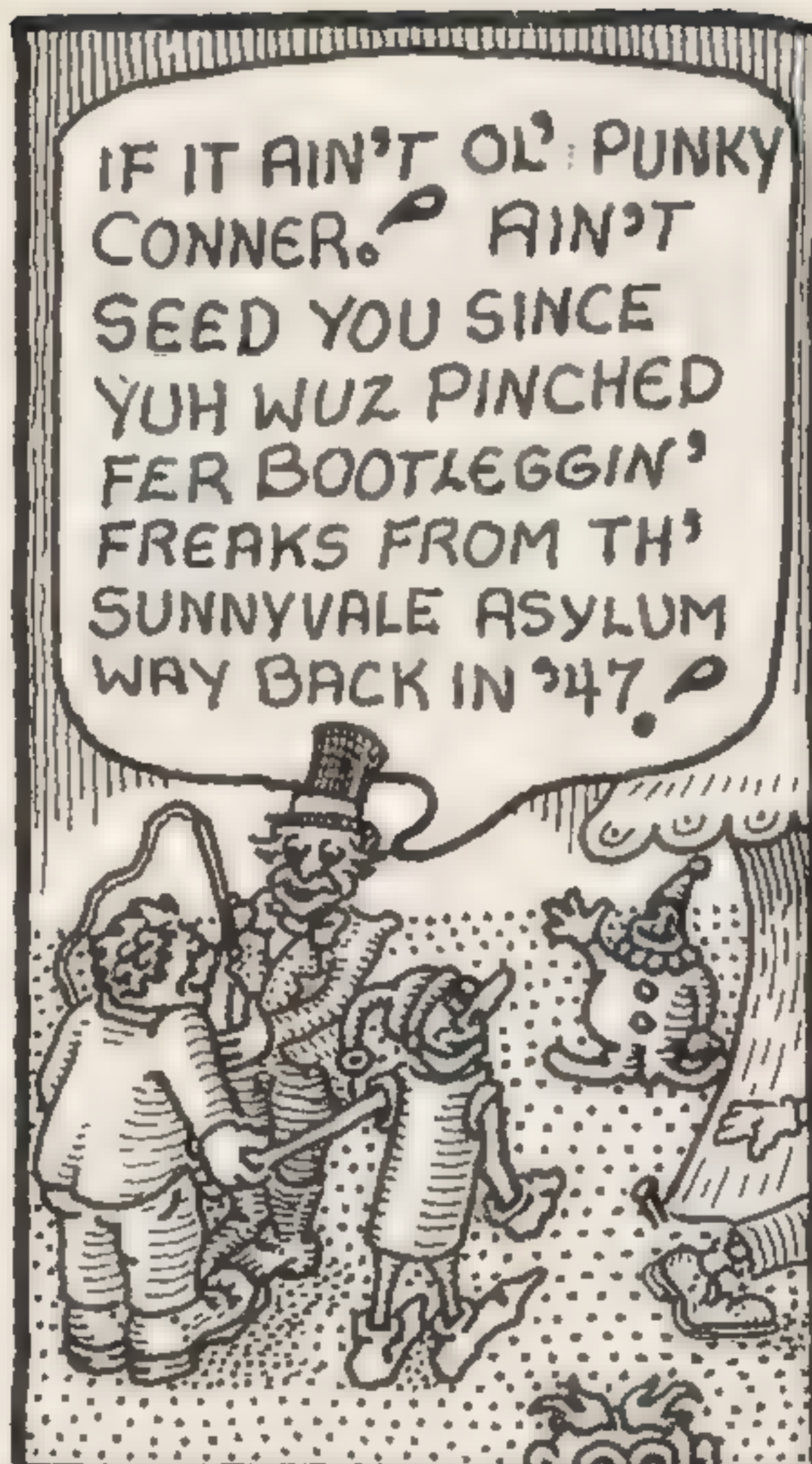
THE GEEK

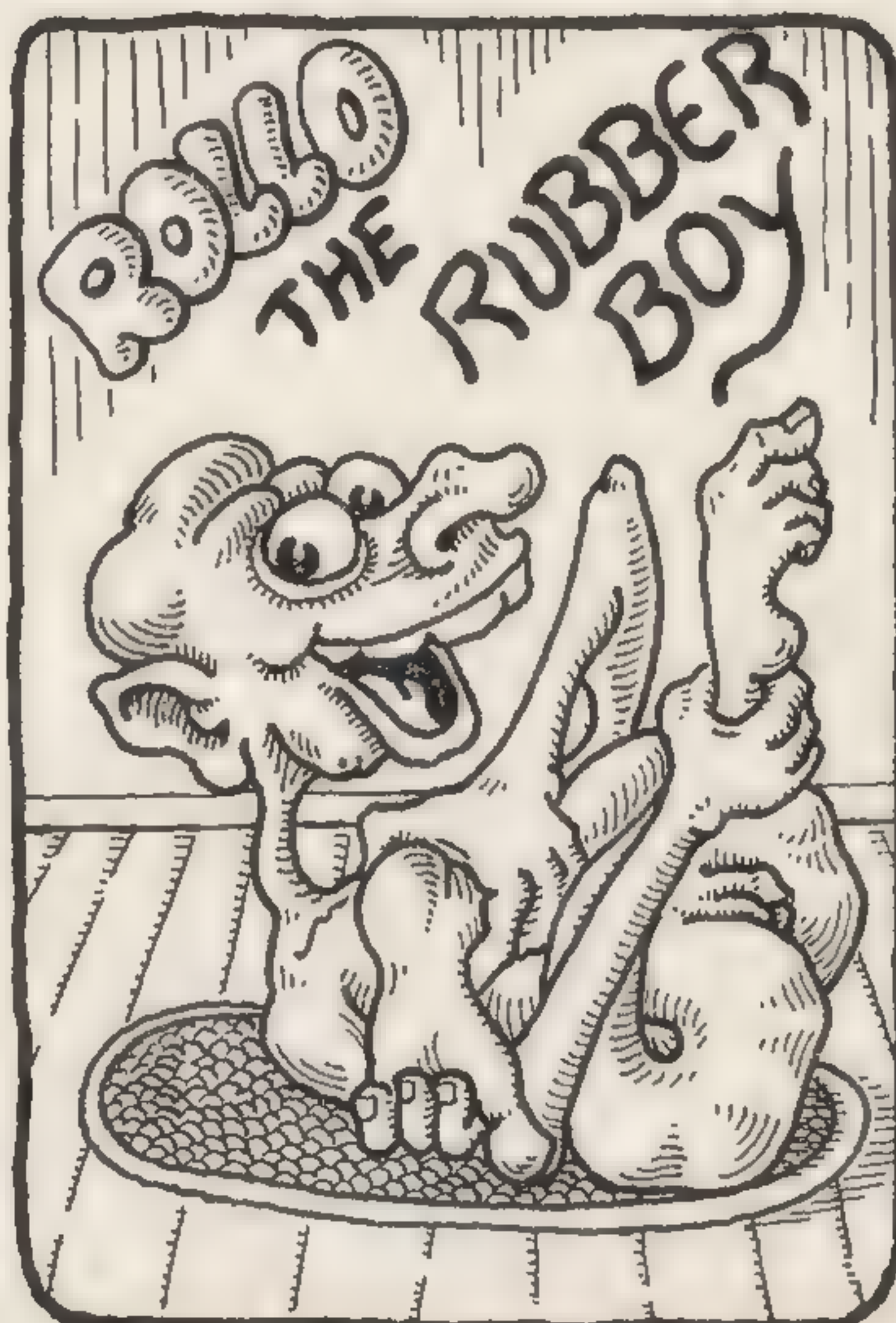
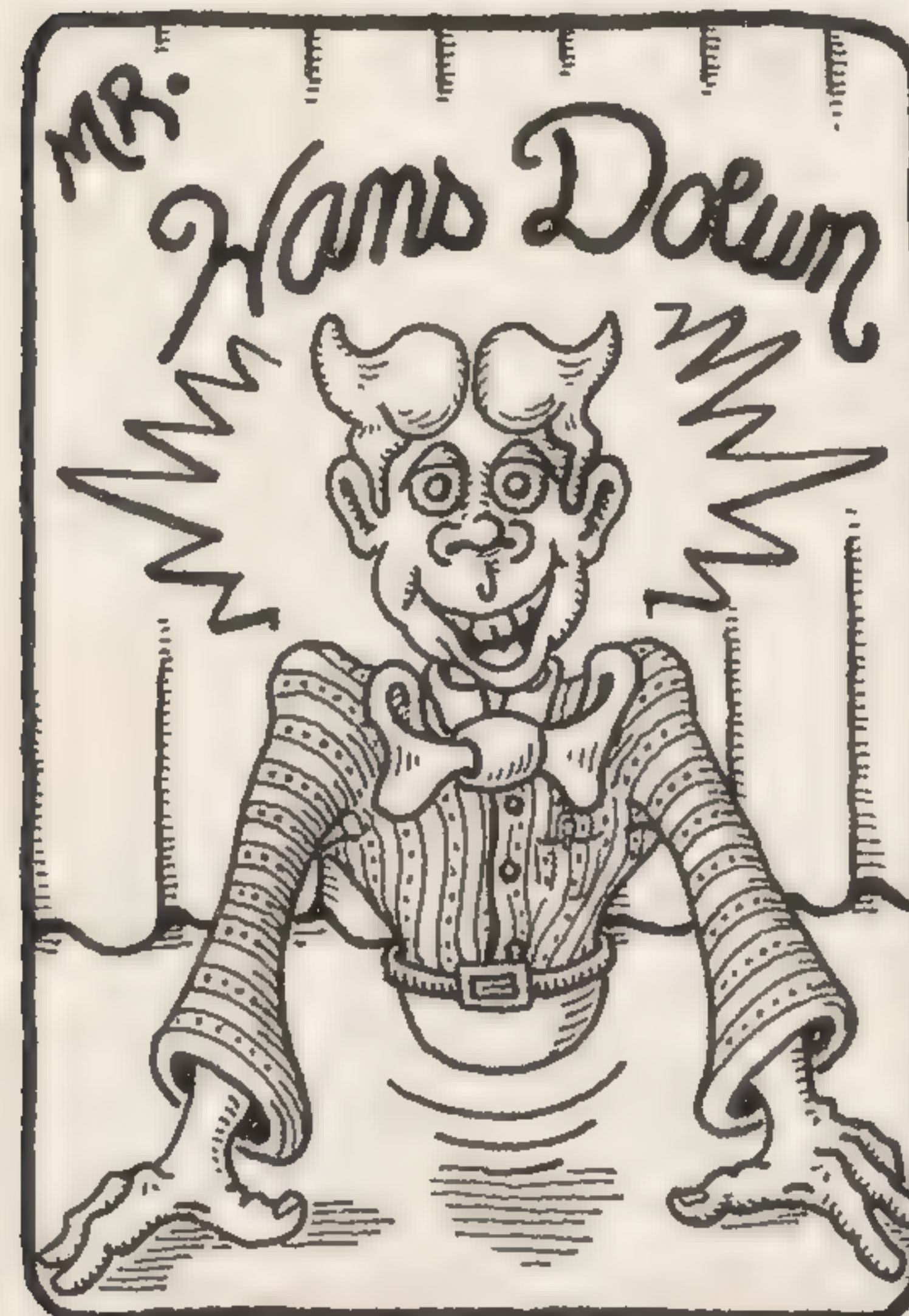
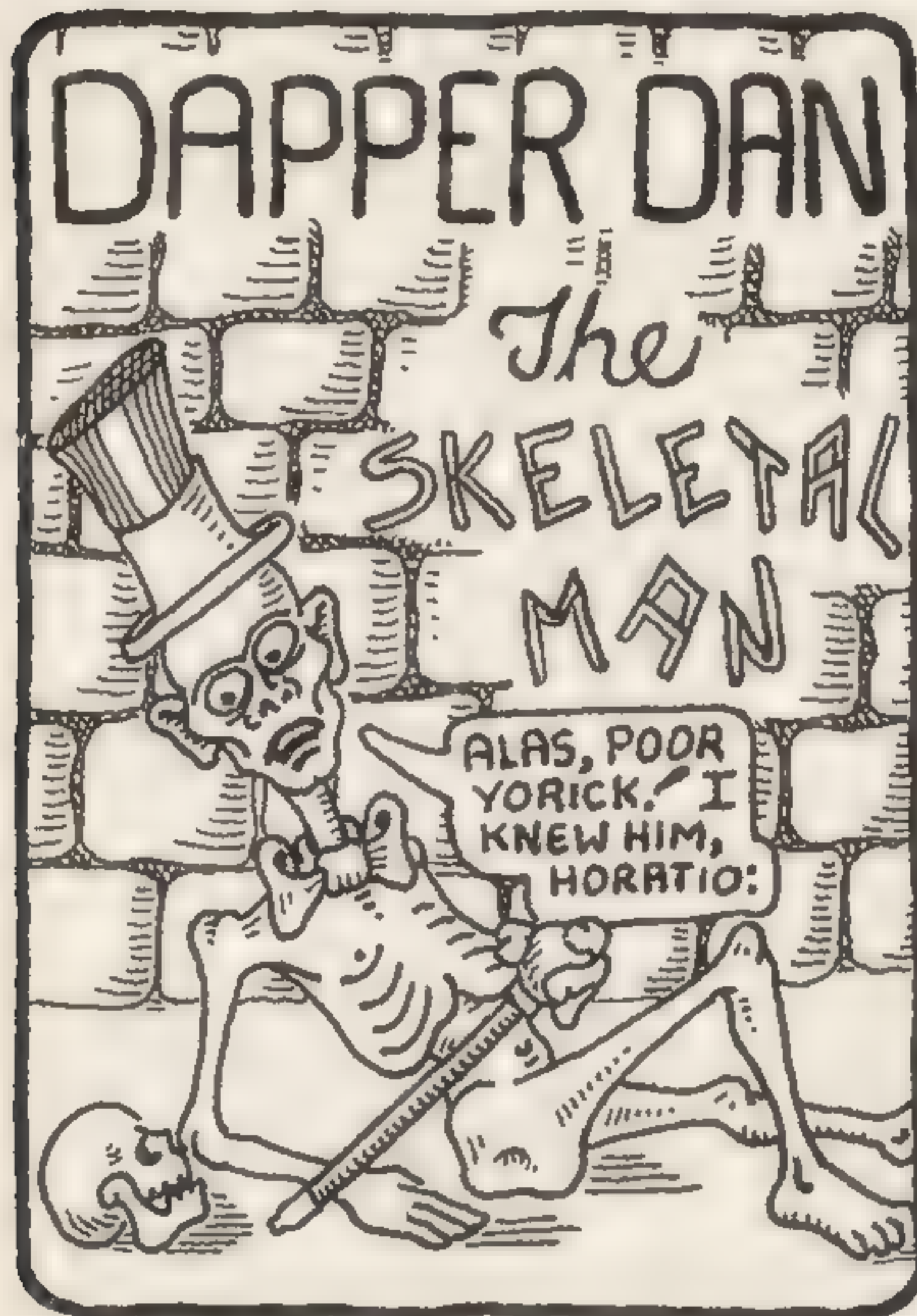
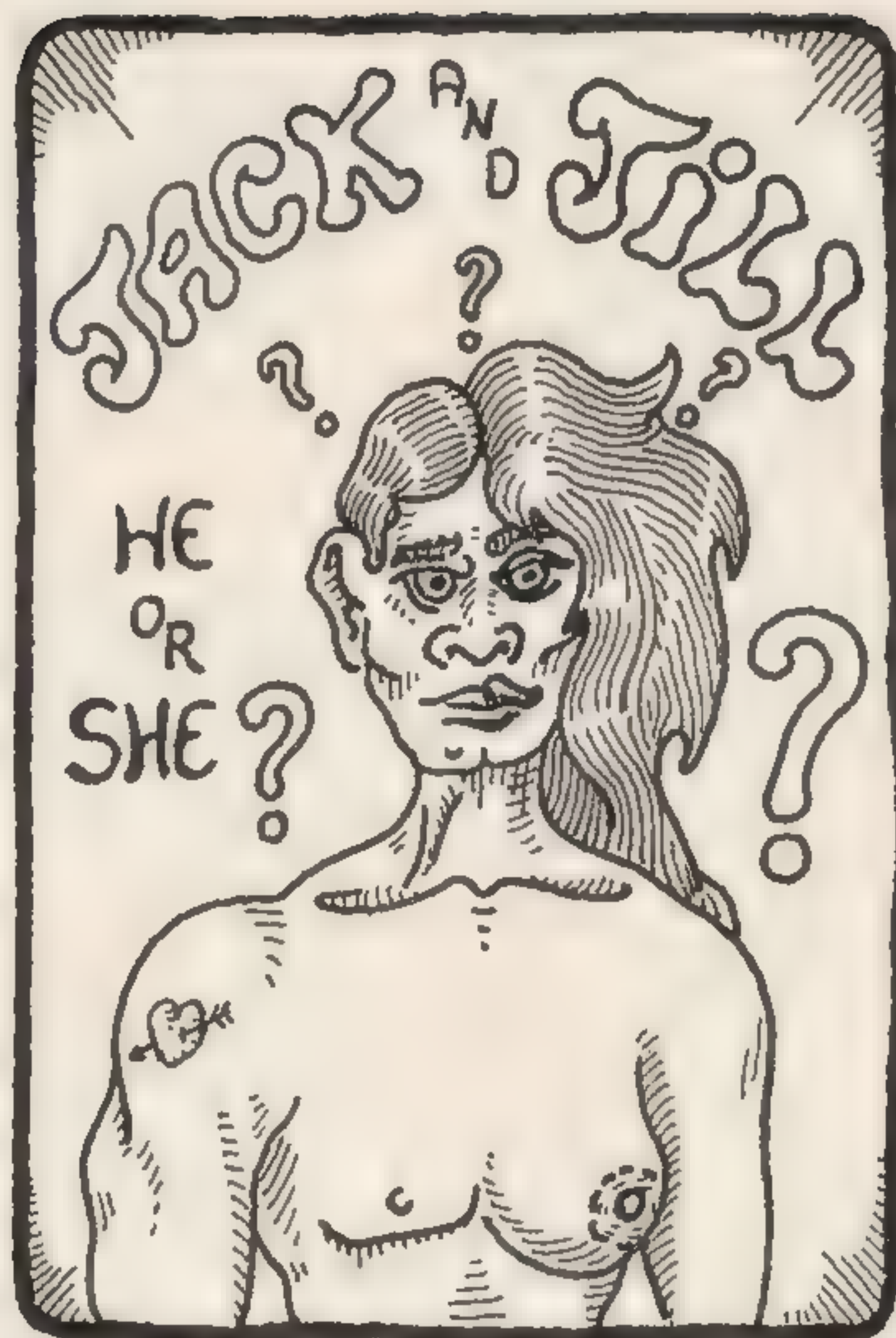
"A CONTINUING DRAMA"

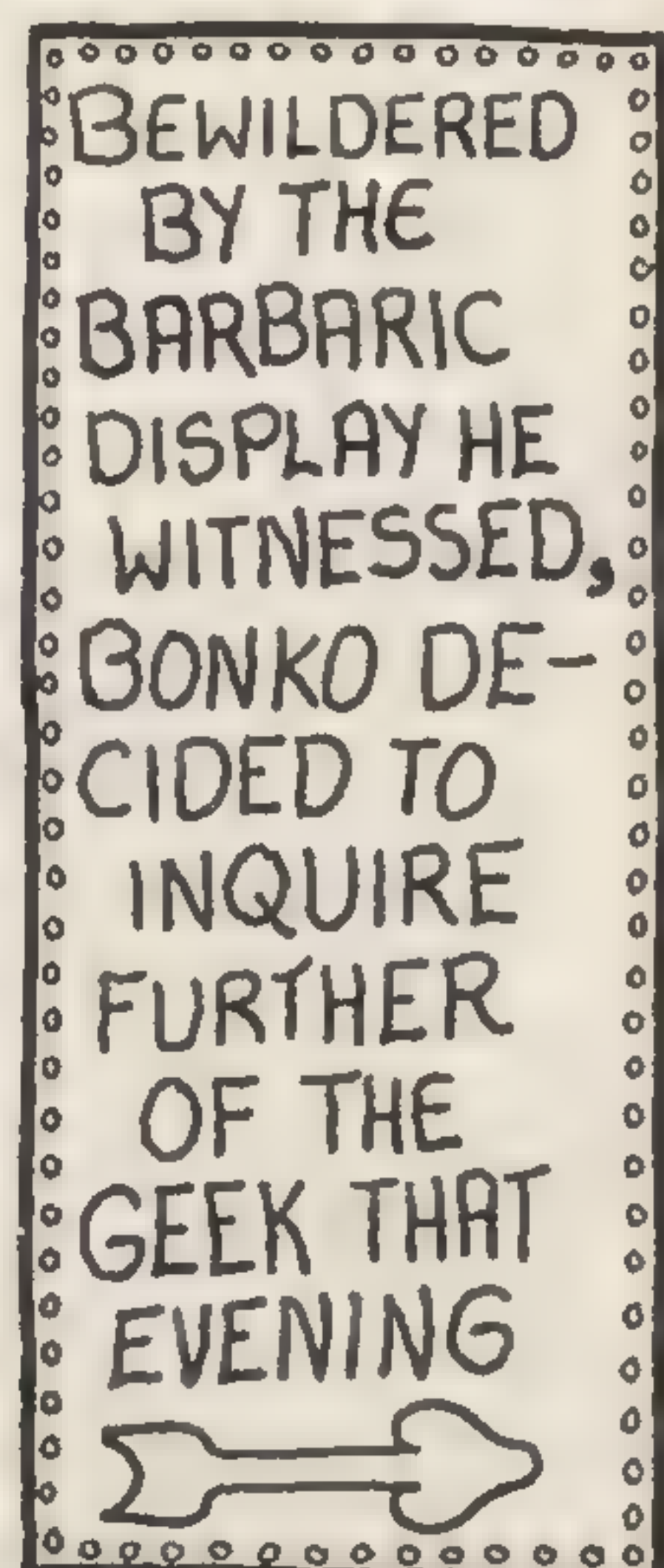
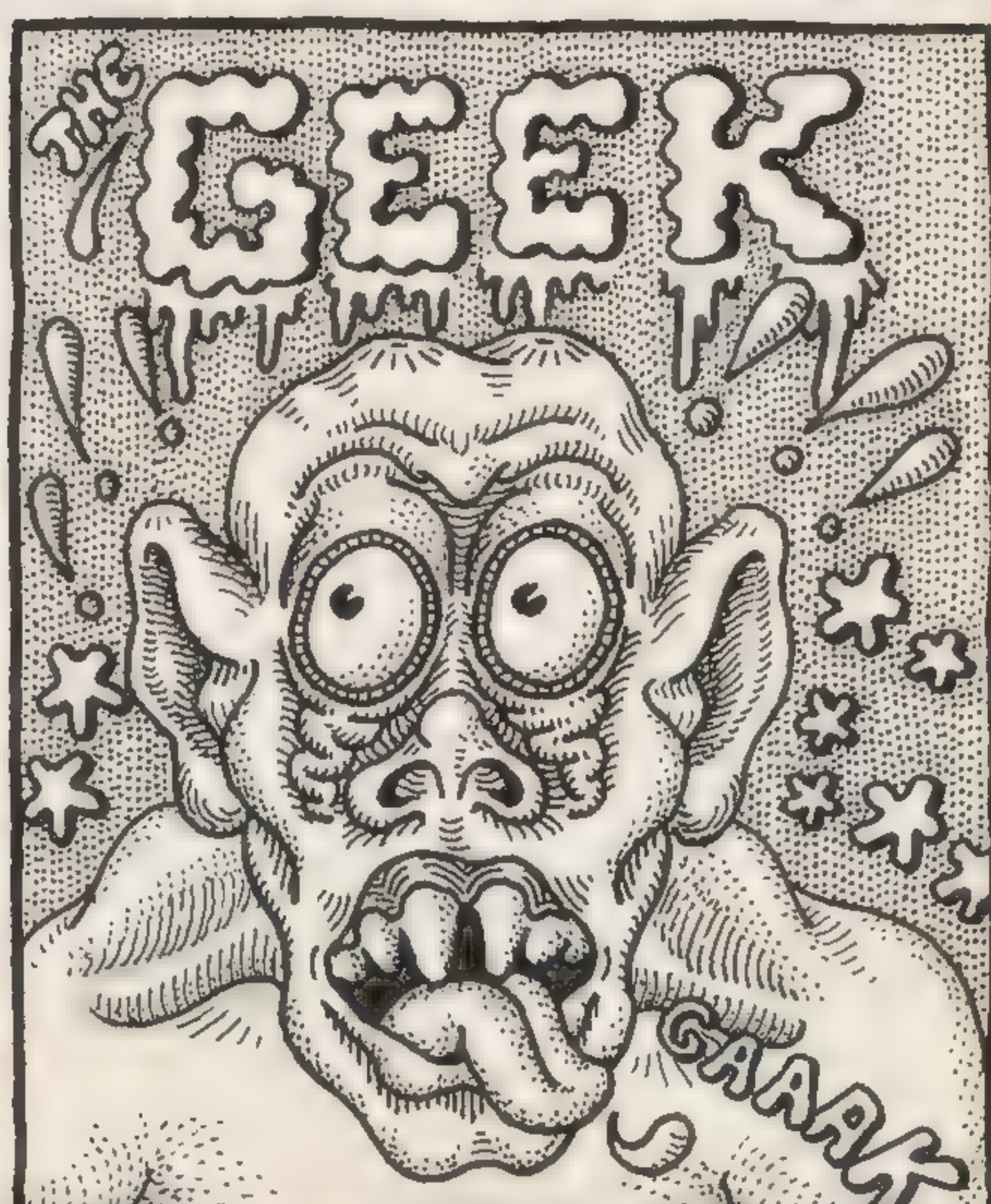
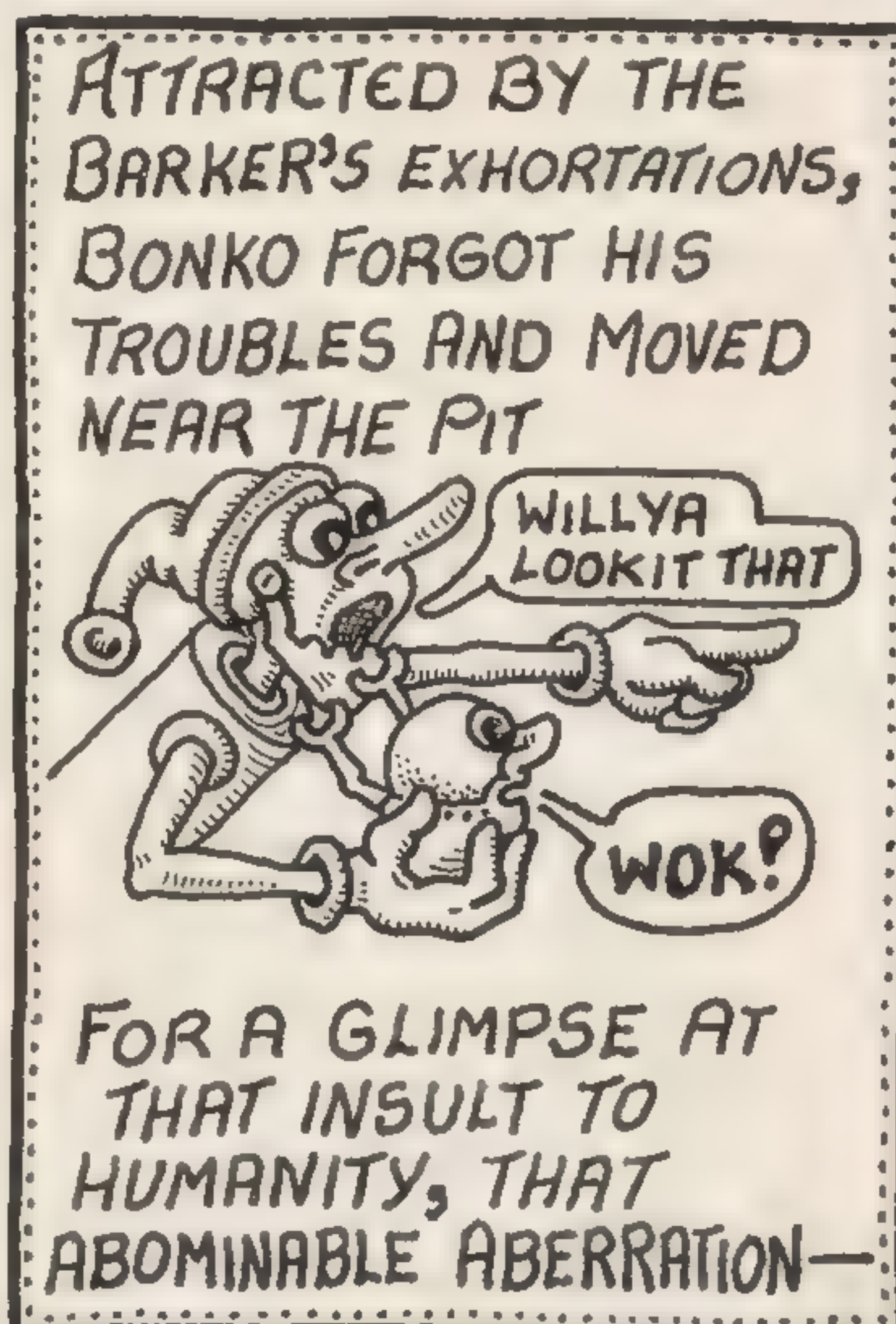
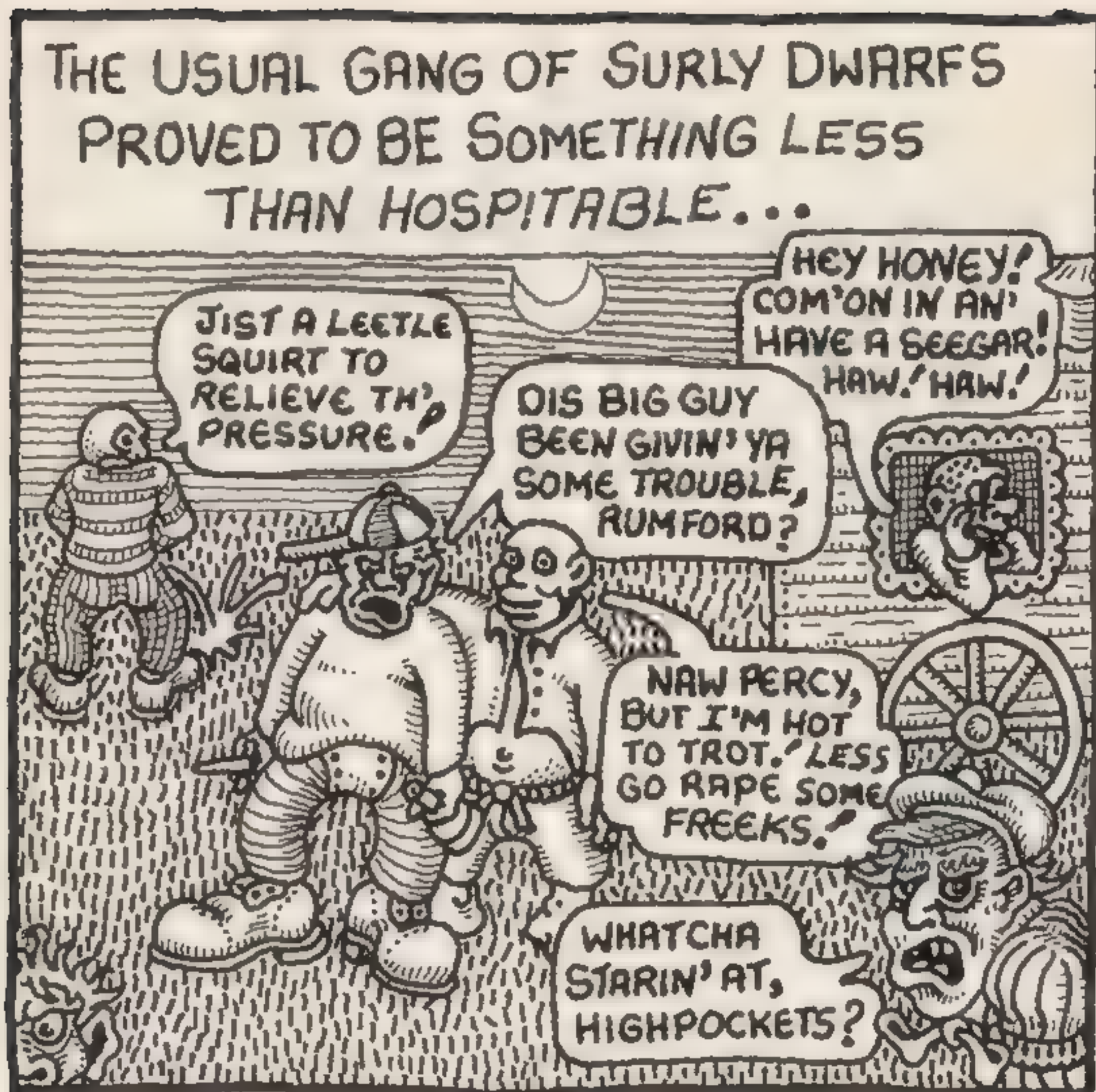
BONKO BEANS, REDUCED TO A PROFIT MAKING ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE BY THE SHREWD P.T. CONNER, ACE PROMOTER, SLAVED BOTH DAY AND NIGHT FOR HIS FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS AT THE WALL SOCKET

BUT DESTINY PREPARED ANOTHER CRUEL BLOW FOR BONKO IN THE FORM OF THE AUGUST 1, 1968 ISSUE OF AMUSEMENT NEWS...



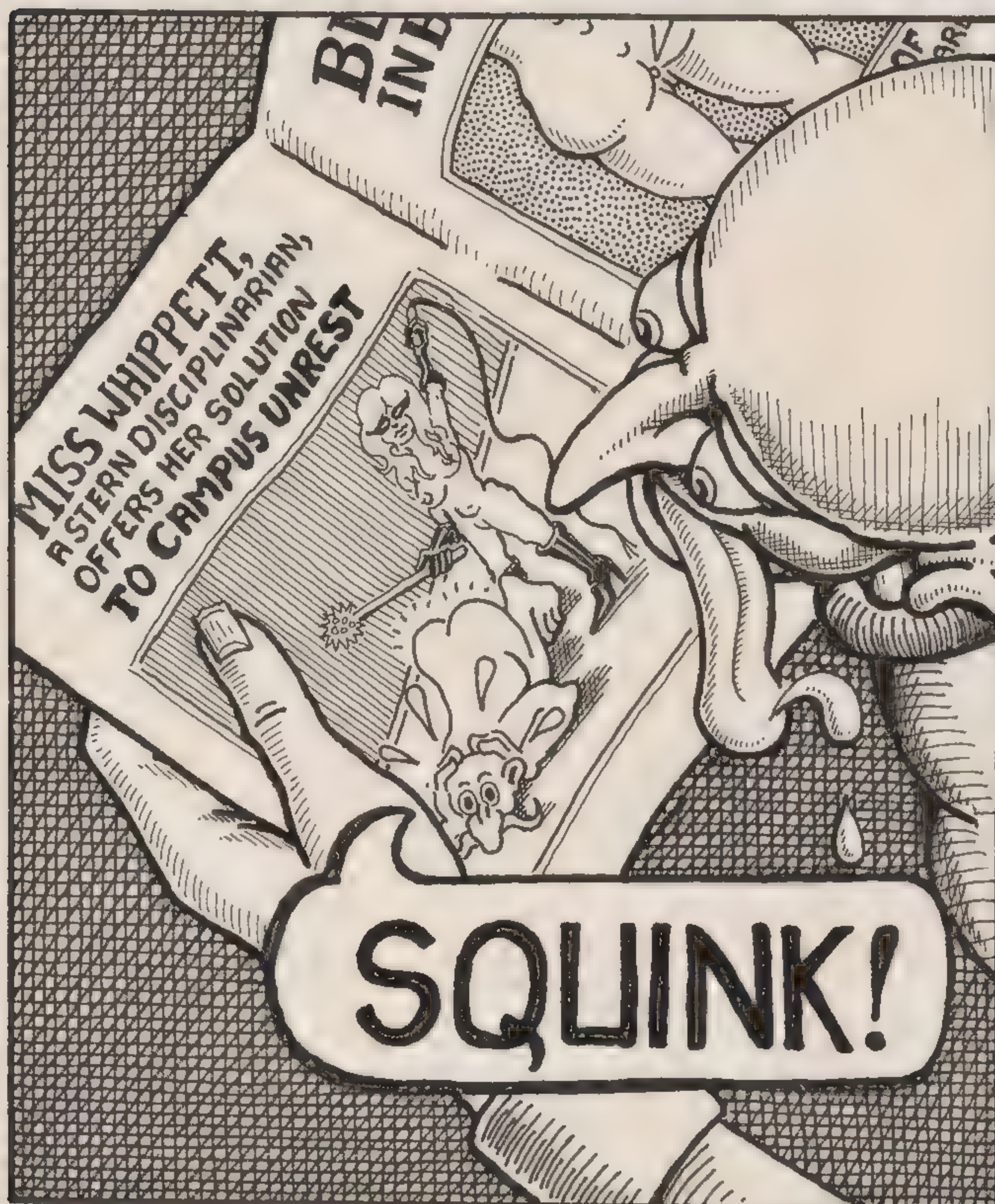




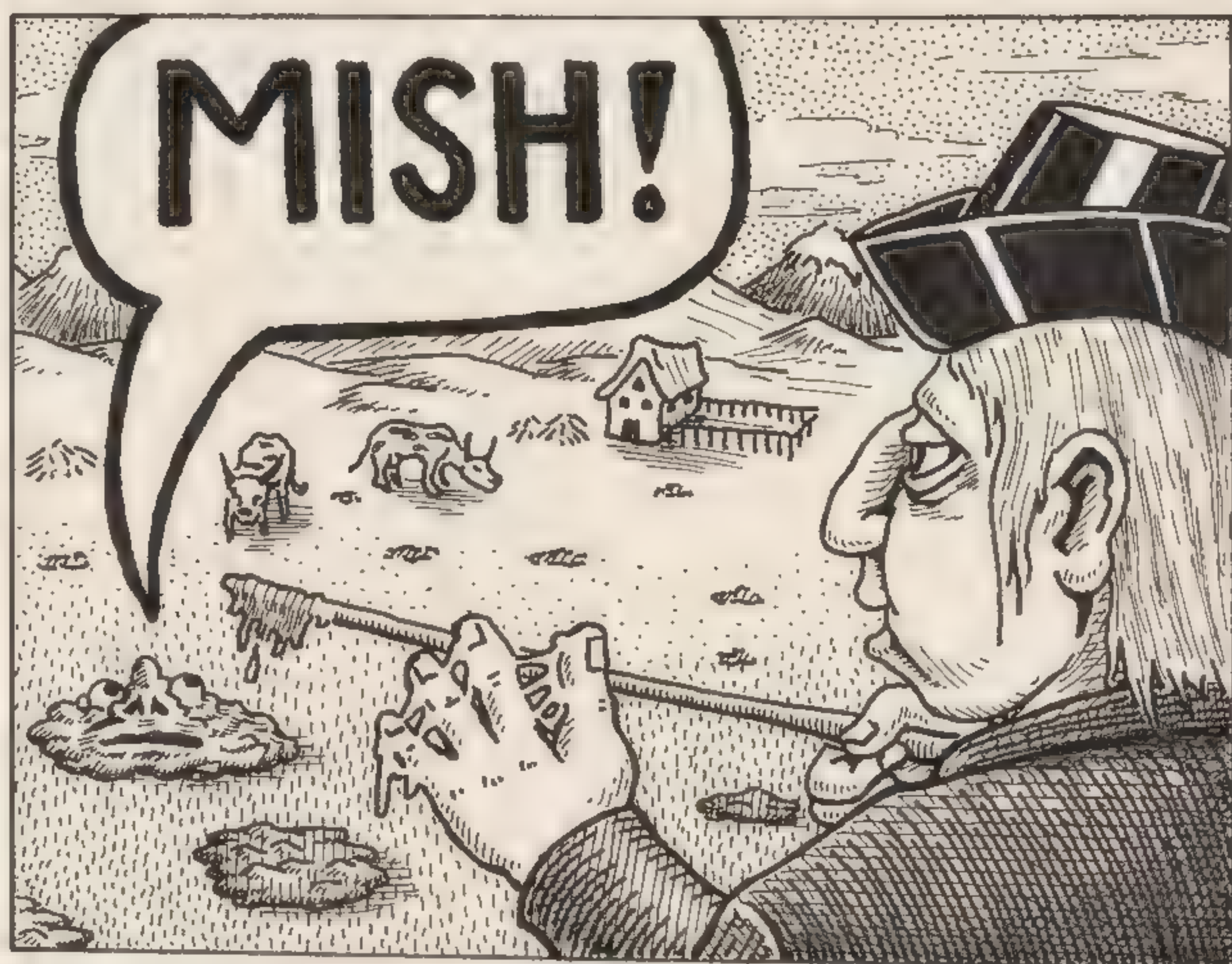


TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISH.





LUTHER FINDS GOD IN COWPIE!



POPE OBJECTS!

SEPTIC TANKS USED AS STILLs



DEPT. OF REVENUE REPORTS:

MUSH!



KA-FLUSH!!



THAT'S ALL
TO YOU

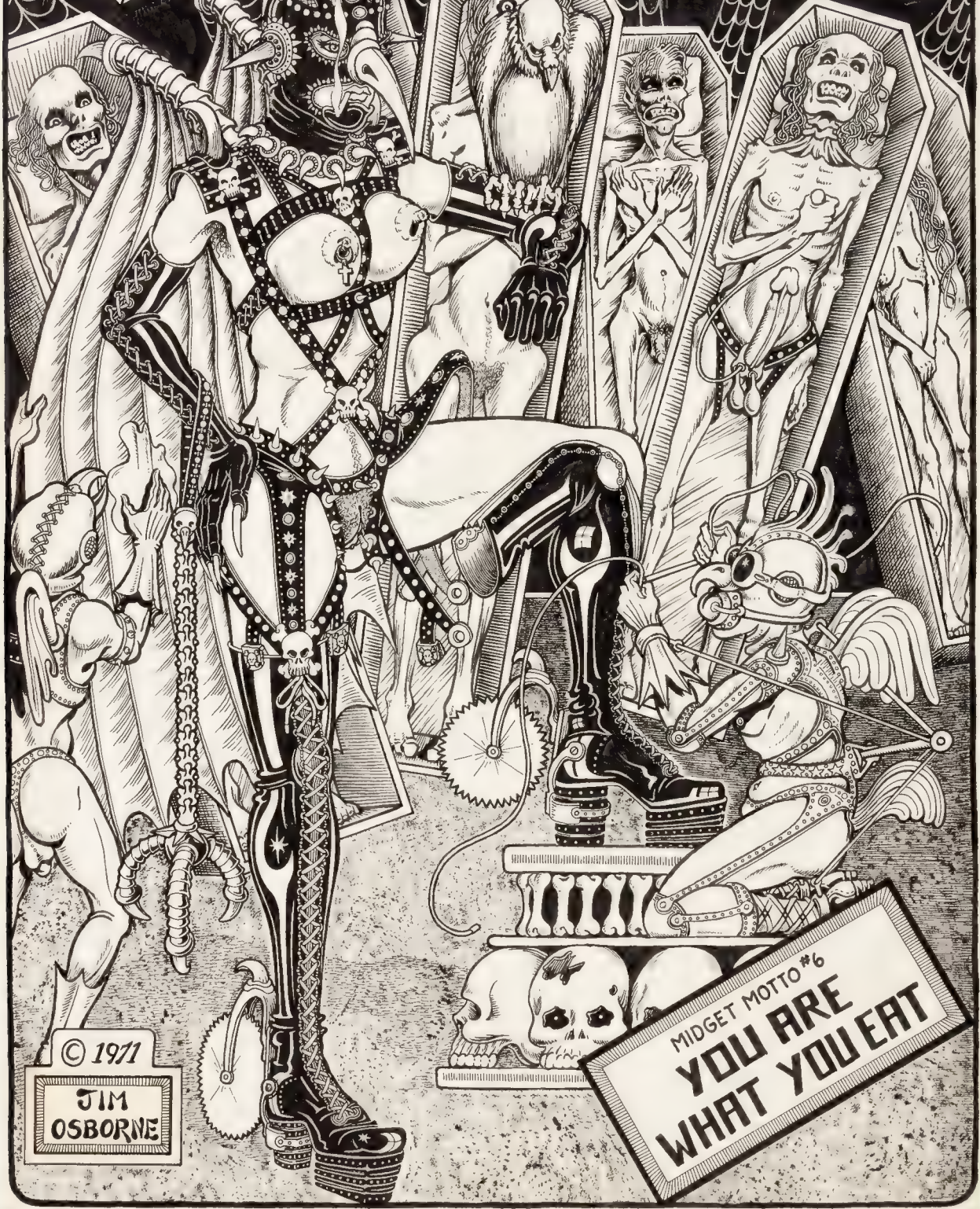


FROM
US!



VULTURA

MORDANT
MISTRESS
OF
MIDGET
MANSION



© 1971

JIM
OSBORNE

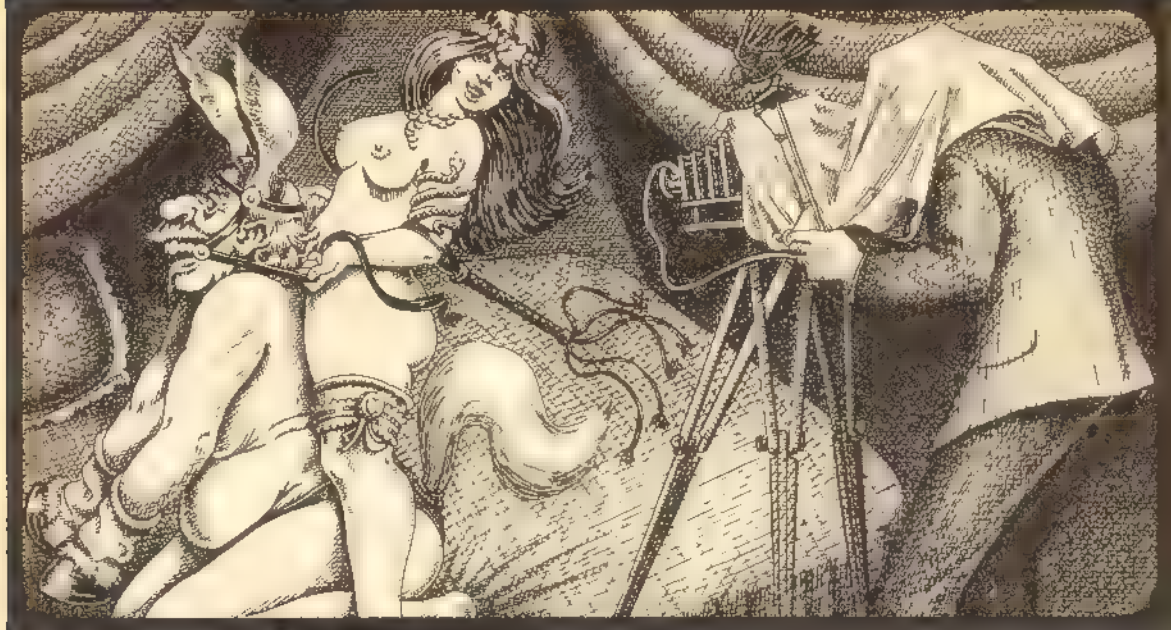
MIDGET MOTTO #6
**YOU ARE
WHAT YOU EAT**

Dementia AMERICANA

A folio of vignettes recreating, in word and picture, events both great and small during the glorious age of excess.



Revealed at last! The infamous panic of 1907 was masterminded by the dread Illuminati, a secret organization of renegade Zionists and Freemasons bent on world domination. Their twisted plot to bring America to her economic knees was singlehandedly foiled by J.P. Morgan, patriot and financier, who, on the very morning that Wall Street was slated to crash, formed yet another great corporate trust.



O.E. Anderson, head of Chicago's largest meat packing firm, engaged the notorious demimondaine "Little Egypt" to accompany him in a series of 'exotic' photographic views. The undisclosed but exorbitant cost of this session compelled Mr. Anderson to fill a government beef contract with meat of questionable quality.



Charity on the Sidewalks of Old New York. As the Carnegie entourage sped down Fifth Avenue, a street urchin failed to heed the coachman's warning to stand clear and was dashed beneath the wheels of the carriage. In a customary show of benevolence, Mr. Carnegie ordered his carriage to halt long enough to award the swarthy parents of the little immigrant more than enough hard American cash to cover the child's funeral expenses.

DEMENTIA AMERICANA



A TEST OF YANKEE INGENUITY IN THE AUTUMN OF '66

WHEN A SOLID WALL OF ROCK AND A BROKEN STEAM DRILL HALTED THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD'S PROGRESS THROUGH THE HIGH SIERRAS, CHARLES CROCKER, HEAD OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC, DEvised AN INGENUOUS PLAN TO COMPLETELY REMOVE THE OBSTACLE. SEVENTY-TWO DYNAMITE-LADEN COOLIES AGREED TO CHARGE THE ROCK FACE IN RELAYS ON THE CONDITION THAT THEIR REMAINS AND A LARGE SUM OF MONEY BE SENT TO THEIR FAMILIES IN CHINA. WE RIDERS OF THE RAILS OWE A VOTE OF THANKS TO MR. CROCKER'S SUCCESS AND TO OUR ANONYMOUS YELLOW BRETHREN WHOSE NAMES AND BENEFICIARIES WERE LOST IN AN UNFORTUNATE FIRE.

GARY ARLINGTON
PROUDLY
PRESENTS



ON A SURLY NORTH
BEACH NIGHT...

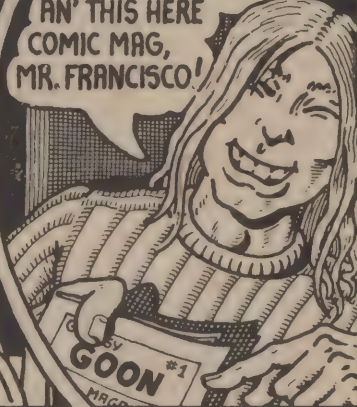


CHING!

NEW ISH OF
ROGUE IN
YET, CHAN?



NAW, JUST DUDE,
GENT, A FEW UNDER-
GROUND SHEETS,
AN' THIS HERE
COMIC MAG,
MR. FRANCISCO!



GREASY GOON
MAGAZOON, EH?
BY J. OSBORNE!



WHY, I REMEMBER
WHEN I USED TA
JOUNCE TH' LITTLE
JOKER ON MY KNEE!



HEY! WILL YA
LOOKIT THAT!! TH'
KID'S SICK, SICK, SICK!!

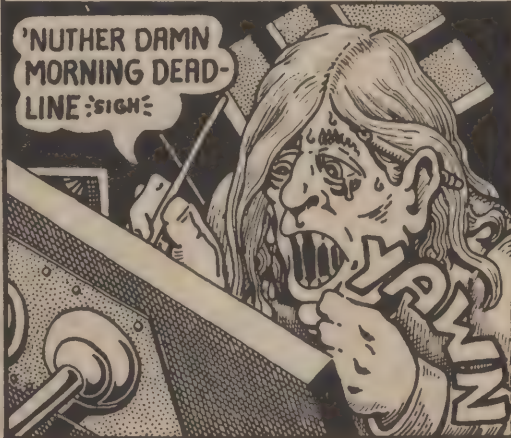


-ALWAYS KNEW TH'
PUNK'D TURN OUT
ROTTEN!

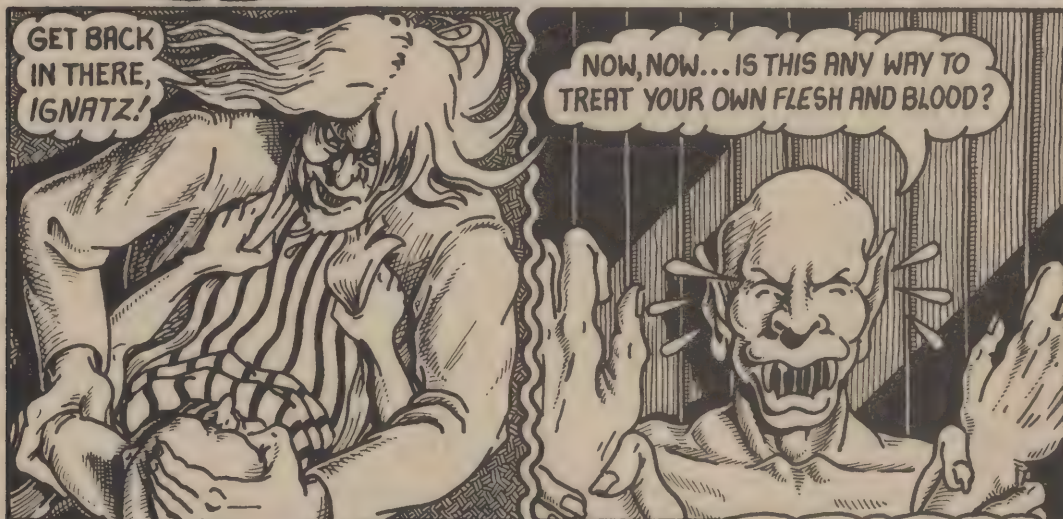
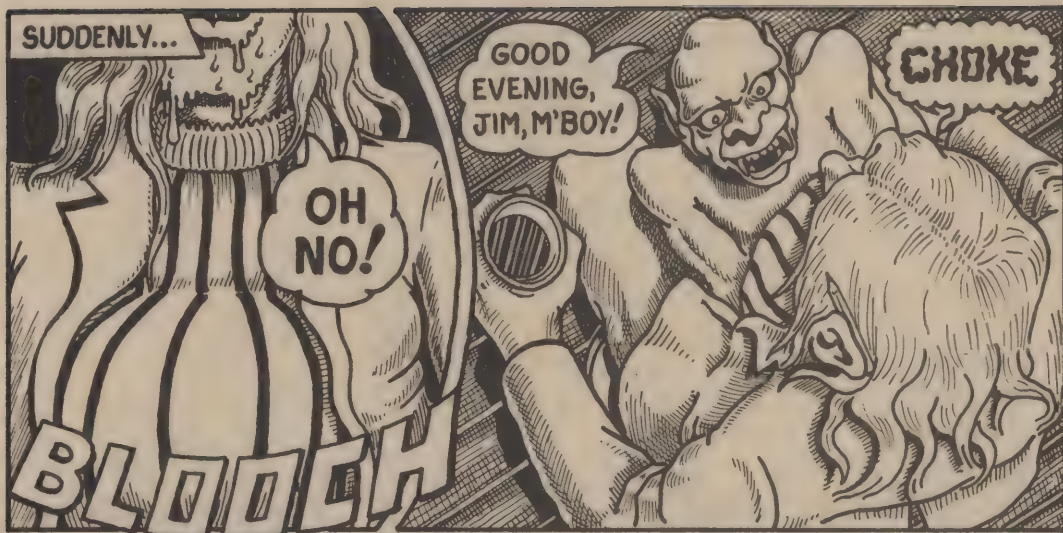


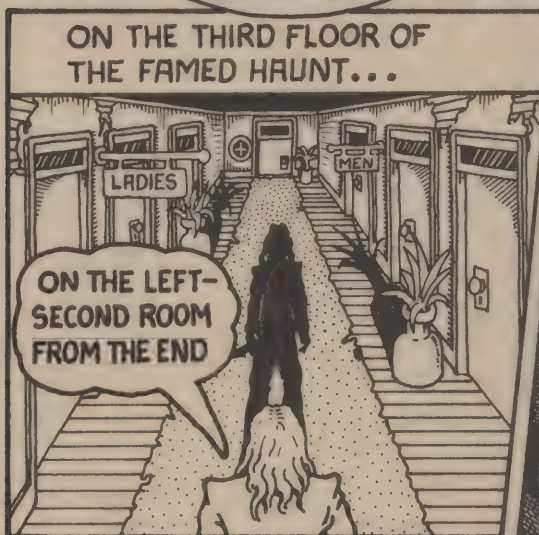
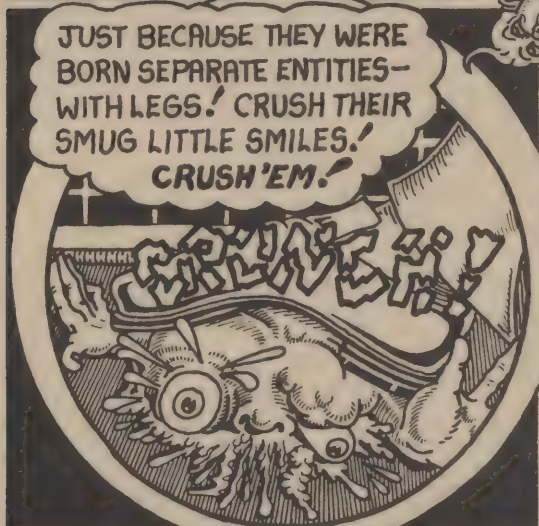
THAT MOMENT, AT A TURK STREET
HOVEL DEEP WITHIN THE TENDERLOIN

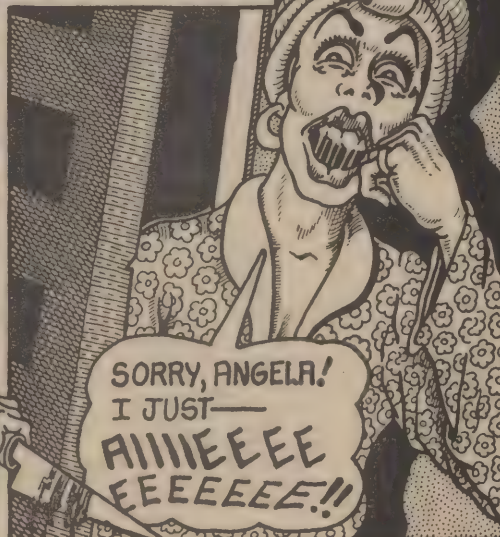
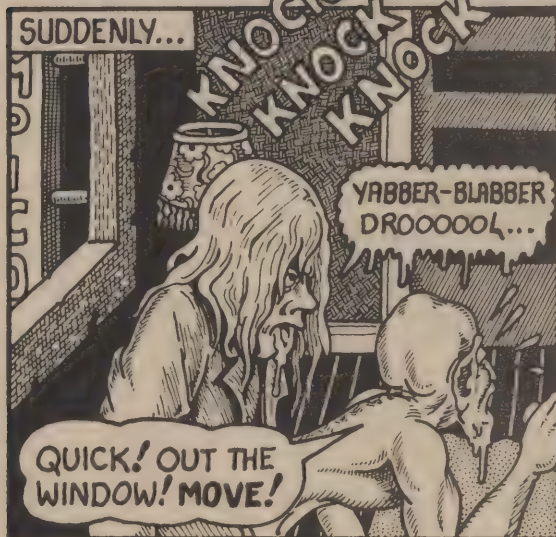
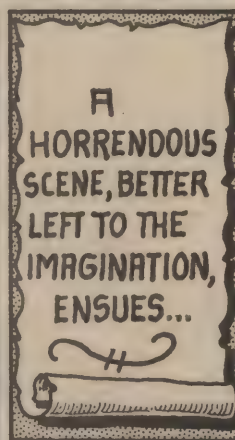
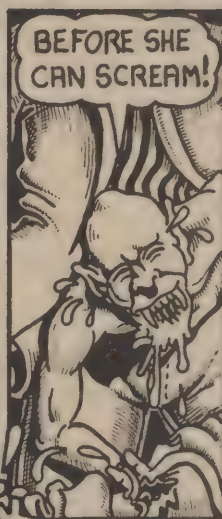
'NUTHER DAMN
MORNING DEAD-
LINE :SIGH:











THE LAW HITS TH' SCENE

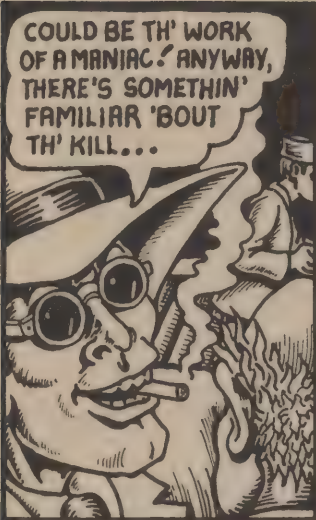


WHADDYA THINK, FRISCO?

AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT SINCE TH' BRONCO AMES CAPER, CHIEF!

M.O. IS TH' PUF: SAME AS IN TH' PUFF: MURDER OF THEM: PUF: SIX OTHER GRAVID DAMES

TORN THROATS, DIS-EMBOWELMENT, DESTRUCTION OF THE FETUS, OBSCENE APHORISMS CARVED ON THE BREASTS AN' BUTTOCKS, ETC.

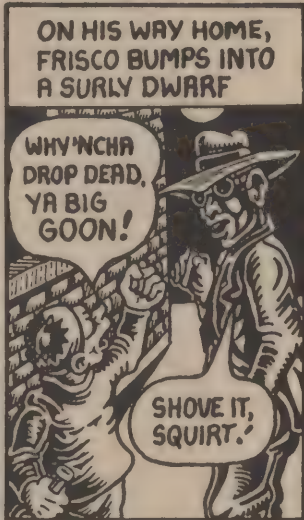


COULD BE TH' WORK OF A MANIAC. ANYWAY, THERE'S SOMETHIN' FAMILIAR 'BOUT TH' KILL...



-SO I'LL SLEEP ON IT, CHIEF!

O.K., FRISCO. CALL IF YA HIT ON A LEAD.



ON HIS WAY HOME, FRISCO BUMPS INTO A SURLY DWARF

WHY'NCHA DROP DEAD, YA BIG GOON!

SHOVE IT, SQUIRT!



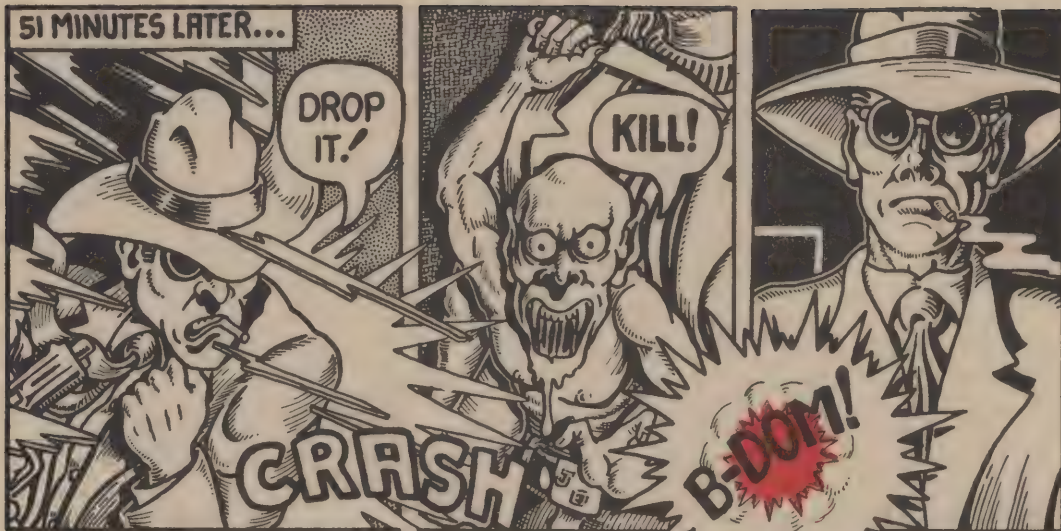
GUESS I'LL STOP IN TH' GREASY SPOON AN' GRAB A CUPPA JAVA.---HEY!!

THAT'S IT, GOON-GREASY SPOON... GREASY GOON MAGAZOON.

HELLO-CLANCY? GIVE ME A MAKE AND CURRENT ADDRESS ON ONE JAMES OSBORNE, CLANDESTINE CAR-TOONIST. I'LL WAIT!

SNAP!

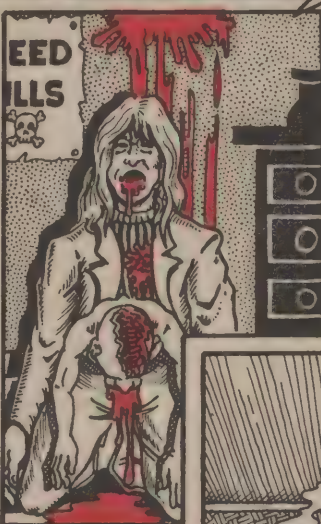
51 MINUTES LATER...



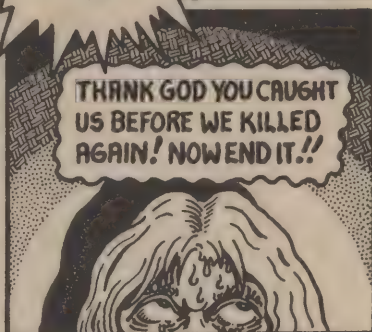
FRISCO!



EED
ILLS



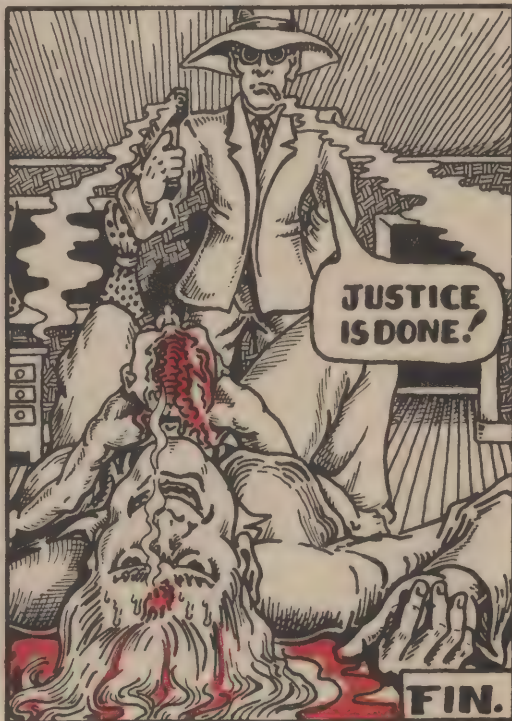
THANK GOD YOU CAUGHT
US BEFORE WE KILLED
AGAIN! NOW END IT!!



MY PLEASURE, PUNK!



JUSTICE
IS DONE!



DEAD-DUCK DAYS 1879-1888

The
Coming
of
Dildo
Dyke



RUSTLIN' DOWN
ON TH' NUECES
STRIP'S GOT ME
PARCHED! I'M
A'HANKERIN' FER
A TALL ONE.



THIS HERE
NICE-MAN IS
A'HANKERIN' FER
A TALL ONE.
AIN'T THEY RICH,
FELLERS?!!

SUDDENLY.



FWUP!

WHUT
TH—!



NOTHIN' LIKE
CHIPS WITH
YER BREW.

PULEEZ, PURTY
LADY, GIMME MUH LMA
BACK—I WUZ JEST
FUNNIN' YUH.

CONCHITA MAKES HER PLAY—



THE SEÑORITA EES
A PURTY TOST
MUCHACHA!

TH' NAME'S DILDO DYKE
AN' I KIN OUT-SHOOT,
OUT-SHT, AN' OUT-FUCK
ANY HOMBRE WEST O'
TH' PECOS.

DEED YOU
SAY
OUT-FOK?





FORGOTTEN GODZZ

SPORE LADEN, IT CREPT FORTH FROM THE PRIMORDIAL SLIME



AND SPILLED ITS SEED UPON THE EARTH.



WITH BIRTH



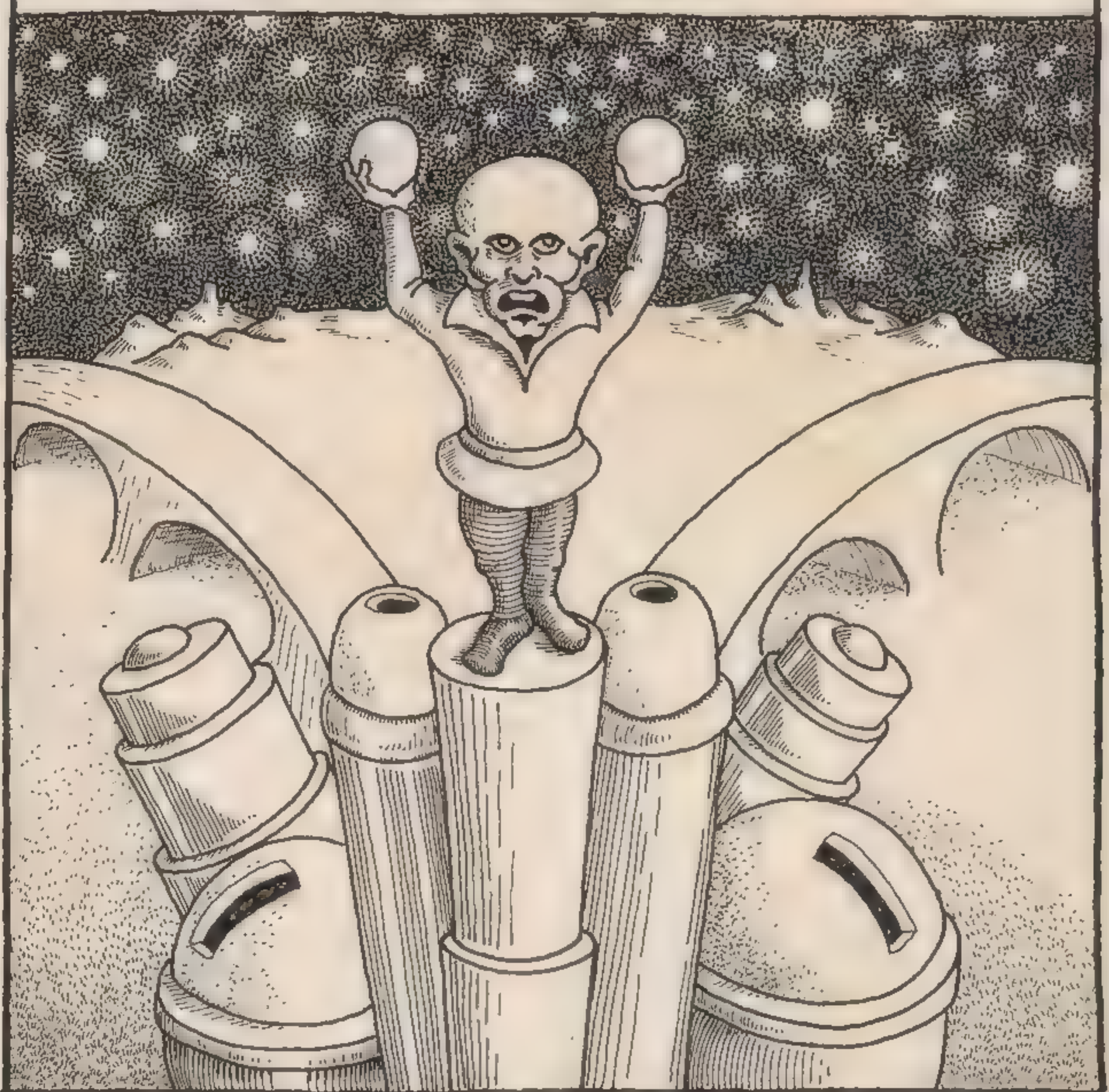
THINGS BECAME BETTER



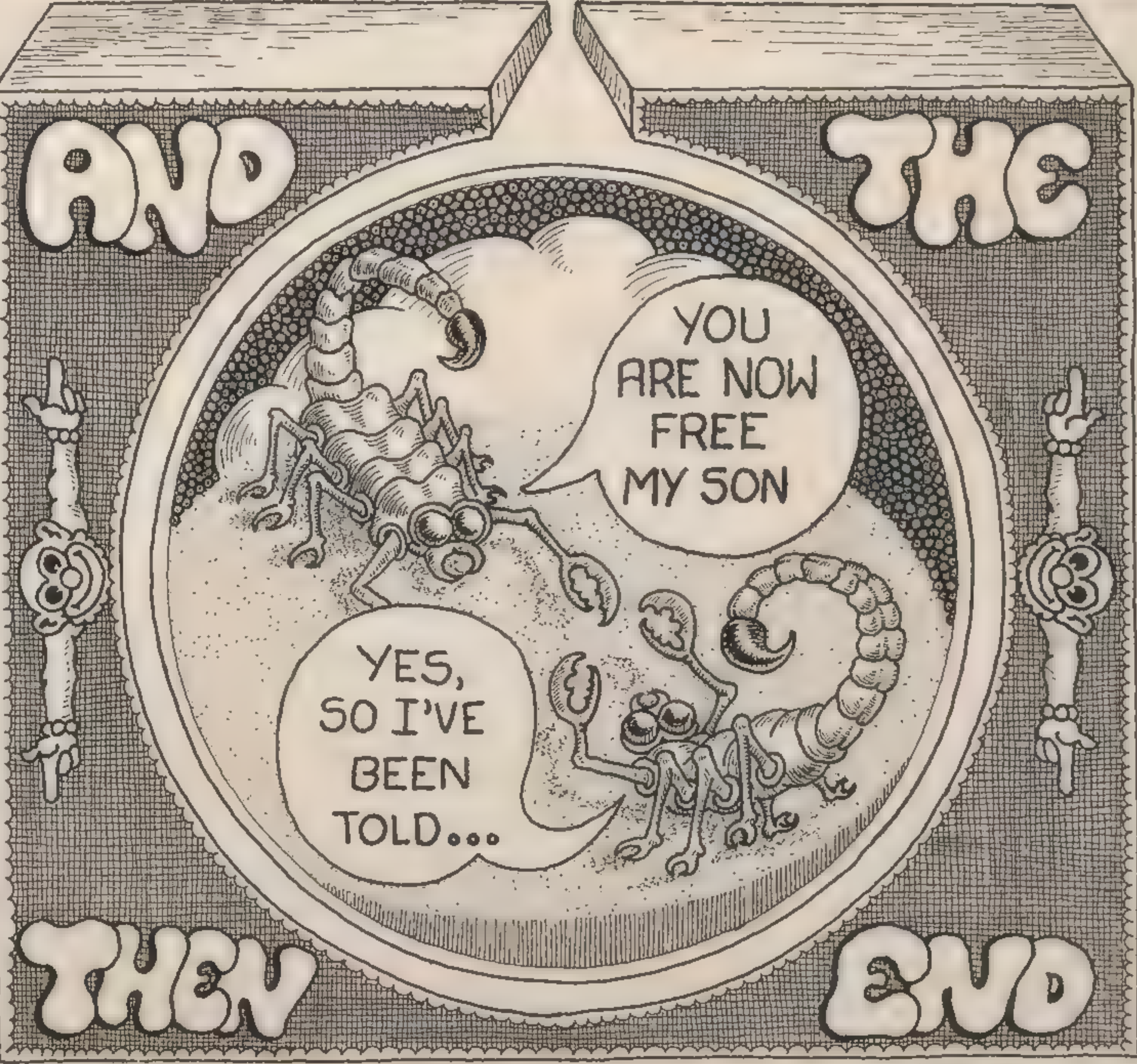
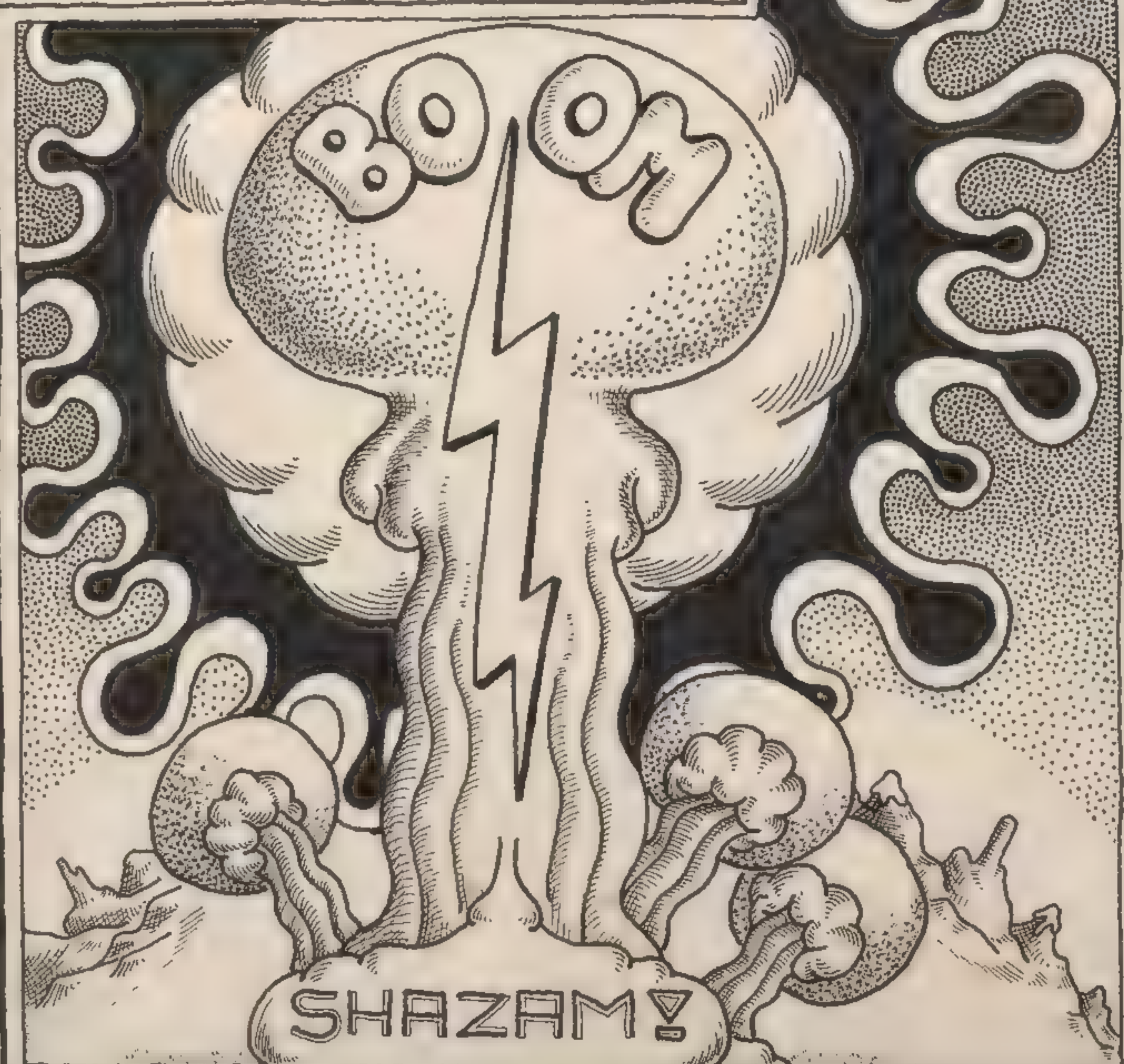
AND WORSE, BY TURN—



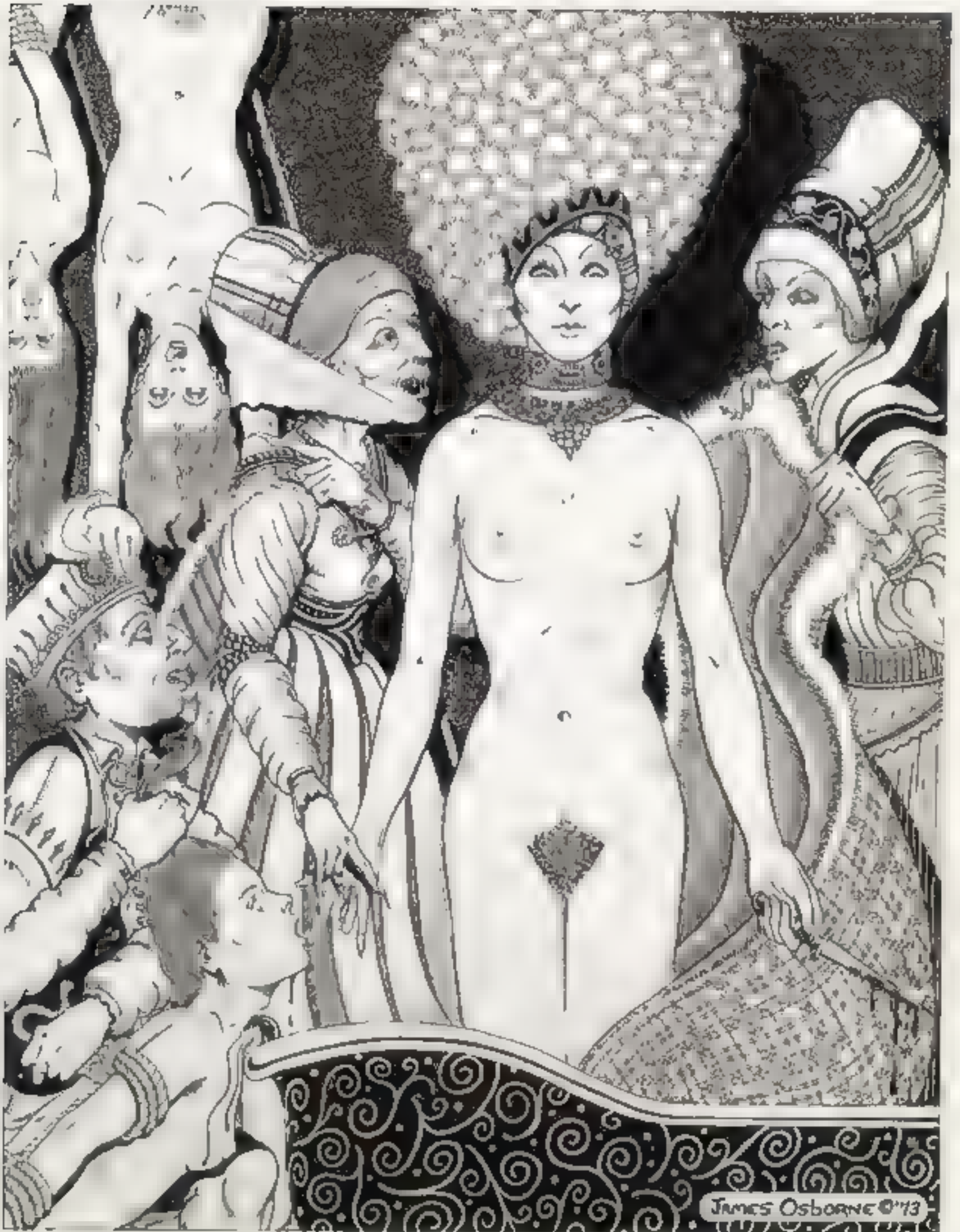
BUT THE RESULTS OF VANITY COUPLED WITH TECHNOLOGY CAME



QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING



**BOOK
ILLUSTRATIONS
AND
MISC.
ART**



JAMES OSBORNE ©'13







COCAINE



piñigrilli







"She is an Armenian . . .and is very famous for her white orgies."



**A flight of butterflies . . . burst suddenly
into the hall . . .**



**"Maude, cabaret dancer delux,
strode into Paris. . . ."**



**"I know the workings of that dreadful and
deadly powder."**



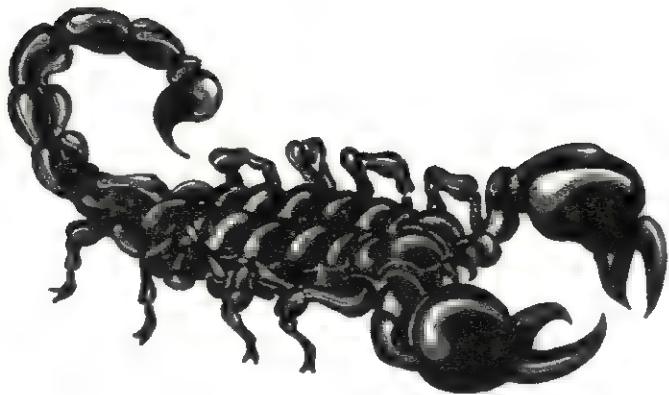
"What boredom, life!"



... a crystal globe, pearly
and iridescent ...



**The metaphysics of her dancing was
the expression of the eternal and the
boundless**



YUCKAMORE

KON

75¢

A NOVEL BY SCOTTY





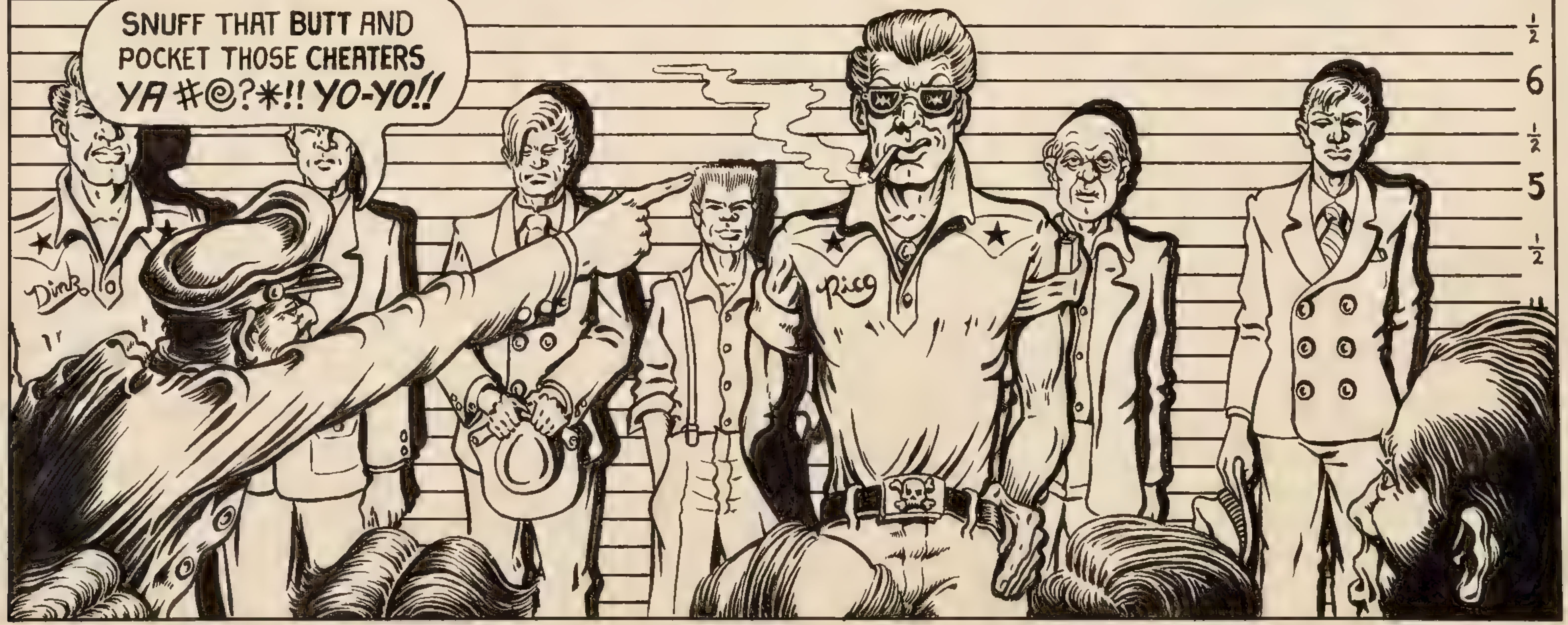
Parlour

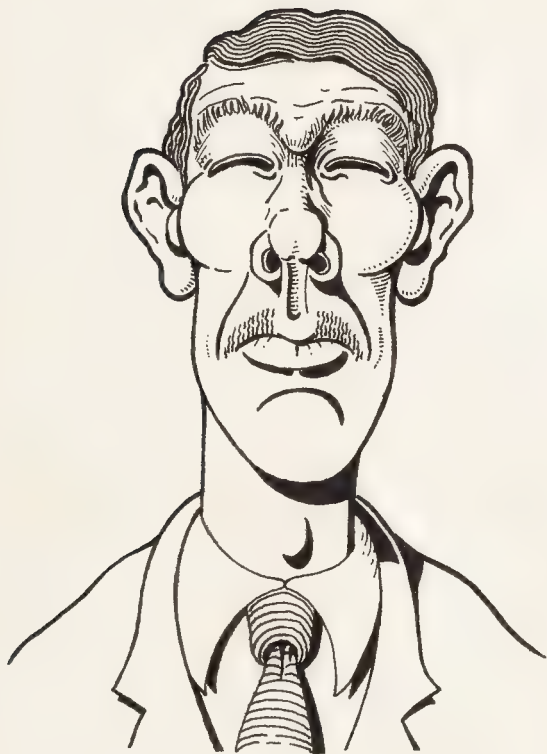
SPECIAL RATES
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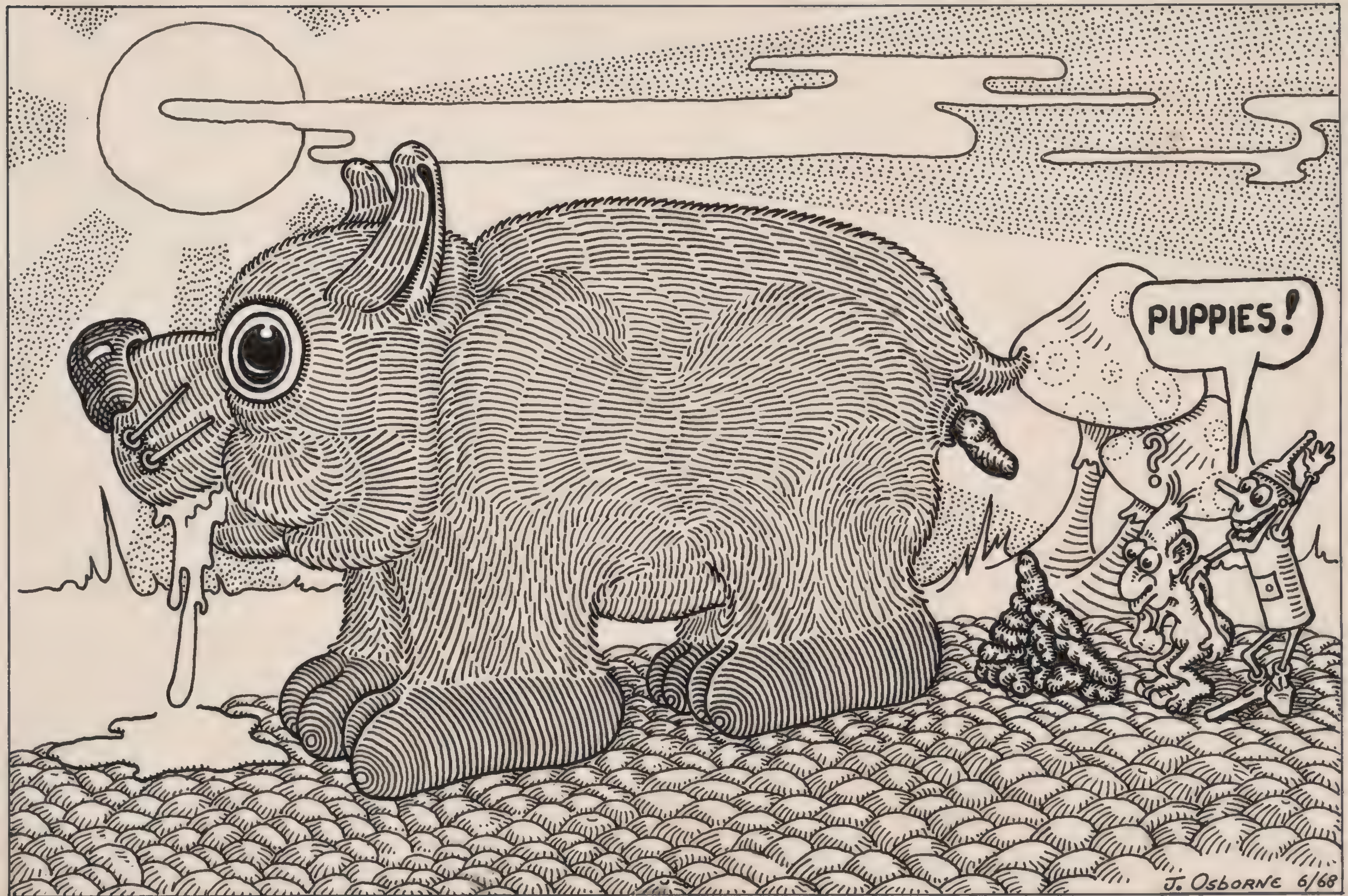
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J. OSBORNE '73

SNUFF THAT BUTT AND
POCKET THOSE CHEATERS
YA #@? *!! YO-YO!!







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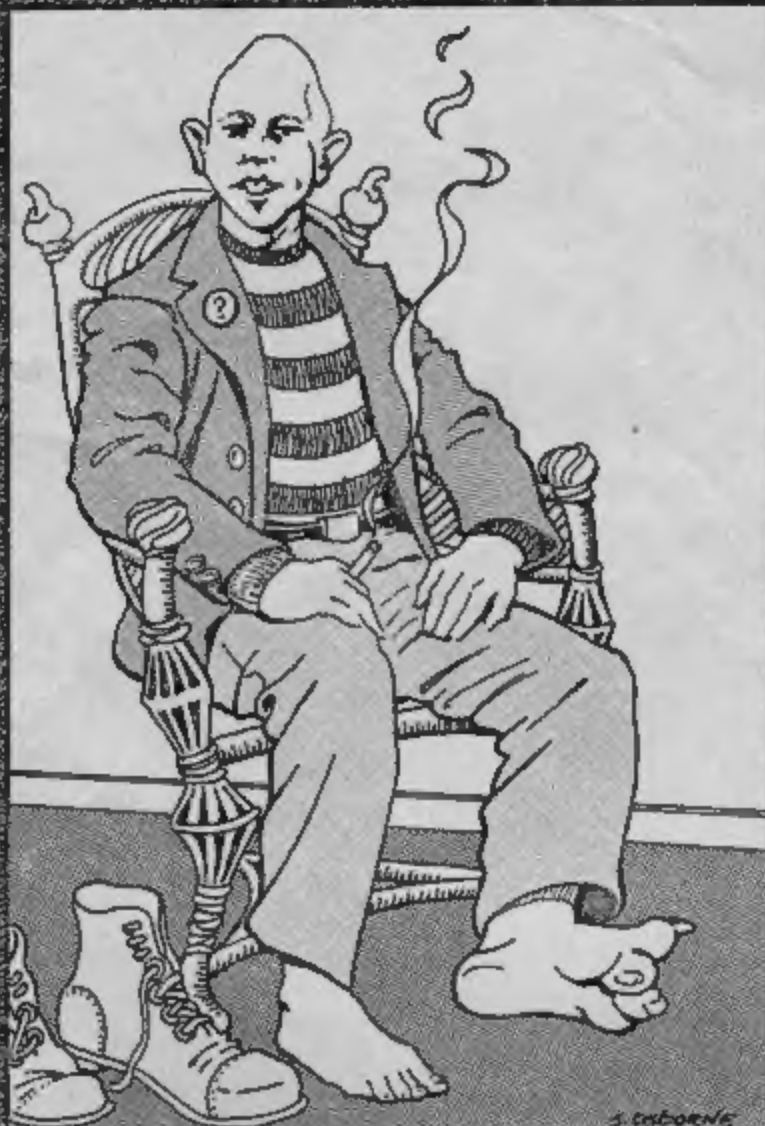


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THURS. MAY 8 9:30



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VKTMS Keith Joe Dick
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